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VIRGIN TERRITORY FOR MOTOR CARS

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I

WHAT would be thought of a manufacturer who tried to sell hammers in a community in which there were no nails, or corkscrews to a people who had no corks? You might commend his optimism, but you would deplore his judgment. Yet witness the spectacle of motor manufacturers, not merely trying to sell cars, but actually selling them, in face of a lack of that most necessary adjunct, a place in which to drive them. A small boy on Christmas morning with a new sled and no snow is no more pathetic than a man with a new car and no roads.

Just how much road is necessary to the satisfactory manipulation of a motor car has not been determined, but the present allowance is eighty-eight yards. This result is obtained by dividing the total mileage of paved roads, 575,000, by the total number of motor vehicles now in operation, 23,000,000, which gives us one fortieth of a mile, or forty-four yards. Multiply this by two, as cars may be assumed to be going in both directions, and we have eighty-eight yards per car. This is small leeway with cars getting bigger and faster each year. New roads are being built, but not at the rate of eighty-eight yards for each car sold, so

the headway between cars is being reduced.

The motor car is the wonder child of the twentieth century. Not alone because engineers have perfected it and at the same time brought down the cost, but because, through the effectiveness of motor-car advertising or the eagerness of people to buy, cars continue to sell, although in congested areas the motor car is not so much an advantage as a drawback. It is a less speedy means of transportation than feet.

Someone has estimated that if each of the 23,000,000 cars now running was filled to capacity the entire population of the United States could go riding at once. And apparently it does.

Some years ago automobile economists began to discuss the saturation point and to show by figures that it had arrived, but the public went right on buying and knocked the figures into a cocked hat. The consumption of cars was so small compared with that of today that the question was merely academic, and it remains academic, for the public continues to buy. The only factor considered was the ability to buy. Manufacturers looked at the family budget and decided it would stand another car, and the builder provided garage room for the extra car. Real-estate men say the smallest unit the

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house buyer will consider is a two-car garage. The easy-payment plan was provided and financed on a magnificent scale for those who could not afford to pay cash; advertising was used to foster that state of mind which made a car a prime necessity; but no one gave a thought to the factor as necessary to a motor car as gas or grease — motorable roads.

All the discussions and arguments and researches and statistics centre on the customer's budget, his buying power, his will to buy, his acceptance of the motor-car idea. The willingness of the American public to buy a car, bringing the daily problem of not merely a place to park it when still, but also a place to drive it when in motion, is amazing. The saturation point of roads is reached long before the public buying power has been plumbed. Strange that an industry so forward-looking, so quick to seize an advantage, so ready to adjust itself to trends of taste and fashion, has not considered this matter of more motor roads, and approached it with the same energy with which it has approached and solved mechanical, artistic, and selling problems, especially when the reserve supply of undeveloped roads in the United States is so abundant. But one out of five miles of existing roads has been paved. Nothing would give a greater stimulus to sales than to increase the area of motor driving five times. This means simply that all the roads must be surfaced for motor-car use. It is bound to come in time, anyway, but the wheels of political machinery which now govern such matters revolve far too slowly. Surely automobile manufacturers can, if they will, speed them up. It will take large amounts of money, but large amounts of money do not stagger the motor people. Even without motor cars, negotiable roads are one of the greatest assets

a civilized country can boast. The benefit conferred by the six hundred thousand miles of paved roads we now have, outside of and apart from the satisfaction of driving a car over them, is evident. They would have paid in the era of the horse, though it was the car that brought them. They might have been constructed differently had they been built for horses, but they offer the best transportation the horse-drawn vehicle ever had. And we must look forward to the time when the horse will be banned on all roads.

I can remember fifty years ago in Western Illinois when farmers were marooned on their farms for weeks at a time by impassable roads. The heavy farm wagons sank to their hubs in the rich black soil which grows such tall corn. Now the farmer has a car and runs to market in a few minutes, but even without a car he could drive the old family buggy or Studebaker wagon more frequently and in less time than in the old days.

That we could use more and better roads all will agree, but our civil machinery for producing them is cumbersome. Roads are still too much a local matter. There are almost as many ideas about roads, their material and construction, their marking and mapping, and especially whether or not they should be built, as there are states, counties, and townships with a finger in the pie. And they are too much at the mercy of local opinion little concerned with a country-wide highway programme.

The Federal Highway Act, passed in 1916, provided that certain roads, agreed upon by joint commissions from the Federal Government and the state governments, should be built and maintained equally by the Federal Government and the respective states. In the years from 1916 to 1927 inclusive, the Federal Government has appropriated

\$544,884,911, or roughly \$50,000,000 a year. Approximately 40,000 miles of highways are built each year, and of these from 8000 to 9000 miles receive Federal aid.

Of the 2,887,928 miles of roads, 575,000 have been surfaced and appear on the maps as motor roads. The more recent ones are concrete, but most are obsolete macadam with crowns dangerously high, especially at curves. This leaves 2,312,928 miles of dirt roads, practically four fifths of the total. These are the roads whose destiny is in the hands of local public opinion. They are also the roads which could give the motor car five times the operating area it has now — or, in other words, space the present volume of cars a quarter of a mile apart.

The entire amount of money expended by all authorities on roads in 1927 was \$1,123,607,035, less than one half of our annual investment in the next war.

II

Through the ubiquity of the motor car, roads have ceased to be a local matter. They have become a national concern. They are as proper an enterprise for Federal jurisdiction as the post office. The motor car, like the railroad in its day, has broken down state lines; it is possible for a motor car to be in four states in a single day's run. The present interest of the Federal Government is a bureau in the Department of Agriculture created to help the farmer move his crops to market rather than to facilitate the circulation of the automobile. Its motive is economic rather than æsthetic. But the farmer also has a car and is at one with us in desiring room to drive it. He too can be taught that roads built for æsthetic reasons, for the purpose of affording delightful drives, can bring indirect economic returns. An immediate enlargement of

the country's road programme would not only ensure the future of one of our greatest industries; it would add to the pleasure and convenience of twenty million car-owning families.

Road building has followed the line of least resistance. The roads given first attention are those most needed — communications between towns and cities, direct highways to places. Opening off these roads and filling in all the intervening country are the old dirt roads, winding up and down hill, passable with discomfort to a motor car in dry weather, closed in wet weather, never quite safe for a car at any time, and only used by the residents bordering on them to get to the highway. The improvement of these roads has been held in abeyance by the fact that they are not much used. To turn that around, they are not much used because they are not improved. In other words, these byroads would take a large percentage of the motor traffic that now congests the highways if they were made available for the car.

When people drive out in their cars, they are either going somewhere or riding for the fun of it. If you are going somewhere, you must take the road that leads there. If you are driving for pleasure, you can take any pleasant road, the pleasanter the better. The use of these unimproved byroads for pleasure driving opens up an almost virgin territory for the motor car. As a rule the dirt roads are more beautiful, more interesting, and open up more attractive country than the highways, which, being direct routes, have followed a more or less straight line. Byroads made accessible throughout the year to the full capacity of the country would not only have effect on country traffic, but would relieve to some extent the congestion in the cities, because a part of this congestion is due to people getting in and out, and the more roads

one can leave by, the quicker the traffic knot unties itself. More than that, attractive roads surrounding the town are an invitation to drive out into the country instead of driving around town. All the roads should be at the choice of the motorist, offering him alternative routes and distributing the traffic to the benefit of the inhabitants as well as the comfort and pleasure of the tourist. We are all car owners, we are all interested in all the roads all the time, we would all subscribe to a liberal and comprehensive road-building programme, except when, as town selectmen or voters, we pass on highway appropriations or bond issues; then we revert to our narrow, provincial, shortsighted attitude, and refuse to build roads for the benefit of tourists passing through.

There will not be abundant roads until the country is aroused to the point of believing that there can be. The country must be made road-minded. It must be made to see as its goal the complete improvement of every road and the laying out and building of new ones, not merely to satisfy the demand of ordinary intercourse, but also to bring a new recreation to the nation.

A factor in bringing about any reform is public opinion, and public opinion is something that can be created. There is immediately available a tremendous nucleus for such a public opinion. The number of people now vitally and actively interested in the success of the motor industry is a large community in itself, larger than has put over a new idea in the past. Including not only manufacturers and workmen, but also retail dealers and their salesmen, garage employees, professional drivers, the gas and oil industry, and workers in accessory lines created and maintained by the automobile, four million people are supported by the

motor industry. Four million people are a large fraction of the United States. With their dependents they comprise one seventh of the population. Four million people whose minds are directed toward one end can sway the nation. Less than that number have elected a president. Here is ready a magnificent lobby of gigantic proportions with a laudable object. The thing is to organize it, mobilize it, and make it felt in Washington and elsewhere until a road programme is adopted which will lead to the best system of highways in the world.

As to the effect of even a little systematic and well-organized clamor upon public policy, see how much a small handful of army and navy officers can do when an armament bill comes up. There are not more than seven hundred thousand who work at war for a living; yet the navy clique holds the country steadily to its battleship-building programme. It may be said that army and navy officers have a big 'drag' in Washington and are listened to with more respect than other classes seeking interested legislation, and that preparedness has a body of public opinion behind it. True, but army and navy men act with the promptness and solidarity of men who realize that no wars means no jobs. The future of the motor car likewise depends on preparedness. Four million people have jobs at stake. Alfred Sloan can speak out with confidence of a greater public opinion behind him than Admiral Plunkett ever had. There are more car owners than there are American Legionaries and Daughters of the American Revolution put together. Let the leaders of the motor industry speak for more and better roads, a comprehensive plan, and national supervision. Let them organize the four million workers and the twenty million car owners in a drive for a place to drive. After all, we

need roads at least as much as we need wars, but we now spend two and a half dollars for preparedness for every dollar for roads.

Motor interests now spend \$150,000,000 in advertising. The advertising is backed up by an elaborate network of sales agencies and dealers. This powerful correlation of advertising and selling has made the motor car into a staple — almost as necessary as houses or clothes. No such organized effort has ever before been exerted in the interest of one commodity. The industry as a whole, in spite of the fact that it is composed of competitors, has unconsciously acted as a unit. It should act as a unit in creating new roads. The motor-car market needs a new dimension. If more cars were sold by giving purchasers time in which to pay for them, could not the output be further increased by providing space in which to drive them?

III

They order these things better in France, or in England, Switzerland, or Spain, for that matter. Italy does not do so well, and my motor experience does not extend to the north. I take my car abroad frequently because I am fond of motoring — it's an ideal recreation for a deaf man — and I enjoy advantages over there I do not get at home. I can find the way more easily, for one thing, and the things I want to see are more accessible, owing to perfect maps and an intelligent system of road marking. Nor is crossing the frontier a complicated matter. I realize, of course, that France has a small territory in proportion to its population, but consider the wealth of the United States, of which the motor industry is so large a part. Is n't there as much obligation on the part of manufacturers of motor cars to supply roads

as there is on the part of manufacturers of radios to broadcast programmes?

French roads are divided into four classes: *routes nationales*, *routes départementales*, *chemins de grande communication*, and *chemins d'intérêt commun*. The national roads are the arteries connecting the large cities. They are quite straight, often built on the foundations of the old Roman roads, and favor traveling at high speed. The departmental roads connect cities of lesser importance with the national roads, and afford alternative routes. The highways of great communication and of local interest perform the same service for smaller towns and villages. They are narrower than the other roads, but all are paved. The difference is mainly one of width, not yet so serious a problem in France, where the motor car is still comparatively infrequent. I have ridden for hours without meeting one. But the principal charm of motoring in France is the choice of routes, the realization that the whole map is yours and you may go in any direction you please.

French roads have deteriorated since the war, naturally, as there is neither money nor men to maintain them. I am speaking of them as they were before the war, and as they will be again as soon as the indomitable energy of the French has caught up. Thousands of kilometres are being resurfaced, but I regret to note that the French have adopted one of our barbarous practices and are tarring them. The sign, *Attention! Goudronnée!* so familiar now, was unknown before the war.

With broad, direct roads connecting the larger cities, commercial traffic, buses and trucks, would naturally follow them. With a choice of alternative routes, not so direct, but well paved and interesting, much of the passenger-car

traffic would be diverted. One turns off into these byroads in England and France with the utmost confidence. They are as comfortable as the main traveled roads, as accurately marked, and much more varied in interest, as they follow the contours of the country. I have driven all day in France from village to village, on third and fourth class roads, never touching the *routes nationales* except to cross them, and found a new world little suspected by those who fly by on the straight roads.

An old Englishman was accosted by a wayfaring motorist and asked the way to a certain city.

'Which 'll ye have,' he asked in turn, 'the nighest or the sightliest?'

'Oh, the sightliest, by all means.'

'Wull, the nighest *is* the sightliest,' he replied with a smile of triumph.

The nighest is not always the sightliest, and that is just the point — when riding for pleasure you can exchange the direct road, filled with cars all going somewhere, for the primrose path of dalliance.

The French method of marking roads trains the eye to find the right direction without fault, the same information being in the same relative position at every fork or intersection. Nearly all roads are marked by white stones, a kilometre apart, with nine little ones in between, measuring hectometres. The kilometre stone carries on its front the number and class of the road, rendering identification infallible, and on the near side the distances to the next village and the next large city. The number ties up with your road map. You always know where you are and how far you have to go, even in the loneliest mountain passes.

There is a system of warnings which herald the approach of hills, zigzags, grade crossings, gutters crossing the road, *cassis* (bumps), or a *dos d'âne*

(ass's back). The placards are uniform in size and color, about as large as an American street-car card, with an emblem giving the message in poster form — a barred gate for the railroad crossing, silhouettes of *cassis* or *dos d'âne*, the S-shaped figure we use here for *virages* or double curves. Being intelligently placed, they do not mar the highway as disorderly signs do, and because of uniformity they are quickly recognized. One who has driven here and in France will recall how easy a uniform and intelligent system of marking makes finding one's way. An American takes his car to France, where language and customs are different, and finds his way easier than at home, where language and customs are familiar.

This intelligent uniformity is due to the fact that the whole thing is administered by one department. We should take the marking of our roads out of the hands of automobile clubs, local selectmen and highway commissioners, advertisers, and others, each with different ideas which, however good in themselves, tend to produce confusion rather than uniformity. We are grateful to all these bodies for what they have done to help us recognize our roads, but our methods are still in the kindergarten class, and we have as a model a civilized nation that has built roads for two thousand years, and has, by the simple process of survival of the fittest, evolved a plan which is one hundred per cent effective.

After my experience in driving over French roads I am led to lament the absence of good road maps in our country. For France, and indeed for most of Europe, there are road maps so simple, so ingenious, and so efficient that one wonders why in our country, with its car to every five and one-tenth inhabitants, its manufacturers cudgeling

their brains for new and effective ways to advertise them, nothing so good has been evolved as the *Cartes Michelin*. These maps are on the scale of two kilometres to a centimetre — say, four miles to the inch. Every road is given; its number, class, distances, width, paving, elevation, grades, and how it enters and leaves towns and cities. Towns and cities are shown in their actual shape as if seen from an airplane, and not represented by the silly circles inherited from Monteith's Geography, and the best way through them is clearly marked. All landmarks are indicated — rivers, canals, mountains, passes, railroads, tunnels. No map maker in our country has yet grasped the vital fact that, in order to be sure of the right road, all the wrong roads must be shown. But these maps reveal their greatness when they depart from utilitarianism and point the way to beauty. A road that is continuously picturesque is edged with green, and those high spots where it is imperative to stop and look are recognized by a fan-shaped device, the spread rays opening in the general direction of the view. Everything worth seeing is on the map, every peak, gorge, grotto, church, calvary, château, ruin, barrow, cromlech, or cascade, as well as golf links, polo fields, race tracks, cemeteries, customhouses, and ferries. These maps are as full of detail as one of Hogarth's crowded prints.

The maps are accompanied by a book, the *Guide Michelin*, which does for cities and villages what the maps do for the open country. Not even Herr Baedeker can be so explicit in so small a compass. Each town is summed up by means of a graphic system of symbols which you read at a glance — hotels, curiosities, motor-car accommodations, placed, appraised, and classified. A tiny building with one gable indicates the humble village inn, while

a row of five gables stands for the Hôtels Splendides; and those primitive hostelrys where rooms are not commended, but where satisfactory meals are obtainable, have for their escutcheons a cup with crossed fork and spoon. Bath, running water, repair pit, telephone, railroad station, all have their funny little indices. Crossed mashies show the golf course, a running horse the hippodrome. It is as amusing as a game.

A touch of humor is given by old Bibendum, a human figure constructed entirely of tires, who hovers over the scene, explaining and illustrating, a sort of carnival spirit of motoring. Bibendum is the code address of the Michelin Tire Company. Much of the ingenuity that in this country goes into inventing names for tooth pastes and breakfast foods is expended in France in coining telegraph addresses.

With these books and maps I have ridden some thirty-five thousand miles in Europe, never at a loss to find my way and never missing aught I came to see. And both books and maps are merely advertisements, put out by a manufacturer of auto tires, sold everywhere for a few francs.

The best alternative map of United States roads looks empty beside a *Carte Michelin*. Even the small modicum of motor roads we now have deserves better maps. In the simple matter of folding, ours are without inspiration. A Michelin map folds like an accordion, map outside. Any sector can be opened to, as in a small book. So complete is the detail that one can follow any road on paper almost as fully as one follows it in the car. In many of our maps even a mountain range two miles high is not thought of sufficient importance to be given map room. Finding one's way is but a small part of the pleasure of motoring, but even that requires detail and accuracy. Some at least of the

motoring public are interested in the country they drive through, and would like to know something about it. What is that mountain? This lake? The river we have just crossed? How high are we? Which is the most picturesque road to where we are going? We get no help from the map.

We have excellent government geologic survey maps complete in detail, though not up to date as to recent building. It should be possible in this country, as in France, to secure permission to use them, and then to add the symbols which transform them into road maps.

According to Hilaire Belloc, no country approaches France on road maps. The *Cartes Michelin* offer a hint to General Motors or Standard Oil as to how to render a similar service to their own country. They have already inaugurated an excellent service which motorists in this country will use with ever-increasing satisfaction.

The advantage of a graphic map to the tourist who is interested in the country he is passing through is obvious. I have driven up and down the College Highway many times, and never knew that at Granby was a famous historical landmark—the old jail of pre-Revolutionary times built over the mouth of a copper mine. The mine was worked by prisoners, and when they returned from their toil they were still in jail.

IV

The roads we are now building, while admirable, are too narrow. National roads should be four lanes wide, partly to eliminate danger in overtaking slower vehicles, but mainly to provide two lines of traffic in each direction, the trucks and buses in one, the passenger cars in the other. The coast road enter-

ing Maine has an interesting construction. There are two lanes of concrete, widely spaced, with the centre lane macadamized. Perhaps this plan may give the desired width at a lower cost. But width is as essential as length to relieve congestion. The Bronx River Parkway, the finest example of road we have near New York, demonstrates that a rate of thirty-five miles an hour is easily maintained when the traffic is fluid.

Secondary roads should be three lanes wide. These will offer the alternative routes, leaving the more direct routes to those whose destination is more important than entertainment along the way. Many of these roads would be recruited from the dirt roads which, while really vital arteries, have been neglected through immediate expediency and lack of enough money to do justice to an intelligent road-building programme.

The remaining roads would be divided between two-lane and one-lane roads. The latter might have wide shoulders, or, if that is impossible, turnouts for passing; or they might even be one-way roads, as they often are in France, especially in the narrow mountain passes, as, for instance, the thrilling drive up the gorges of the Loup, cut out of the rocky walls of the cliff.

Attention should be given to automobile speedways. The Motor Parkway on Long Island is popular, and I believe supports itself. There need be no fear that the motorist will be unwilling to pay for the privileges of greater lawful speed and freedom from cross traffic. Milan is connected with three of the beautiful Italian lakes just north of it by the auto *strada*, a broad, straight highway, elevated above cross-roads, running like an arrow to Como, with forks branching off for Varese and Maggiore. The Milanese business man

has his villa on the banks of one of these lakes and covers the sixty miles in an hour without fear or favor. The charges are moderate, and the service well worth them. We must soon begin to think of connecting busy centres by exclusive roads, which will further draw off some of the traffic from the sightly ones and leave them freer to us who look upon the motor car as a means of seeing beautiful things—trees, rivers, valleys, and hills—as they compose and recompose themselves in fascinating kaleidoscope. The proposed privately owned speedway between Boston and New York, on which the toll will be five dollars, is evidence of the urgency of this need, and will undoubtedly pay its way, but it should be undertaken and maintained by the Federal Government.

The need of beauty, not only in the country penetrated but in the roads themselves, should never be forgotten. As soon as the economic needs are satisfied, we should begin to beautify the roads we have and plan new ones whose sole purpose—or main purpose, at least—is to penetrate regions that delight the eye. How does it happen, I wonder, that so few of our roads follow the banks of rivers? In Europe this is the rule rather than the exception. There are several in New England that do, notably the lovely drives down the Thames and the Connecticut, but over here we generally leave the rivers to the railroads. It should be noted that the loveliness of the Bronx Parkway was produced by rescuing the river from its squalor. Looked upon merely as an investment, the city and state have already been reimbursed for the cost of this road.

In France, planting trees beside the road is as much a part of road building as the surfacing. What it means can be appreciated only by those who have ridden through those long green

tunnels. When the necessities of war destroyed the trees along the roads or they had to be sacrificed for military operations, the contrast between this region and Southern France was pathetic. But one of the first works of reconstruction undertaken was the replanting of the trees, and now one can see between the closely cut-off trunks of the old trees, which were over a foot in diameter, the new saplings already some ten or twelve feet high. A road should be beautiful as well as useful, and the æsthetic work should go hand in hand with the practical.

We talk much about our scenery, and it will bear comparison with the beauties of Europe, but what the world traveler misses is accessibility. You can see Europe because roads a thousand years old lead up to lonely mountain passes, brows of cliffs, through gorges and overhanging rivers and lakes, so that a motor trip is one of continuous beauty and surprises. We have done little in this direction as yet, and it is a part of no civic programme. Take the State of Maine, for instance. Aside from one rather poor road following the coast line, and two or three spurs running up into the centre of the state, Maine is closed to the motorist. Merely from a dollars-and-cents point of view, the income to Maine from motor travelers would be multiplied a dozen times if it were possible for the car to penetrate its wealth of forest, mountain, river, and lake. It need not disfigure the state. If the motor road and the motor car bring desolation in their wake, that is the fault of the motorist, not of the road. Indeed, restrictions should be adopted and enforced as part of the programme of building scenic roads.

Along the Mohawk Trail is a characteristic exhibition of American business enterprise which is entirely lacking in Europe. Over there a view is a view,

and you are left to look at it as you please, but here you are not only urged to look at it by large and ugly signs, but to look at it only from one particular spot, which is the advertiser's 'hot dog' emporium. All these signs cast aspersions on all other spots. Each is the only genuine top — all others are imitations; each has the highest tower, the hottest dogs, the reddest red-flannel pennants bearing the legend 'The Mohawk Trail'; and they manage between them to spoil the pleasure of any mere lover of scenery by their signboard dispute as to what is the real top of the trail. Here is a bit of delightful scenery utterly ruined by the crowd of signboards stepping on each other's toes in their anxiety to point it out to the tourist, and incidentally to sell him souvenirs, banners, postcards, Indian baskets, hot dogs, and sandwiches.

The wonderful roads through the Pyrenees, which make it possible to follow this mountain range from Biscay to Mediterranean almost on the mountain peaks, detract nothing from the grandeur and beauty of the scene. The roads are magnificently made. Someone has said that a good road is the only kind that can be built in the mountains. Beautifully graded, strongly protected by stone parapets, these roads rise up to the cols or mountain passes and then wind down, first on the Spanish side and then on the French side, and they give thrills of which few motorists have any conception.

Most of our through roads are developments of the old stagecoach roads which ran through the heart of the town up to the principal inn. This route has been retained in most improvements, so that the through cars are all tangled up with the local traffic. It is time to begin to change all that. Already in many places directions carry the motor cars through the cities by a roundabout route to avoid the

congestion of the down-town district. It seems strange, however, that when a new road is being built this principle is ignored.

I spent last summer in the little village of Washington in Connecticut, one of the most charming holdovers of the past that state possesses. It was up to last summer a secluded village, not on any main road, but reached by a spur turning off from the direct road between New Milford and Litchfield. The authorities planned a link connecting Waterbury with Litchfield, and ran the new road right through the heart of Washington's village green. This barbarism was more gratuitous in that a great deal of this road, instead of using the old dirt road, was new construction. It would have been an easy matter involving but little expense to deflect the road around the village, through the valley, connecting with the highway again at Washington Depot at the bottom of the hill, and leave the sylvan beauty of the green intact. Instead the road, much too large for the green, cut into the banks on both sides, lowered the grade and left cottages perched on a heap of mud ten feet high, uprooted fine old oaks and elms, and then had to make an awkward curve to get around the church. Even to a road builder a church one hundred and fifty years old is a landmark that cannot be easily toppled over.

Washington did not need the road and gets no advantage from it. The inhabitants could as easily reach the new highway if the road had passed through the valley. It is only fair to Washington village to say that it opposed the road, but Washington town was too strong for it, and the town selectmen, with the lack of imagination which town selectmen sometimes show, ruthlessly went ahead with their plans, and the result of this civic mayhem can be seen by any visitor.

V

When the motor-car industry has come to realize that one way to provide a future market for cars is to work together for roads on which to drive them, and has organized itself with that end in view, and appointed men, and made an appropriation and set political machinery in motion, and used both voice and print — public speaking, radio, advertising, and publicity — to educate the public mind and prepare it to take part in and pay for a super-highway programme, it will be working on some such programme as this: —

1. To exert its influence toward placing all roads under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, the head of this department to be an engineer of the distinction and ability of Goethals.

2. To organize a bureau representing and supported by the industry to lay out a programme and to assist and advise the highway departments as they now exist, or as they may be realigned, the bureau to be staffed with engineers, landscape architects, public-relations counsel, advertising men, public speakers, to make plans, sell them to the public, work up public interest, ensure coöperation from groups to be benefited directly, such as chambers of commerce or hotel keepers, and especially to create *esprit de corps* among that great community which lives by making and selling motor cars and the accessories created by them.

3. To make its ultimate end (a) the paving or surfacing of all existing roads; (b) the laying out and building of new roads, not merely for commercial or utilitarian purposes, but especially to create drives through beautiful scenery and to historic spots, on the margins of lakes, or through mountain passes, until our more picturesque regions are at least on a par with those of Europe in accessibility.

4. To beautify all roads as far as possible by landscaping and planting, and to protect that beauty by laws, but especially to foster a public spirit equal to that found in such law-abiding countries as England.

5. To see that through highways are led around villages, towns, and cities, with by-roads connecting, so that through traffic can avoid local congestion.

6. To establish a system of marking roads uniform throughout the nation, simple, easily comprehended at a glance, and in a form that will not be an eyesore. The numbering of roads has already been adopted to some extent, but there is yet much confusion. There are roads in New England which bear both state and United States numbers, differing from each other and also from the number on the map.

7. To establish national supervision of the licensing of automobiles, or, if that is impracticable, uniform state practice, with complete reciprocity, and especially uniform speed laws. The best speed law is that which obtains in France, with limits only in cities; no limit in the country, but strict accountability. If you want to see speed limits carried to absurdity, try driving in some of the cantons of Switzerland, where five miles an hour is not merely ordained, but enforced.

8. To produce real road maps that will make finding one's way a simple matter and add a new interest to motoring, and give some idea of the beauty and entertainment afforded by this remarkable country, daily growing smaller as the gas-propelled vehicle enlarges its activities.

Before the car buyer realizes there is no place to drive a car and stops buying, the movement should be under way to multiply the available road area by five, and the motor-car industry is the unit to undertake it. It has the vested interest in good roads, it has the money to pay for propaganda, and it is in itself a large enough body to influence public opinion.

AN HONEST DEAL

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

'THERE she is,' said I. Finis Wilson, with a wave of his hand toward the mare. 'Gentle, kind, the ideal horse.' He ran his hand all over her, slapping her. 'One hundred and thirty dollars, cash. I paid a hundred and ten for her.'

The active little farmer looked her over for the seventh time, walked twice round her nervously, and asked, almost hopefully, 'She ain't scared of the cars, you say?'

'No,' said Mr. Wilson. 'As far as the cars is concerned, she'd go to sleep with her tail on the rail. Would n't she, George?'

George was Finis Wilson's forty-year-old stableboy. He lifted a pair of soupy eyes from where he sat on a bucket and said, 'I guess that's right.'

'Sure,' said Finis Wilson, 'it's right.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said the farmer, looking more worried as he fingered some bills in his pocket. 'I'm aiming to use her hauling milk.'

A wide grin overspread Mr. Wilson's thin features. He pulled the ends of his pale moustache together over his chin, then poked the farmer confidentially between the ribs.

'For a milk horse,' he remarked, 'that mare can do about everything but milk the cows.'

The farmer thought a moment. 'Make it a hundred,' he suggested with the air of a man with bold decisions in his head.

'Sold!'

Mr. Wilson stretched out a long arm. The farmer counted the money into his palm, wetting his thumb and forefinger to feel each bill.

'I'll hitch her onto the back of your wagon,' said Mr. Wilson.

The farmer climbed aboard and started his heavy team, and the thin mare shuffled off lazily behind.

Leaning against the barn, Mr. Wilson watched them disappear.

'George,' he observed in his mild voice, 'there was a sale.'

'I guess that's right,' said George.

'You was a witness,' said Mr. Wilson. 'I was strictly honest in all I told him.'

'How about what she done at the depot?' asked the stableboy. He made a thrust with the dungfork with which he had emerged from the barn. Following the gesture, Finis Wilson saw a pair of wheels and splintered shafts piled up on a battered wagon box that lacked a spring and the rear axle.

'George, you'd ought to pay more attention,' — he shook his head somberly, — 'or you won't never get to be a horse dealer. It was the engine give her that idee.'

George set down the dungfork in order to scratch his head.

'I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson.'

'It's a sensitive point, George; but if he gives her time she may outgrow even that notion about the engine.'

'Yeanh.'

'It was an honest deal,' said Mr. Wilson. 'I always make an honest deal, George, and if you paid more

attention you'd see how I do it and you'd maybe be a successful horse trader yourself when you get to be a man. I've always been honest in trading. Of course, a man can make a little here and a little there by lying and cheating, but that's only small money. He's got to be honest to make a big profit. I'm honest, George. I've never been cheated in a trade to my knowledge. And no man has ever got the law onto me, either.'

He slowly pulled the back of his hand across his lips, and a look of sadness crept into his eyes.

'Oncet in a while,' he went on, 'it's natural that a man don't understand me. The man that bought that black bitch just now may be one of them. But that's what an honest man has got to expect. I've found that out, and I'll tell you why it is, George. It's because the horse himself is the sensitive point in a deal.'

'Yeanh,' said George, 'I guess that's right.'

He stood awhile staring after the thin stooped shoulders disappearing up the alley. Then he picked up the dung-fork and flung its contents on the barn-yard heap.

'I don't know a great lot,' he observed to himself in a puzzled way, 'but I'm real glad that's the last of *her*.'

II

If horse traders have a reputation for being indolent men, it is probably because they are constantly overworking their imaginations. I. Finis Wilson was most familiar to his neighbors in the town of Ava, New York, when they saw him sitting on the porch of Mrs. Edna Brown's hotel, his cowhide boots on the rail and his head lolling against the back of the rocking-chair.

The hotel stood on the main street, which was an enlargement of the high-

way to Rome, and the porch offered him a perfect observation post from which to watch for strange horses entering the county. It was Finis Wilson's serious statement and pride that no horse had lived and died in upper Oneida County without having passed at least once through his barn on the wings of profit.

On the hotel porch, Finis nodded to one or two of the boarders and sat down to spend an hour till supper in pleasant meditation on the departure of the black mare. The stout man on his right spat leisurely into the ear of an open nasturtium and remarked, 'I seen Whiter driving out with that black mare.'

'Yeanh.'

'Yeanh.'

The man saw no chance of securing figures, so he settled himself to a comfortable enjoyment of the shade and the slight breeze. The hum of bees in the nasturtium vines was lulling. He folded his hands over his paunch and gently rocked himself. Then, without warning, an idea occurred to him.

'Jeepers!' he exclaimed.

'Yeanh?'

'Did you see the mare the doctor drove in with this morning?'

Finis glanced sideways over his thin nose. 'No,' he said.

'There's a horse!'

'Yeanh?'

'Oh, gol! She's pretty.'

Finis grunted.

'She's a dandy animal. He got her from a feller in Frankfort.'

'Yeanh?'

'She's got quite a record for speed down there. She looks it. Bright bay. Bet she's a Morgan.'

'Yeanh? There's quite a few breeds you see that color in.'

The stout man was annoyed and blew out his cheeks, remarking, 'Well, Finis, you'll have to look her over

probably; but I hear she ain't for sale.'
'Yeanh.'

'It's too bad you did n't get the first profit onto her yourself,' said the stout man.

Finis did not answer this. He removed his feet from the rail and ambled inside after his supper.

The stout man still looked annoyed. He turned to the traveling polish salesman.

'I'd hate to be the doctor,' he said. 'Once Finis sees that mare that doctor won't have no peace. It's too bad, at that. He's a nice boy; but he's just out of Harvard College, and doctors ain't got much sense in a money deal, anyhow.'

The vendor of polishes puffed out his chest.

'I'm a pretty good hand at judging a man,' he said, 'and I should n't think your doctor'd have much to worry about getting cheated by that thin hayseed, if he's the one you're talking about.'

The fat lids of the other's eyes seemed slowly to congeal as he gave the toes of his boots a noncommittal scrutiny.

'Well, maybe you're right, at that. Finis did n't go to no college; but he's never been cheated in a deal and he says he's never done no cheating into a deal, to the best of his knowledge. But then he's an ignorant man. Finis is kind of slow.'

'Sure,' said the salesman, affably. 'Just what I said.'

'Course Finis ain't got much polish,' the fat man went on as if to himself, 'but he always was kind of cute. He started out when he was thirteen. He took and sold Riddle's gray mare out of Riddle's back pasture lot to a bunch of gypsies for eighty dollars. Then he went around to Riddle with the money and bought that mare for twenty-five dollars. Riddle never went into the back lot to see if she was there. Finis

knowed so much about her, he was glad to get that much. Nobody would n't have knowed a thing about it if them gypsies had n't come back the next week hollering that they'd been cheated into buying a mare with the cold spavin for eighty dollars. That's how Finis has always done. He's kind of slow, so he aims to keep ahead of the other feller. But even then it was a fair deal, except for the gypsies, and we run them out of town.'

The salesman shifted the conversation.

'Funny name he's got. What did you say it was?'

The stout man unfolded his hands from his belly.

'I. Finis Wilson,' he said dryly. 'I. for Ira. His pa named him that after himself. He was his fourteenth child. His ma give him the other name.'

III

When Finis Wilson emerged from supper to take his seat again on the porch in the cool of the evening, he was meditating on the stout man's description of the doctor's new mare. Before he could actually sit down, a thud of hoofs and a rattle of spokes sounded down the street and the doctor flashed past in his surrey, driving his regular horse—one that Finis had sold him when he first came to Ava in the spring. It had been a good sale, Finis remembered, but he had not made as large a profit as he might have, for he knew that most doctors needed two horses and he intended to preserve his patronage for the second also. Besides, the doctor had seemed too much of a nice boy, and was so frankly unaccustomed to horses that Finis had not found it in his heart to disillusion him in the first deal.

'We'll coax him a bit,' he had said to George, 'and gentle him some.'

Finis watched the doctor out of sight. It occurred to him that his absence would afford a first-rate opportunity to examine the mare freely and see how well founded the stout man's enthusiasm had been.

He made his way slowly down the street. Twilight had come in about the trunks of the overarching elms with a touch of dew and a scent of meadows visible between the houses. Finis, strolling along with his hands in his pockets, nodded every now and then to villagers taking their ease on their front porches. At the corner of the doctor's cottage he paused to cut himself a chew. Having stowed it outside of his right molars, he wiped his lips with the back of his thumb, jerked the ends of his moustache, and disappeared behind the house.

In front of the stable door he found William Dewey, the doctor's man, polishing a new light single harness, whistling the while monotonously on three notes. Finis thought he was rubbing with unwonted enthusiasm. He leaned himself against the door-frame and crossed one leg before the other.

'Ain't seen you show so much grit at a job in a long while, Bill,' he observed.

'Got to have a smart harness for a smart mare, Finis.'

Bill breathed on the check buckle and rubbed it tenderly with his handkerchief. 'Genuine sterling plate on them buckles, Finis. Doc bought it particular for his new mare.'

'Yeanh, I heard he'd picked up a new horse somewheres. What's she like?'

'Like? Say, there ain't a horse in seven counties can touch her. She's won in Whitesboro every year for five. She's a genuine pure-bred Morgan. You could trade all the brutes you got in your barn, Finis, all for one horse,

and I bet even you could n't get a value equal to her.'

'I been hearing she's fair to middling,' Finis said.

'You don't believe it, by Cripus, but I'll fetch her out.'

'Don't take the bother,' said Finis politely, but his long nose twitched and a tingling came under the skin between his shoulders.

'No bother,' said Bill from within the barn, with the note of a man who is willing to convince a friend of his stupidity.

Finis heard the light, quick steps of a horse affably backing out of a stall and approaching the door, but he managed to preserve his casual pose. Then a bright head came forth and the short ears pricked at him, and he saw her take a breath of his scent. In spite of himself, one hand came out of his pocket to stroke the delicate nostrils. It seemed to Finis that he had never come to a quicker understanding with a mare, and he began to realize that the doctor was n't her natural owner.

But Bill pushed himself importantly between them and, taking the lead rope close to the halter, brought her out into the open. She was all Morgan, wide-chested, a hint of Arab about her head, high-crested, straight-legged, full-quartered. Finis felt cold little ripples of excitement doing circus acts with his heart. One look and she filled his eyes. It gave him genuine pain to know that she was n't his. As Bill trotted her round in significant silence, Finis's hand came up and his lips ran over her good points as if to a buyer; his hand reached behind him for his showing whip. To sell such a horse would be a fitting climax to his long career. He saw himself at the Syracuse Fair turning down eight-hundred-dollar bids; he saw himself in a frock coat and yellow boots and a new gray hat; he heard comment about her on all sides,

and his own voice saying, 'Northern bred, mister. On my own farm. Four years old and a daisy. Ask anybody that comes from Ava.' And all the time, too, he realized that she belonged to a college-bred doctor, no more than a boy, who had pink cheeks and next to no knowledge of the world and horses. If he had been a philosopher, he would have doubted God's existence; being Finis Wilson, he knew that it was n't right and that he would have to do something about it.

So he said in his mild voice, 'She's a pretty clever buggy proposition at that, Bill.'

Bill came to a dead stop.

'Buggy proposition! I thought you knewed a horse!'

'Yeanh. Don't take it hard, Bill. She's past twelve. Let me look at her mouth. Get a lantern.'

Bill sent a shuddering spit directly for the toes of Finis's boots, and led the mare into the barn without a word.

'You ought n't to take it so hard, Bill.'

'Twelve!' Bill's voice came cavernously from the barn. 'She's rising five. Doc's uncle raised her on his own place.'

'Well, a man's relative is apt to make that kind of a mistake in a gift.'

Bill came out of the barn with a lantern and resumed his work on the harness. He kept a scornful silence, and after a few remarks Finis moseyed away to the main street.

He stopped to look in at the string of horses in his barn and said, 'Trash!' bitterly.

His stableboy lifted his head out of the corner manger and looked at him sleepily.

'I guess that's right, Mr. Wilson.'

'You shut up!' said Finis, with unexpected savageness.

IV

If ever Finis Wilson desired anything in his life, it was the doctor's mare. He dreamed about her that night, and the first thing he saw in the morning after breakfast was the doctor driving her out of town on a distant call. The rate at which she took him past brought a grunt of admiration up out of the stout man.

'Did n't I tell you?' he demanded triumphantly of Finis.

Finis declined to answer.

'Something's soured into him,' the stout man soliloquized aloud. 'He'd ought to see the doctor.'

He sat down and said to himself that it was too bad the doctor was n't a sharper man.

But Finis went on to his barn, where he put George through three hours of misery at cleaning the stable. For his own occupation he sat on the grain bin in search of ideas. Little by little these settled in his stomach, and before dinner time Finis had acquired quite a pain. So he went round to the doctor's cottage. There was a string beside the door which he pulled, and a bell rang loudly just over his head. At the same moment the doctor himself opened the door.

'I saw you through the window,' he explained. 'Come in.'

He led Finis into his consulting room. He was a young man with fresh-colored skin and inexperienced eyes. Finis peered up at him shrewdly from under his hat brim.

'Sit down,' said the doctor.

'I don't know that it's serious, Doc. It's just that my dinner ain't been setting so good lately.'

'Let's see your tongue,' said the doctor. He had learned that his patients expected all the rituals of his office, and as a matter of fact they were as pleased to see the diploma

framed on the wall as he was himself.

As long as he would have to pay, Finis extracted the last atom of service, pulse taking, thermometer, and all, and carefully pocketed the doctor's pills. Then, as a natural thing, he brought the conversation round to the mare.

'She's a likely-looking buggy horse,' he said grudgingly. 'I'm wondering if you and me could n't make a deal onto her.'

'Why, I don't know, Finis. I had n't thought of selling her. You see, she was a gift. My uncle gave her to me for a wedding present.'

Finis was properly startled.

'Yes,' said the doctor. 'I'm going out to Indiana next month to get married. I'd have gone out this spring, only I did n't have the money to. I've got enough now, though not much for a honeymoon.'

He smiled, and blushed.

'Well, by gol, that's fine,' said Finis. Then a sly look came into his eyes. 'I'd give you two hundred dollars for that mare. That would give you quite a trip, now.'

'Well, you know what she's worth, I guess. But I could n't sell her. I would n't want to.'

'I'll make it two-fifty, between friends, and I'll find you another horse, cheap,' Finis offered.

The doctor appeared lost in thought. If he had felt of Finis's pulse at that moment he would have been professionally alarmed. But the thin dealer's only sign of excitement was the twisting of the ends of his long pale moustache together over his chin.

The doctor looked up.

'No, Finis, she's not for sale. She's too near the perfect horse for my work, though I guess she would n't go far outside of it.'

'That's right, but she's kind of a clever article, you know.'

'Just the same, I could n't. Take two of those pills after every meal. They're a kind of physic. And they'll touch up your liver. Come around again in a day or two.'

Finis sighed, paid, and went out. He made his way to his barn, where he found George feeding the horses their noon grain.

'George,' he asked, 'have you looked at that mare the doctor's got?'

'Yeanh.'

'What do you think of her?'

'Well, she's kind of pretty,' said George, trying to imitate his employer's accustomed manner.

'Kind of pretty! You poor, abandoned twerp. That mare's the finest piece of horse meat I've seen in this county in twenty years.'

'Yeanh,' George said meekly. 'I guess that's right.'

'Here,' said Finis, suddenly taking the pill box from his pocket, 'eat them. I just bought them off Doc and there ain't no point in throwing them away. They're good for the liver.'

'Thanks,' said George. Finis sat down on a box and filled an old corncob.

'George, I'd give a lot to buy that mare, but the danged fool won't sell. I offered him a good price, at that. What can a man do to buy a horse from a man that don't want to sell?'

'Give him some more money,' said George.

'You shut up!' said Finis.

V

It was the source of infinite sorrow to Finis Wilson that George appeared to have offered the only possible way to deal with the doctor. But in the succeeding weeks he raised his price to four hundred dollars, with no effect. Two days later he had called at the doctor's office and narrated George's symptoms

as his own. Since George had eaten all the pills at once, the symptoms were sufficiently peculiar to warrant Finis's appearance for several times more. 'I feel like a horse taking a heavy load downhill on a high breeching. I can't get no comfort no more.' It occurred to him that the symptoms also described his own state of mind.

But the doctor, while he retained his interest in Finis's digestion, would have none of the deal. 'If he was n't such a danged fool,' Finis complained, 'he'd see I was offering him more than the mare is worth.'

Finally Finis lost all sense of balance. He stopped the doctor in the middle of the main street as he was returning from a Sunday afternoon call, driving his old horse, and he said, 'Doc, I honestly make you my last offer for that mare. I'll pay you five hundred dollars down for her — just as she is. Spot cash for the mare alone. You're leaving to go west for your wife, ain't you?'

The doctor drew a long breath. Five hundred dollars would not only furnish a honeymoon; there would be enough remaining to furnish the upstairs bedroom he had been writing Ermintrude about, which by correspondence they had planned in complete detail. But he preserved his presence of mind.

'Yes, I'm leaving on the evening train. I'll be walking down to the depot, Finis, and I'll let you know once for all then.'

'I'll be on the hotel porch, Doc. I'll have the money in my pants pocket.'

A great calm had settled over Finis's mind. He had tendered his limit — there was no more for him to do.

As for the doctor, he drove slowly home.

VI

Now the doctor was very young, and perhaps he may be excused when it is remembered that a country practice,

while more highly considered in the old days than it is now, did not bring in a great deal of money for the luxuries of life. Further, it must be remembered that the doctor was dealing with the slyest man in seven counties, according to repute. And third, and perhaps most important, was a point that even Finis had overlooked. Though he was practising in a village in upstate New York, and though he was planning to marry an Indiana girl, the doctor's blood was of the Yankiest New England strains. He came from Sandwich; and his name was Nickerson. This as a preliminary to destiny. . . .

As he turned into his yard, he looked at his watch and saw that he had an hour till train time. As he got down over the wheel, he made up his mind that he would not sell the mare — even for five hundred dollars. He was so relieved to have reached this decision that his faculties cleared from their dazzlement, and he became aware of his man, Bill, tears streaming from his eyes and strange noises issuing from his mouth.

'Cholera,' was the doctor's first thought. 'Liquor,' his second. The third was a flash of fate. 'The mare.'

'Bill!'

Bill stared at him dimly. 'She's just fetched her last kick,' he said.

'What's the matter?'

'I come in after dinner and there she lay as big as a elephant that's going to litter,' groaned Bill. 'She'd got loose some way. She'd got her head in the grain bin and filled herself bowdacious full, and there she was kicking like a steam engine and roaring like Niagara Falls. I got a pill into her, but it was too late. I done the best I could, Doc, honest. But it were n't no good at all.'

The doctor looked in without a word and saw his mare on her back, all four legs in the air. It was all he needed to see. Though he was not much of a

horseman, he began to appreciate the genuineness of Bill's sorrow when the latter said, 'I been mighty close to prayer, Doc.'

The doctor was dazed again, as if the five hundred dollars had bludgeoned him between the eyes. If he had only closed with Finis, he saw that the sorrow might still have been theirs, but the grief would have been the dealer's.

Then a light came to him, or it may have been the resurgence of the good New England blood that pioneered this great land of ours. He clapped Bill on the shoulder.

'Listen here, Bill. Borrow Mr. Smith's stone boat and his big team, and right after dark you take her round to Finis Wilson's. I'm leaving in three quarters of an hour for Indiana. I'm going to strike a deal with him.'

All the world loves a horse, but there is no one in the world at all who does n't like even better to see a horse dealer trimmed and shaved. Bill looked as if he had been shown the way to hope.

'All right, Doc.'

VII

With one eye on the clock and the other on the window, the doctor packed his carpetbags with wedding clothes. It was getting late, and a shower that had been promising for some time was obscuring the sunset. By the time he reached the station it would be really dark.

He took up his bags and walked swiftly along the main street. Lights from the hotel windows showed Finis sitting on the steps. He got up.

'Doc?' he said. There was a hint of quaver in his voice.

The doctor spoke like a man who has reached a decision against his better judgment.

'I've decided to let you have her, Finis. She's yours for five hundred.'

Finis handed a wad of bills to the doctor, who counted them carefully in the dim light.

'I'm an honest man,' said Finis in a pained manner.

'It's best to be businesslike,' said the young doctor; 'it saves misunderstandings. I've told Bill to take the mare around to your barn in half an hour.'

'Good,' said Finis. 'I'd thought to fetch her myself, but I guess it'll be better waiting for her. More exciting, so to speak.'

He held out his hand, and, though his back was to the light, the doctor felt a twinge to see so plainly joy unalloyed on his thin face.

'Shake, Doc,' said Finis. 'And I'd take it kindly you and Bill would n't say nothing about this deal for a while.'

'I won't,' the doctor promised. 'I'll be gone for a week.'

The train whistled for the above-town crossing, and the doctor sprinted for the station.

Finis watched his fluttering coat tails, and he grinned and grinned. Then he took his own way to his stable. He went leisurely, drawing out his expectation to the last drop. If the doctor had been a keen man, he said to himself, he would have waited for another hundred dollars. And Finis knew that the hundred dollars would have been forthcoming.

'Well, George,' he said to his henchman, 'how be you?'

George got feebly up from his bed in the manger and rubbed his eyes.

'Not very good, Mr. Wilson. Some way I ain't been right since my inwards got a hold on them pills.'

'Cheer up and feel better,' said Finis with surprising boisterousness. 'Tonight I bought the doctor's mare. Here's a dollar for you to feel better on.'

'Thanks,' said George. 'Shall I go fetch her?'

'She's to be delivered. Fix some straw in that box stall.'

George got up and spread some bedding. It was hard for Finis to sit still, and in spite of himself he was unable to keep his eyes from the door. After a while George sat beside him. They said nothing, but the light of the lantern at their feet showed both their heads turned left and both jaws motionless to listen, and up above in the brown dark of the mow their great shadows also listened. Only Finis's hand was twisting together the ends of his long pale moustache.

'There's a stone boat coming down the alley,' said George.

'What . . .'

Finis awoke like a shot to impending disaster. It was revealed to him in the form of Bill, a heavy team, and the four stiff legs of the mare, pointed to the single star showing dimly through the clouds.

Finis came to his feet, walked slowly out with the lantern in his hand, and stared down for a long time. A great and mastering rage was gathering in his breast, but words offered no outlet to it until Bill said with heavy seriousness, 'I told Doc he had n't ought to sell, but he notioned your price was close to being a fair one.'

Then Finis swore. He swore in a low-pitched monotony of sound, from which he emerged only once to demand from George the return of the dollar bill he had given him to celebrate the deal.

But George also was on the point of going mad. He stood in a corner with a dungfork, saying, 'That doctor twerp got enough out of me already. He won't get nothing more.'

'Cripus,' said Finis suddenly. 'He were n't only a boy by his looks.'

'I thought you'd understand,' Bill

chuckled, preparing to return the boat and team.

'Bill,' said Finis, 'don't say nothing about this.'

Bill laughed unpleasantly.

'Five dollars,' said Finis.

'A dollar a day,' said Bill.

Finis sat down, and suddenly he was a man again. He was thinking.

'In all my life,' he said sombrely, 'I was n't never done on a deal. And I'll be danged if I'll let this boy-doctor do me. I would n't have, only I was too honest to suspicion him, Bill. I was honest, and here's what come of it.'

The lantern at his feet showed water dimming his sharp blue eyes.

'It's tough,' Bill said.

'I've got to make a profit on this mare,' said Finis in a low voice. 'If I don't I'll have to go to New York, where folks is softer. But I've got to make an honest profit. You see that, boys. If I don't, that pink young helion is going to have the snort on me.'

'Well,' said Bill, 'I'll leave you think it out yourself.'

He went away. For half an hour Finis clasped his head in thought.

Then he said, as if feeling his way toward something, 'Westernville.'

In the darkness of the barn George felt his jaw come open.

'Westernville,' said Finis. 'Westernville. . . . They're a great bunch to play cards. . . . They've got sporting notions. . . . Quite a lot of boaters over there. They always take a chance, the big bezabors. . . . Westernville.'

He looked over his shoulders. There was sweat on his cheeks, and George saw that the ends of his moustache were knotted squarely.

'I'll do an honest deal,' said Finis loudly, 'and make an honest profit, by Jeepers Cripus! George, you come from Westernville. Don't they play cards in the store real late on Sunday nights?'

'I guess that's right,' said George.

'Hitch up that white trotter to the buggy. I bought him for a stepper. By gander, I'll get a chance to feel out his pulse now.'

It took them a moment to get the snorting beast into the shafts. Finis climbed up with his whip, while George held the horse's head. Before George could get off the ground, the hind wheels had skidded into the main street.

VIII

It was the bride who finally, after three weeks' honeymoon, suggested that they return to Ava.

'You can't afford to lose your practice, Jonathan N.,' she said.

With obvious reluctance the doctor agreed. Perhaps he had a New England conscience, and, now that the deal was over, perhaps it troubled him.

'We'll get in by the evening train,' he said, 'so our neighbors won't know we're back till the next morning. We'll fool them that way.'

She looked at him adoringly.

'I think that's nice,' she said.

So they packed up that night, after they had spent an evening together by the great cataract — an ideal spot for lovers, precluding speech. And they got on the train next morning on the long trip home. All day it seemed to Ermintrude that her husband was unduly absorbed in his own thoughts, but she supposed that he must be regulating them for the return to an arduous life, and she tried to be helpful by assuming a cheerful silence.

So they came back, and the doctor suggested that they get off on the wrong side of the train. She was the first to get down, and it did her good to see that they had been watching for her husband, for there was a man waiting there. He clapped her husband on the shoulder.

'Hullo, Doc,' he said.

She saw that he was a lean man with long yellow moustaches, and that her husband was embarrassed. She wondered if it was because the lean man smelled so uncommonly of horses. But then she heard the doctor say, 'Finis, I've been thinking over that deal we made, and I've been thinking maybe I took too much. Suppose I give you back a hundred.'

She was worried and puzzled by her husband's troubled voice, and she turned appealing eyes on the thin man. He was grinning in a very friendly way at her and twisting together the ends of his pale moustache over his chin.

'Don't you bother, Doc,' he replied in his mild voice. 'I made a profit of a hundred dollars on that mare.'

The bride heard her husband draw a long breath.

'Yeanh,' said the horsy man, 'I made a profit of a hundred dollars on that mare; and I done it honest, too. I never cheated a man in a deal.'

The doctor seemed to wince — then he stuttered a question inaudible to his wife, and the horsy man laughed as if to himself.

'When that mare was delivered,' he said, 'I was surprised. But I said to myself, "Of course the doc don't know about it — it's that bezabor Bill. It would be hard," I said, "if the doc was a loser just on account of accident. But," I says, "if I can make an honest profit and deal, I won't say nothing." So I recollected that there was always late Sunday night card games over to Westernville, and that they was a sporting proposition over there. And I knowed for a fact that some of them would want that mare; so I hitched up my white trotter and went scooting over. It was muddy roads, but we got there inside of an hour and a half — which is some night driving, Doc; that

horse is sure a dinger for night driving, Doc, and I could let him go cheap for a cash turnover.'

The horsy man cocked his head, but as the doctor said nothing he went on. And as he went on his voice gained a little in excitement, and it seemed to the doctor's bride that she could see him all muddy bursting through the door and stopping the pinochle games, his blue eyes shining.

'I went into the store,' said Finis, 'and I says, "Boys, drinks." And there was n't one of them bezabors did n't step up. "Boys," says I, "I'm an honest man, and I've come over to make an honest proposition to you. I've gone and bought the doctor's mare," I says, "and I've paid out five hundred dollars for her. That's a big price to get a profit on, and I would n't ask one of you to give it me. But I says to myself, 'Them Westernville boys is sporting,' and I figgered this way. I'll sell seven one-hundred-dollar tickets; we'll put 'em in a hat when the cash

has been delivered, and let anyone you say drawr." Believe me or not, them bezabors made up that seven hundred dollars in about seven minutes. The keep drawred, and Jerry Bumstead was the lucky man. Them Irish canawlers is all lucky as the devil. He wanted to come back with me to collect the mare, so I took him. But when he seen the mare lying belly-up in the yard he certainly did cuss. I says, "Jerry, I'm an honest man. I've never been cheated and I won't cheat you. This is an honest deal, so here's *your* hundred dollars back."

Finis was still grinning. All at once the doctor grinned back.

'Finis,' he said, 'I want you to meet Mrs. Nickerson.'

Finis made a bow.

'Mam,' he said, stowing his cud of tobacco well back and holding her hand in both of his, 'you've married the smartest man in seven counties, barring only I. Finis Wilson. Can I carry your bag?'

ART AND AUTHENTICITY

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

No amateur should be ashamed of occasionally buying a forgery, and a museum official similarly deceived should regard the mishap as an ordinary hazard of his profession, unless he has neglected obvious precautions and spent too much of other people's money. Indeed, the collector who is too cool and patient ever to be taken in by a forgery simply lacks the

enthusiasm and audacity proper to his pursuit. No great collection was ever made save by a collector who was willing to live dangerously. Naturally no account is taken here of collections which are not collections — namely, those which are made by dealers. The great dealer occasionally buys forgeries, but never wittingly passes them on to a client. They reappear eventually in the auction room or in the hands of small dealers who guarantee nothing

but first appearances. Forgeries apparently are never destroyed, hence their number constantly increases. But, since fashion and taste change, only a limited class of forgeries is dangerous at any given time.

The dealers and agents who landed the sculptures of the contemporary Roman artist Alceo Dossena in the museums of Berlin, Cleveland, Boston, and New York chose their moment shrewdly. They counted on an inordinate competition for the virtually unattainable — first-class sculpture of ancient Greece and Renaissance Italy. To an anomalous demand they responded with a truly extraordinary supply. That some of these dealers and intermediaries were themselves deceived in no way alters the situation. Had Signor Dossena's graven images looked like three or four figures on the sales account, nobody would have been fooled. But they looked like five or six figures, and pretty much everybody was fooled. What there is about a forger and a forgery that obscures usually sound judgments is my theme. It will lead us into odd byways of human thinking and feeling.

Before coming to grips with the alluring details of the subject, before feeling the bumps of the forger himself and those of his victims, just a word on general and historical principles. Whenever there is scarcity of any sort of object in the art market, and corresponding dearth, there will be forgeries. For example, up to ten years ago there were few collectors of Italian painting of the century before Giotto. What little strayed to the antiquaries was called Byzantine, and could be had at your own price. Twenty years ago I bought a good little panel of this period — it is now in a well-known museum as my gift — for five dollars. For ten years past forgeries of this art have flooded the

market — the period having meanwhile become fashionable through study and attribution. Last winter in a single auction sale in New York I saw a dozen such forgeries. The seller believed in them, and the buyers did not wholly disbelieve, for they paid prices which, while low for the appearance, were high for the reality. Forgery, then, follows collecting fashion with the same economic inevitableness that trade follows the flag.

Good forgeries at their first appearance always deceive a large number of experts, but are quickly detected. Here may be comfort for vendors and buyers of Dossenas. In a kindly spirit Dr. John Rubens, father of the great painter, having seduced the feeble-minded wife of William the Silent, wrote from prison to the offended prince a consolatory letter in which he passed in review all the great personages whose wives had betrayed them. Dr. John was really establishing a new order of nobility, and as well qualifying his monarch. So I may cite the Louvre, which some seventy years ago bought a terra-cotta portrait bust by the contemporary Florentine sculptor Bastianini, and stoutly maintained its authenticity against all comers until Bastianini, entirely innocent of the deception, claimed his own work. A little later two pretty profiles of girls by the Italian picture restorer Tricca were bought respectively by Carrand, a true leviathan among collectors, and by Morelli, greatest connoisseur of his times. The second, which was by way of being a Leonardo da Vinci, transiently won the acceptance of Mr. Berenson, whose *expertise* in Italian painting is unique for breadth and accuracy. About thirty years ago a challenge of the splendid gold tiara of Saitaphernes in the Louvre set the archaeological world agog. Its defenders did not yield until the maker,

Roukhomoski, came from the Crimea, and repeated in Paris a portion of his masterpiece. About the same time, Professor Ioni was multiplying his clever imitations of old Sieneſe painters. They were not made to deceive, but I hardly know any private collector of primitives who has not at one time or another bought an Ioni as genuine. No false modesty is going to keep me out of this list. I who write have bought for myself a false Gentile Bellini, a forged Manet, and, for the museum which I have the honor to direct, a more than doubtful Sassetta. If we have erred, we have erred in good company.

II

Back now to our real theme — the forger, his work, and his victim.

I have known only three forgers. One was the late Arthur Dawson, who painted the Homer D. Martins which were the occasion of a famous if inconclusive trial; another cut classical intaglios at Rome; a third still fabricates Albert P. Ryders and occasionally a Whistler. Upon so narrow a basis I am unwilling to generalize, but it is at least notable that all three were relatively unmercenary, the incentive to production being a professional pride in their gift of mimicry. I doubt if Dawson began by intending to pass off his pictures as Martins. It is certain that he never profited greatly through the deception his canvases brought about. He naturally imitated techniques that he admired; had done so always. It is entirely possible that the discovery that his pictures could be successfully offered as Martins was not made by Dawson himself, but by some dealer, and it is also possible, if unlikely, that the dealer or dealers did not know the difference between a plausible echo by Dawson and a masterpiece by Martin. What is certain

is that the Dawsons became more Martinlike; and the inference is plain that, if the forger begins innocent, he is rarely allowed to remain so.

The artist who made the classical intaglios and he who makes the Ryders charged scrupulously right prices, never offering even their best imitations at anything near the valuation of the respective originals. The man who makes the Ryders likes to see pompous or merely hopeful amateurs rising to his lure, likes to hear what they say; and his Ryders, inside of one hundred dollars, when the market calls for many thousands, are excellent value, and no buyer has any right to complain. Of course this is the *basse-cour* of forgery, but I believe the psychology is the same all the way up. The forgery is the expression of a naïve vanity of imitation. It would exist even if it were unsalable. It is made in the same spirit as those triolets and villanelles à la Austin Dobson which grace the first manner in poetry of many of my literary contemporaries. At this stage there is no forgery, but rather a concrete compliment to some better master. The same object becomes a forgery when it turns out that it can be sold as of its apparent artist and period. Unlike other artists, the forger is not self-made. It is the dealer who makes him, as it is the hasty and extravagant amateur who in turn makes the fraudulent dealer.

The case may be studied in the person of Professor Ioni, now director of the Siena Gallery, who has never been a forger in any sense, but whose pictures have been sold fraudulently by unscrupulous dealers. Professor Ioni began about thirty years ago as a producing archaeologist. He studied the technique of the Sieneſe primitives, made up his panels by combining features from various pictures of the moment chosen, successfully avoided

anachronisms, and achieved handsome decorative effects. These pictures passed into commerce for precisely what they were — uncommonly artistic imitations of Sienese primitives; and then the confusion arose. Amateurs believed in them. Dealers encouraged such belief. The Ioni entered scores of modest collections and a few famous ones. There was a moment when I could stroll up and down the Via dei Fossi, in Florence, and have the Ioni offered to me alternately as modern and as fine originals, according to the dealer's estimate of his own character and of my intelligence. Now it is past. An Ioni to the trained eye is as recognizable as any Sienese old master. And here is a parable. No such imitation holds its own for long. It is soon detected. The assault of the forger on the amateur is always in the nature of a surprise attack.

III

Before we leave the subject of that forgery which is more or less innocent and incidental a word is due on the wholesale manufacture of objects of art in the historic styles. Anywhere in Europe and frequently in America you will see shop windows groaning with carved ivories, sculptured metal and marble, paintings and enamels. The contents of any such window would represent millions, if only half the objects were real. Of course all are factory-made, — mostly at Heidelberg, report has it, — and there is no pretense that they are old. But, oddly enough, there is a type of collector who will buy from such stocks in the hope — nay, in the conviction — that he is landing a masterpiece under the nose of an ignorant dealer. It is hard for the most honest dealer to refrain from fostering such presumption. Or suppose the dealer is less than honest —

puts the ivories and bronzes in a compost heap and lets chemistry work, exposes the enamels and marbles moderately to the sand blast, bakes the pictures in the oven to produce crackle, and anoints them with licorice juice to give a plausible patination of time. Suppose he then introduces a few of these pieces into a stock generally genuine. The good company, which would cruelly expose them to a good eye, will sell them to a poor but hopeful eye if the prices are alluring.

This kind of dealer wisely makes no pretensions for such wares. Indeed he tells an intelligent amateur what they are before the question is raised. The reckoning is with the vanity and optimism of the untrained bargain hunter, and it is rarely disappointed. A great New York merchant who had been notably successful in picture collecting unhappily undertook the desperate task of finding genuine ivories amid this shop product. He assembled over two hundred pieces. Through some wavering of taste or through simple working of the doctrine of probabilities, half a dozen pieces were genuine, and of no consequence. He even published an illustrated catalogue which cost ten times the value of the collection and courteously presented me with a copy. I spent much effort in avoiding a survey of the ivories, for I knew it would be not merely disagreeable but also entirely fruitless to tell him the truth, and he was withal a dignified and amiable gentleman. Of such is the salt of the earth for the dealer who occasionally varies his stock with a forgery.

There are still lower depths. The easiest way to make an old master is to varnish any process color print and offer it in an aged frame. A friend once returned aglow from the Rag Market at Rome, bearing a tiny painting by Pinturicchio in an apparently old

frame. The composition was familiar to me, the dimensions suggestive. Begging permission, I removed the panel from the frame, and there appeared a varnished post card. Nothing was amiss with the transaction except the price, which, at two hundred lire, was after all reasonable for the bad off-chance of a Pinturicchio. One can hardly dignify such elementary guile by the name of forgery. Yet there are moments of twilight exhaustion at the end of a day's hunting when a varnished color print will take in the collector who ordinarily knows better.

Old objects improved are a peculiarly insidious class of forgery. Imagine a minor Umbrian panel of Perugino's time and style. A few opportune touches by a skilled restorer will make it, commercially speaking, into a Perugino. Its price goes up from three thousand dollars to thirty thousand. The surface is mostly old, looks right under the lens, meets the usual tests. If put in a corner, the dealer has only to tell the truth — that the picture is somewhat repainted. An entire collection of such improved pictures was brought over here about twenty-five years ago, and is gradually revealing its true character as the repaint is removed. Happily the X-ray, which generally tells the extent and age of the repainting, affords a new safeguard against this dangerous type of fraud.

IV

So far we have had only the 'low down' on our subject, but it is after all a fitting approach, for human foibles and vanities do not greatly change their character when they appear in superior individuals and in sublimated form. The psychology of my modest maker of Ryders and of Signor Dosena is the same. Nothing is different but the prices their works respectively

have fetched. And this difference of price is created, not by the forger, but by the dealer, amateur, and museum official — is, in short, a phase of the psychology of the art market and not of the psychology of the artist.

The potential forger of works of art is first of all a passionate antiquarian; next he is a craftsman; and finally he is poor. For the beautiful objects which he is destined to simulate he must have a reverent admiration. His work, however, will generally show that he has really studied his favorite originals quite superficially. His enthusiasm is diffused and vague, sufficient to itself, and does not induce that concentration which study demands. Were he in easy circumstances, the potential forger would become instead an active collector, and probably incidentally an amateur artist. One may be sure that as a collector he would buy many forgeries, lacking the safeguard of a studious habit, and that his art would be negligible. But since he has no money with which to buy antiques, but has a pair of clever hands by which he must live, he makes the antiques instead. In the first instance he makes them for his own pleasure, as an artist; but, since he must live, he sells them — puts on the market an ambiguous production which a little aging or a timely misrepresentation will convert into a forgery. As a forgery, it is worth much more than it is as his avowed work.

At this point the dealers will try to take him on, and they will generally succeed, for their pressure is hard to resist. They can present him with an accomplished fact for which he is not responsible — that his works are being sold as originals. To explain the situation is to spoil his at best uncertain market; to say nothing is to enjoy a relative prosperity. In this dilemma he is likely to wash his hands of the fate of his work after it leaves the

studio, shifting any blame involved to the dealer, who is obviously answerable for his own stock, and to the buyer, who is supposed to know what he is about. Thus, without any positive evil intention, if not quite innocently, a producing antiquarian is converted into a forger. This I suppose to be Signor Dossena's case.

Were the same sort of man not a craftsman, he would probably keep an old curiosity shop, assembling mostly specious rubbish, and indulging the most gorgeous delusions about his wares. For the man who deceives by superficial appearances cares for them greatly, and is himself readily deceived by them. I have known many antiquity dealers of this kidney, of whom one was an occasional forger. They all lived in a haze of hopefulness concerning the most hopeless objects. Their admirations were ready and volatile, but entirely undisciplined. They cared for some good things without at all knowing why one was better than the other, and they invariably loved a fine thing for a bad or merely secondary reason.

Now suppose such a man is an excellent craftsman and has to live by his craft. His art at best will be an enthusiastic but generally not very intelligent imitation of the things he loves. Or, in the rare event that he is scholarly, his imitation will be careful and correct, and rather dry. It is the temperamental and irresponsible forgery that is really dangerous. Under favorable financial and moral conditions, a producing archæologist may remain such. We have had a Bastianini and an Ioni pursuing their work with a kind of amateur zeal. In a higher walk of production we have the greatest of creative archæologists, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, retouching our campuses and countrysides with a Gothic architecture which is as plausible archæo-

logically as it is preposterous from the point of view of our national history. Had Mr. Cram lacked that extraordinary energy and adroitness which have brought him success and fame, I am sure we should find him enthusiastically carving wood or ivory or painting miniatures in the Gothic style — an American Ioni or Bastianini.

We shall do well to shift our attention from the forger, who, as we have seen, is only incidentally so, to the producing archæologist, who is the psychological reality involved in our problem. For him the Dossena case has evoked a generous championship. The plea runs as follows: Signor Dossena's work — say, the 'Mino da Fiesole' tomb bought by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts — has been accepted by great experts as an exceptionally beautiful Mino. In that capacity it has thrilled admiring thousands, most of whom, being Bostonians, are presumably good judges of the beautiful. Does it not then follow that the tomb is a real æsthetic equivalent for a fine Mino, hence quite worth the great sum paid for it, and a desirable acquisition for any museum devoted to the cult of the beautiful? And if this be so, is it not a mere snobbishness that makes us repudiate the sculptor and his work? If our taste were set on æsthetic realities and untrammelled by fallacies of historic remoteness and of consecrated names, should we not rather hail Signor Dossena as an artist equal to Mino, and commend the experts of the Museum for adding one of his masterpieces to the collections? So runs the plea, and it has as well an interesting sophistication: Signor Dossena is a very great sculptor who has had the bad luck to be born out of his proper time — to wit, the Italian Renaissance.

I am reluctant to combat so magnanimous an argument. Let me rather, provisionally accepting it, extend it to

its logical limits, and then see where we are. Signor Dossena's work has equally seemed the finest product of archaic *Magna Græcia*, of early fourteenth-century Italy, of fifteenth-century Italy. If his champions are right, he actually commands in his proper person the perfections of two great schools and of four generations widely spaced in time. In short, he must be the greatest sculptor the world has ever seen. No other sculptor has been preëminent except in the style of his own time. Evidently the plea is bad if you push it all the way. And the corollary is also bad. Signor Dossena has had the signal misfortune to be born outside of at least four generations all of which would have been equally proper for his peculiar genius. Again this won't do. His genius must indeed be of a very special nature, and possibly more persuasive than really great. All this will come out more clearly as we pass from the psychology of the forger to the character of his work.

V

A blatant and insistent charm is the essential characteristic of every successful forgery. As I recall the half-dozen times I have been taken in, the false object excited me more, had more 'kick,' than any authentic masterpiece ever has. The forgery was aggressively effective, completely engrossing. It was oddly self-subsistent, failing to evoke the usual analogies with kindred masterpieces. It demanded to be accepted instantaneously, for itself alone, and did not consent to be compared with anything else. It filled one's entire æsthetic horizon.

Now the masterpiece never has these overtly *prima-donna* manners. It does not, in the vigorous parlance of modern youth, 'knock you dead.' It keeps a certain aloofness, waits in dignity upon

your recognition and understanding, leaves you a leeway for reflection and comparison, reserves much of its beauty for further acquaintance, gains as you study it. In short, the appreciation of a masterpiece of art is in the nature of a courtship, whereas the appreciation of a forgery is in the nature of a rape consented to.

I recall buying the false Sassetta with one of the best connoisseurs in the country at my elbow egging me on. We fell for it instantly and unreservedly, as a superlatively delightful thing. With a real Sassetta we should both have been more circumspect. Respect and reflection would have tempered expansive adoration. This immediate kick all the Dossenas have in a remarkable degree. One of the archaic Greek simulations is said to have been bought because its beauty made the responsible curator tremble. It would have been well if this expert had recalled that he did not tremble when he approached the metopes of Olympia and the Ludovisi throne. The great masterpieces do not assail the nerves to this extent. In short, the forgery is to the masterpiece what absinthe is to an authentic drink. It raises you suddenly very high, and as quickly lets you down. It gives all it has on the instant and has no force in reserve.

It was so with the first Dossenas I saw about eight years ago. They have since been in and again out of the collection of a celebrated journalist. They were marble high reliefs, an Annunciation, purporting to be by the Sienese painter-sculptor Vecchietta. They possessed me utterly, seemed the loveliest Italian sculptures I had ever seen. My response was abject. As I went away I had a curious feeling of being ashamed, of wishing to take it all back. I recalled that before the masterpieces of Quercia, Donatello, Ghiberti,

Desiderio, Luca della Robbia, I had never been lashed into such an abandon of adoration. And Vecchietta, supposing the Annunciation to be his, though a charming artist in his degree, was after all only a good third-rate artist. Why should he shatter me as no first-rate sculptor had ever managed to do? Something was wrong — with me or the marbles, or with both.

After a month I saw the Annunciation again. It still looked lovely, but less so, and it betrayed its secret. It had never been conceived in stone, but cautiously cut in marble from photographs or similar graphic material. It had no sculptural quality. You could have ironed it out flat, and it would have lost nothing; indeed it might even gain if flattened and colored. It was a transcript of a charming picture in marble. It had no real existence, though it had a momentary power to enthral.

Still a few years later I saw in a famous New York collection another enticing pair of marbles, again an Annunciation, this time by no less a hand than that of the great Siennese painter, Simone Martini. I had had my lesson, and had only to read it over in a new connection. Once more it was plainly a case of photographs blown out into sculpture. Putting two and two together, it did not require the shrewdness of a Sherlock Holmes to infer that somewhere there was a clever forger who drew his inspiration from photographs; and in succeeding years, as I noted the papery character of one alleged masterpiece after another, the conviction of one maker grew. Indeed the case was so obvious that I felt little elation when it turned out that it was Signor Dossena's habit to feed his fancy from photographs before designing freely in their style.

I have cited this personal experience of infatuation and disillusionment

because I am sure that it is entirely typical. There is still due an explanation of this instantaneously captivating power of the forgery. It is grounded naturally in the psychology, in the taste, of the forger himself. He gives what he himself sees and understands in the masterpiece — namely, its superficial mannerisms. He unconsciously selects from it what is most easily grasped, and leaves out what needs penetrating study. He captures the charm but not the content. He probably understands the epidermis of a masterpiece better than the best critic or most experienced amateur, but he does not understand or even wish to understand its organism or the psychic experience that underlies and guides the creative act. If he could understand these things, he would be not a forger, but a master in his own right.

If this analysis be correct, it answers the questions, Can the forger be a great artist, and can the forgery be a great work of art? Neither case is admissible in theory, and neither has ever occurred in fact. Bastianini, we have seen, was a producing archaeologist and not a forger. His best portraits in the Renaissance style were as good aesthetically as fair second-rate Renaissance sculptures. His sculpture in the style of his own times was entirely mediocre. His gift was a specialized one. In a higher degree the forger's talent is restricted to simulation of other men's styles. I have seen nothing of Dossena's in the contemporary manner, but it is safe to predict that he will never bulk large among his fellow Italian sculptors.

However, every good forgery has a certain aesthetic merit, with the drawback that it looks better than it really is. I have kept for nearly twenty years a still-life which is pretty certainly a forgery of a Manet, because it has always given me the pristine pleasure. My friend, the late John G. Johnson,

most catholic of picture collectors, bought several forgeries and invariably kept them on his walls after the fraud had been exposed. He used to say that he had bought them, not for their name or even for their honesty, but because he liked them, and he still liked them. Such an attitude is exceptional, since the forgery ordinarily goes off under acquaintance and falls below the standard of the collection. Still there are cases where a good forgery may be aesthetically superior to a poor original of the same type. But if these cases are probed I believe they will generally fall rather under producing archæology than under intentional forgery.

Every man of sensitive and confident taste is potentially the forger's victim. The same audacity that bids him surrender himself to an unaccredited masterpiece delivers him unconditionally to its counterfeit. It is the exceptional amateur who does not leap at a forgery of a new type. But the amateur or expert who is most readily fooled by forgeries and stays fooled longest is he who overvalues the kick which he receives from a work of art, and fails to perceive that one kick differs from another in glory. It is the connoisseur who, to mix metaphors, never goes behind his kick who is oftenest and longest in trouble.

Now the immediate and unquestioning response to beauty is the most essential faculty for the connoisseur. Without it he is nowhere. If to this native gift he has added experience, his first impression should be right in, say, nineteen out of twenty cases. But the twentieth case is serious when it concerns forgeries paid for in six figures. What is the safeguard?

The primary safeguard is a critique of kick. I am satisfied that the emotional response to a forgery has an abandon and exaggeration that may

be sensed at the time and is different qualitatively from the more disciplined response to a masterpiece. This difference I have tried to elucidate above. In the other arts we readily admit the distinction. One was more thrilled at hearing Lillian Russell sing 'Starlight' than at hearing Sembrich sing the 'Spinning Song,' but one also knew how to discount the bigger but emphatically not better thrill. Any self-critical and honest devotee of the arts will admit that he has often been moved more imperiously by a poor performance than he ever has been by a great performance. There are occasions when the battalion bugler tootling colors will chill your spinal marrow more effectively than any great orchestra has ever done. These are such matters of common experience in all the auditive arts that it is surprising such experiences in the visual arts remain unclassified and almost unnoted.

At least the amateur can study in advance the especial conditions under which he is going to be exposed to kick, and can be made to realize that the nature of the kick will often depend on these conditions. For example, the richest man in the world can view Titian's 'Sacred and Profane Love' disinterestedly. He cannot buy it, and he cannot prevent a rival from buying it. He cannot see Titian's 'Three Ages,' in an historic English gallery, with quite the same tranquillity. It might conceivably be sold. He might by some Nelsonic coup snatch it from a rival. Now suppose he sees at a dealer's a Titian apparently equivalent to these masterpieces, sees it alone before plush curtains, under a spotlight, with a mellifluous dealer chanting an appropriate obligato, is assured that it is shown first to him, but that a rival collector is deeply interested in it and cannot long be held off—here are conditions that make for a maximum

of kick and also suggest plainly that the kick should be referred to afterthought and measured by all objective controls.

It is the fiercely competitive spirit among collectors and museums that breeds the forgery. It makes buyers act in a panic lest they lose a unique opportunity. It forces them to premature decisions in affairs that require deliberation. The purchase is made not merely to get the object itself, but to keep a rival collector or museum from getting it. One may be sure that but for the existence of the great Eastern museums and of Chicago, the staff at Cleveland would have found the half minute required to measure the proportions of Dossena's gigantic Athena — proportions unexampled in any early Greek sculpture. And, but for the phantom of the Metropolitan Museum, the staff of the Boston Museum would have found the hour necessary to prove that the heraldry of the 'Mino' tomb was preposterously unhistorical. Or, if they lacked the books and the herald, they would at least have written a letter to the accomplished herald of the Metropolitan Museum. A delay of two days and a two-cent stamp would have saved a considerable humiliation, not to mention a sum reckoned in six figures.

VI

While the real defense against the forger is a critique and analysis of situations and aesthetic responses, a most valuable auxiliary is archaeology. In itself archaeology cannot tell you whether a given object is a masterpiece or a botch, but it can usually tell you within a quarter century when the piece was made. And this it does, not from total impression, but by objective tests. Compared with the enthusiast who trembles before a masterpiece,

authentic or forged, the archaeologist, peering myopically about its corners with his lens, seems a mean, ungenerous worm. But he has the chronological goods. He catches an anachronism quickly; he is used to distinguishing the gradual abrasion of mother earth from that of the sand blast; he knows the difference between a crackle baked in an hour and one that has come through the centuries. In short, he commands all the objective knowledge there is in these matters, and while he may seem an unsympathetic fellow for the inspirational connoisseur, he is all the same a valuable ally, and it pays to consult him, for in every forgery, however carefully concealed, there is an archaeological solecism.

One of the most alarming features of the Dossena scandal is that prominent American museums make capital purchases without archaeological checks of any sort. To be sure, there are not enough American archaeologists to man our museums, but there are enough to supply advice when it is needed. Only two professional archaeologists accepted Dossena's sculpture, and they stood against many. The pieces were certified and approved rather by dealers, agents, collectors, and foreign museum officials, all so deeply involved in the art market that whatever scholarship they possessed was subject to those commercial and competitive aberrations which I have already described. Where a museum commanded archaeological knowledge, its defense against the Dossenas was adequate. This was true of the Metropolitan Museum alone. To be sure, the Museum bought a little Greek marble, reasonably trusting in a minor purchase a veteran agent, one of the two archaeologists whom I have mentioned above. But when the statue arrived, it did not satisfy the curator and the staff, and it has been withheld from exhibition

as ambiguous. In archæology, as elsewhere, two heads are better than one.

The root of all this evil is the fallacy of commercial rarity. Of the idols of the market place it is the most insidious. The minor forger will probably always thrive, for the small collector will ever be willing to pay for his hopes, at a safe price. The great forger of Signor Dossena's type will only cease to operate successfully when collectors and curators learn to consider mere rarity only after they shall have dealt with the primary issues of quality and period. To quality there is no safe and objective guide. But study, second thought, comparison, and self-analysis will obviate most of the dangers and uncertainties of an essentially mystical judgment. For period there is safe and objective guidance in archæology, and obviously all the objective tests there are should be applied before one accepts the mystical verdict of beautiful as a finality, or commits himself to the troubled waters of titanic competition. Put mere rarity in third order of thought, and the best forgeries will knock at gallery doors in vain.

We naturally seek material cures for ills that are spiritual. They seem easy. Such remedies are even written into national constitutions. A cure of this sort has been proposed for that *libido*

which is caught by forgeries — namely, a great museum of forgeries of all periods. Such a collection would be very interesting in itself. Many museums already exhibit the forgeries they have acquired. If I ever get enough to make the display worth while, I shall do this at Princeton, and meanwhile I am ready to show the modest beginnings of such a collection to any interested person. But such a collection of false masterpieces would not, in my opinion, keep anybody from buying the new forgeries as they come along. It would merely help the uninformed amateur to eschew the falsifications that have been classified and discredited. This sort is not really dangerous. As to new forgeries, it would be no more easy for a museum of fakes to identify them for acquisition than it is for any museum to identify them now for purposes of exclusion. It is the first encounter that is perilous and needs to be safeguarded. And, since the transaction is on the plane of spirit, it admits only of spiritual controls.

Whoever approaches these incalculable ordeals without vanity of opinion and without ambition to outdo another is already well armed, and if he adds to these graces of character long experience and a Socratic self-knowledge, his defense against the forger should be nearly impenetrable.

'INSIDE INFORMATION'

BY HARVEY H. BUNDY

I

THE roaring bull stock market of the last few years and the fortunes reported to have been made on 'inside tips' on the market make pertinent the examination of some of the interesting legal and ethical problems involved.

At a directors' meeting of a corporation the president reported the negotiations for the sale of an unusually large quantity of the company's product at an extraordinary profit. He stated that he believed the contract would shortly be closed, but that if the negotiations were known to competitors they might not be successful. The meeting adjourned. Brown, one of the directors, Smith, the counsel for the company, who was present at the meeting, and the president's personal secretary, all felt sure that the completion of the contract would make the stock of the company more valuable. They at once separately bought more stock in the corporation.

Did any of them violate any duty, legal or moral? If they made a 'killing' on the purchases, was it 'tainted money'?

This sort of question is being asked more frequently every day in the business world, and there is no easier way to start a heated argument than by asking it.

There are almost infinite possible variations of the problem. For example, the methods of purchase may have been different. Does it make any difference whether the purchases

were made on the New York Stock Exchange, or as a result of offers to stockholders privately, or by private tenders of stock to the purchasers at a definite price with no questions asked by the seller?

If there are satisfactory answers to these questions, we shall find still further difficulties when we try to deal with 'tips' on the market.

What if the purchase had been made by a friend to whom the director told in confidence the story of the negotiations? And would it make any difference if the friend had not been told the complete facts, but had been told by the director merely that the stock would, in his opinion, go up?

The extent and importance of the information must have some bearing in all of the cases suggested. If, instead of information as to the sale of the company's product, the insiders bought on information that all of the directors had informally agreed to increase the dividend at the next meeting, or that an agreement had been closed for the company to join a merger which would make the stock worth \$100 per share, although it was then selling on the market at only \$50 per share, the purchases seem more and more open to objection. If, however, the extent of the information was merely that the company's business had in general substantially improved since the last previous public report of operations, few would complain.

There is no active misrepresentation in any of the suggested cases, but if

directors and counsel had withheld the information by agreement, in order to give them an opportunity to buy stock at low prices, we have still another problem.

We are walking on the edge of ethics and of the law. The problem of purchase by a director in its legal aspects has been discussed in the law journals for twenty years, and I shall not undertake an analysis of the legal decisions.

The result of permitting the director and his friend and certain employees to buy freely in all the above cases is to make special information a perquisite of directorship and confidential employment, and an asset peculiar to the directors and those with whom they share it.

The result of forbidding a director and his friend to buy in any one of the suggested cases is to keep them out of the market a large part of the time, putting them in a position less favorable than that of any other stockholder; and if we extend the prohibition from a moral to a legal one, a director would hardly dare buy stock at any time for fear that a judge or twelve wise men might be convinced by able counsel arguing with the advantage of 'hind-sight' that the director always had special information affecting values, not possessed by the other stockholders.

The law courts are absolutely divided in their approach. In some jurisdictions — which, however, do not include the large securities markets — courts say that directors cannot purchase stock from a stockholder without giving him the benefit of any official knowledge they possess which may increase the value of the stock. In others, courts say that a director may buy and sell stock like an outsider, provided he does not affirmatively misrepresent facts.

Courts rest their decisions in general upon the statement that a director is or is not a trustee for shareholders,

and if he is considered a trustee they apply the ordinary rule that a trustee may not buy from his beneficiary without full disclosure.

II

First consider the alleged duty of disclosure. Much has been said about the duty of directors to tell stockholders what is happening in corporations. Professor Ripley's arguments for corporate publicity in *Main Street and Wall Street* have a wide following, but there are important limitations. Information cannot always be disclosed; for example, negotiations pending, the details of a secret process, sometimes even the existence of a secret process, lists of customers, prices received and paid.

Furthermore, information should, in general, be disclosed at regular intervals from a central source and to all stockholders at the same time. Days must often elapse between the time when the directors are advised and the time when stockholders generally can be notified of corporate developments. Statements by single directors as to company affairs are properly frowned upon. A director making optimistic or pessimistic statements about his company has often seen the truth he has spoken 'twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools.'

A director would often violate important principles if he were to disclose to persons from whom he desired to buy stock all of the facts which might tend to make the stock more valuable.

There is another important angle to this disclosure question. Can directors be trusted to determine the time, the extent and form, of corporate reports when they are buying or selling stock, and when the reports may have an effect on their own profits? It is no simple matter to give a true picture

of a company's business in a public statement. The method of corporate accounting and the form of published-earnings statements and balance sheets have a material effect on the market value of the stock. The history of corporations has not been free from reports withheld or colored for the express purpose of helping directors to profit on the stock market. Even the law gives a remedy in many of these cases. The dangers seem to many a sufficient reason for preventing sales or purchase of stock by directors at any time. Few directors, however, would accept this limitation as a penalty for going on the board.

Then we come to the effect of markets. We cannot light-heartedly dismiss the nature of the market as having no bearing on the problem. When stock is bought or sold on the New York Stock Exchange, no representations are made either by the buyer or by the seller, who deal anonymously. The market price is the result of a multitude of economic forces, hopes, information, and so forth, and many feel that on the Exchange the seller takes his chance on any information the buyer may have, and that stockholders are so benefited by having a broad market on which to buy and sell securities that they have no complaint if the buyer or seller knows more than they do.

It is further said that if directors are kept out of the market this limits the marketability of securities, and thereby injures the stockholder. But the most important thing about a broad anonymous market is that in practice it makes disclosure meaningless. To whom can the director make this disclosure unless he makes a public statement? He does not know from whom he is buying. There is a very natural hesitancy to lay down a rule that a director must make what amounts to

a public statement of such personal matters as his business transactions in the stock, and all his reasons for buying.

Assuming for the moment that owing to the anonymous nature of the transaction there is no limitation to trading on the Stock Exchange at any time for any purpose and with any knowledge, what shall we say about a local unlisted market where occasional bids and offers are made; where, for example, the purchase or sale of several hundred shares of a special security is a matter of active effort and 'shopping around' among financial houses? If the personal contact between the agent for the buyer and the agent for the seller is more direct, the opportunity for disclosure is better. The more direct the dealing, the more directors hesitate to take advantage of special information. Some take the middle ground that in such cases there should be at least disclosure that it is a director purchasing.

Should the question whether the seller has asked for information from the corporation's officers have any effect? And if a seller has not seen fit to ask questions, has he any right to complain? One court thinks not. But if the fact of inquiry by a stockholder is to control, a director before buying must canvass all officers and other directors to see whether they have been asked questions by any stockholder; must find out whether the inquiring stockholder is the one proposing to sell — obviously impracticable and an impossible burden if the transaction is on a wide market, and anonymous. A more reasonable rule would be that, if a director assures himself that the information upon which he acts is available when requested by a stockholder, he may buy freely.

Those who argue against any limitation on director purchases except in

cases of misrepresentation say that the only fiduciary duty owed by a director is to the corporation; that there is no such duty directly to stockholders, and the corporation has clearly lost nothing by a director's purchase or sale. They agree that a director's duty in dealing with his corporation is such that he must use the utmost good faith and must disclose everything, and that he must not act to injure the company. But may he not violate this duty sometimes by buying or selling stock? While there is no direct injury to his corporation, the fact remains that, in general, securities in corporations whose directors are known to be trading in and out of the stock on special information for their own personal profit are coming more and more to be looked upon askance by investors. The market for its securities is of importance to a corporation. That which injures this market injures the corporation. The argument in reply is that directors' purchases create a more active market for the securities, and, therefore, benefit the corporation.

Quite apart from the fact of possible injury or benefit to a corporation by purchases and sales of stock by a director, the more rigid moralists contend that the information a director acquires as director is really held by him as trustee for the corporation, and is in its nature a kind of property of the corporation. If, therefore, this is turned into private profit for the director, he should be accountable to the corporation. To support this, the case is cited where a director who is paid money to vote for a certain transaction is compelled to disgorge for the benefit of the corporation, even though it is proved that the transaction would have been consummated regardless of his vote. Is it easier to find a trusteeship of a director's vote than of his information? If a director sold special

information acquired as a director, anyone's moral sense would be shocked.

III

This brings us to the general question of tips to friends. The giving of a tip to a friend is not tarred with the money brush, but what if directors in two different corporations swap tips over the luncheon table? If tips are valuable, the director has exchanged information for something of value.

If we try to apply any general prohibition against tips we are confronted with the problem of what is a valuable tip, and how much information can be given; and any general prohibition would in practice almost keep a man from speaking with any enthusiasm about any company of which he was a director. Prohibition of tips would be more difficult to enforce at the bar of public opinion than prohibition of alcohol. It is hard to imagine a rule of law which would be even fairly workable.

The right of a director to sell his stock presents somewhat different considerations. Of course, if there are misrepresentations by the director, there is no room for argument. But suppose the director knows that the regular dividend will not be declared at the next meeting, and says nothing and sells the stock. It is common knowledge that the market price of a stock not paying dividends is often much lower than one paying dividends, far lower usually than the actual asset value of the corporation warrants, for circumstances force many people to sell at a sacrifice non-dividend-paying securities. There is a general feeling in the business community against a director's 'unloading' on the unsuspecting public a stock about to pass its dividends. Yet, in the absence of any misrepresentation, it is hard to

see what obligation is due to the purchaser if the doctrine that the buyer must beware still has any force at all. The instinctive dislike of the transaction is the entirely creditable dislike of betting on a sure thing. The purchase and sale of securities is often considered, and not unreasonably, as a kind of gamble. If two men wager on the result of a horse race which has, in fact, been run, and if the result is known in advance to one of those making the wager, all bets are off. If this is good gambling ethics, should it not be good business ethics? One difficulty is that the number of sure things in this world is almost nil. Hind-sight may regard as a sure thing anything which has happened, even though the result was, in the minds of the parties concerned, in the lap of the gods. It is extremely hard to draw the line as to what kind of knowledge is so sure to increase or decrease the value of a stock that to act on it amounts to playing with stacked cards.

The practical difficulties of the problem of purchases and sales on inside information, the lack of any general agreement, and the dangers of distorting innocent transactions to the injury of honest men, lead to the conviction that the law should only try to deal with the flagrant cases amounting to active misrepresentation and possibly those involving a conspiracy of silence, leaving the borderland cases to the business conscience of the community.

The developments in business ethics have been amazing, and a man's

standing in the community is more and more affected by the standards he sets for himself in these matters.

An admission that the law cannot and ought not to deal with the problem except in clear cases of misrepresentation does not answer the questions for a man with a specially sensitive conscience. If for practical reasons disclosure is impossible, and if he believes the information he possesses as director so important that it probably will greatly affect values, he will feel that he should keep out of the market, and he will not take comfort in hiding behind the anonymous nature of a stock-exchange transaction. If he ever wants to buy or sell he will struggle with the questions of practicable disclosure, importance of information, probable effect on markets and market values; and the very reasons of self-interest which make him want to buy or sell will be the reasons why, as a matter of conscience, he will feel he ought not to buy or sell.

If such a person wants peace of mind, he had better plan to buy stock before he becomes a director, and hold it until he resigns. Meanwhile the average business man will go ahead as at present, drawing his own line according to his nature.

Tips will still fly around business offices like gossip at a ladies' luncheon, and purchases of stock will be made every day as they are now on inside information, some of which will, to the secret satisfaction of the more sensitive, result in financial disaster to the insider and his friends.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY EMILY DICKINSON

I

WHAT would I give to see
His face?
I'd give — I'd give my life
Of course,
But that is not enough!
Stop just a minute, let
Me think —
I'd give my biggest bobolink!
That makes two — him and life.
You know who June is?
I'd give her,
Roses a day from Zanzibar,
And lily tubes, like wells;
Bees by the furlong,
Straits of blue
Navies of butterflies sailed through,
And dappled cowslip dells.
Then I have 'shares' in
Primrose 'banks,'
Daffodil 'dowries,' spicy 'stocks,'
Dominions broad as dew,
Bags of doubloons, adventurous
Bees
Brought me from firmamental seas,
And purple from Peru.

Now, have I bought it,
Shylock? Say!
Sign me the bond!
I vow to pay
To him who pledges this —
One hour of her sov'reign's
Face!
Ecstatic contract!
Niggard grace!
My kingdom's worth of bliss!

II

I ROSE because he sank.
I thought it would be
Opposite,
But when his power bent,
My Soul stood straight.
I told him Best must pass
Through this low arch of
Flesh;
No casque so brave
It spurn the grave —
I told him worlds I knew
Where monarchs grew
Who recollected us
If we were true.
And so with thews of hymn
And sinew from within,
In ways I knew not that
I knew, till then —
I lifted him.

III

WHERE Thou art — that is Home,
Cashmere or Calvary — the same,
Degree — or shame,
I scarce esteem location's name
So I may come.

What Thou do'st is delight,
Bondage as play be sweet,
Imprisonment content
And sentence sacrament,
Just we two meet!

Where Thou art not is Woe —
Though bands of spices blow,
What Thou do'st not — Despair —
Though Gabriel praise me, Sir!

IV

It's easy to invent a life,
God does it every day —
Creation but a gambol
Of His authority.

It's easy to efface it,
The thrifty Deity
Could scarce afford eternity
To spontaneity.

The Perished Patterns murmur,
But His perturbless plan
Proceed — inserting here
A Sun —
There — leaving out a Man.

V

Doom is the House Without the Door —
'T is entered from the sun,
And then the ladder's thrown away
Because escape is done.

'T is varied by the dream
Of what they do outside,
When squirrels play and berries die —
And hundreds bow to God.

VI

If he were living — dare I ask?
And how if he were dead?
And so around the words I went
Of meeting them afraid.

I hinted changes, lapse of time,
The surfaces of years
I touched with caution, lest they slit
And show me to my fears,

Reverted to adjoining lives
Adroitly turning out
Wherever I suspected graves —
'T was prudenter, I thought.

And He — I rushed with sudden force
In face of the suspense —
'Was buried' — 'Buried!'
'He!'
My life just holds the trench.

VII

Most she touched me
By her muteness;
Most she won me
By the way
She presented her small
Figure —
Plea for charity.
Were a crumb my whole
Possession,
Were there famine in
The land,
Were it my resource
From starving,
Could I such a face
Withstand?
Not upon her knee
To thank me
Sank this Beggar
From the sky,
But the crumb partook,
Departed,
And returned on high
I supposed, when sudden —
Such a praise began,
'T was as Space sat singing
To herself and Man.
'T was the wingèd Beggar
Afterward I learned,
To her benefactor
Paying gratitude.

VIII

'T WAS the old road
Through pain,
That unfrequented one
With many a turn and thorn
That stops at Heaven.

This was the town
She passed;
There, where she rested last,
Then stepped more fast,
The little tracks close prest.
Then — not so swift,
Slow — slow — as feet did
Weary go,
Then stopped — no other track.

Wait! Look! Her little book,
The leaf at love turned back,
The very hat
And this worn shoe
Just fits the track —
Herself, though, — fled.

Another bed, a short one
Women make to-night
In chambers bright,
Too out of sight, though,
For our hoarse Good-Night
To touch her hand.

IX

THE doomed regard the sunrise
With different delight
Because when next it burns abroad
They doubt to witness it.

The man to die to-morrow
Detects the meadow bird,
Because its music stirs
The axe
That clamors for his head.

Joyful to whom the sunrise
Precedes enamored day —
Joyful for whom the meadow bird
Has aught but elegy!

X

A WIFE at daybreak I shall be,
Sunrise, hast thou a flag for me?
At midnight I am yet a maid —
How short it takes to make it bride!
Then, Midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East and Victory.

Midnight, 'Good-night,' —
I hear them call,
The angels bustle in the hall,
Softly my Future climbs the stair,
I fumble at my childhood's prayer —
So soon to be a child no more!
Eternity, I'm coming, Sir, —
Master, I've seen that face before.

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY

LUDWIG, MAUROIS, AND STRACHEY

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

No feature of the literary history of Europe in the last few years is more remarkable than the simultaneous appearance in Germany, France, and England of a new conception of biography. Emil Ludwig in Germany, André Maurois in France, and Lytton Strachey in England have not only produced a new type of biography, but have made it immensely popular. Each author has multitudes of readers and schools of imitators in his own country, and each has been translated into the languages of the other two and in these other languages found readers as appreciative, as enthusiastic even, as in his own.

The amazing similarity both in philosophical conception and in literary style and structure of the work of these writers constitutes a problem of the highest interest. What is the explanation of this similarity? Perhaps a brief survey of the outstanding characteristics of the new biography may suggest a solution of this problem.

I

In the first place, the new biography expresses itself in the form of the novel, or even of the drama, rather than in that of history. That the biographer may be regarded as a novelist is, in fact, suggested by Maurois. In his introductory note to *Ariel* he points out that his aim has been that of a

novelist rather than that of a historian or a critic. To be sure, he adds, the facts are true, and no single phrase or idea has been attributed to Shelley which is not indicated in the memoirs of his friends and in his own letters or poems, but the 'endeavor has been made to arrange these genuine elements in such a way as to produce the impression of progressive discovery and natural development characteristic of the novel.'

How does the novel differ from traditional historical biography? It would be easy to reply that biography describes persons who really lived, whereas the novel pictures creatures of the imagination. But the difference lies deeper than that. Mr. E. M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel* draws a distinction between the real man, *homo sapiens*, and the character in a novel, *homo fictus*, and maintains that we know more about *homo fictus*, the character in a novel, than about any human being. Our friends, our wives, our children, remain for us mysterious beings. The character in a novel, on the other hand, is intelligible because the man who narrates the tale is the creator of the character, which is therefore transparent to him. If God would write the history of the universe, this would be a novel.

The new biography has so completely understood the principal actors in the history of the periods portrayed that

it describes them as if it had created them. Thus we reach the paradox that the new biography produces the impression of reality because the principal actors create the illusion that they are the characters in a novel. If the reader of the new biography sometimes feels a sudden doubt whether these people ever lived at all, it is not because they seem improbable, but because they seem too probable to be real.

Fiction does not seek to create mere illusion; it seeks to create the illusion of reality. And it is because the writer of fiction has been so successful in producing the sense of reality, and the traditional biographer, with his appeal to veracity, has been so unsuccessful, that the new biography has adopted the methods of fiction and has, by means of them, brilliantly succeeded in re-creating reality.

The characters in a good novel are three-dimensional: they have not only height and breadth, but depth. Too often the personages in the traditional biography are two-dimensional. They are flat simulacra. The new biography, adopting the form of the novel, is stereoscopic. Its portraits have depth as well as height. They are painted from the life and executed in color.

The new biography, in employing the methods of fiction, does not produce works of fiction. The new biography does not turn out historical novels. It is extremely vivid in presentation, but it is accurate to the minutest detail. It never invents, but it does try to re-create. The lives of the new biography are not like Plutarch's *Lives*. If we wish to find an analogy with the new biography in ancient literature, we must go back to the history of Thucydides, consciously planned as a dramatic struggle of the Fates, or to the last three books of Herodotus, with their combination of veracity and dramatic movement.

II

The second main characteristic of the new biography is its emphasis on design. It often recalls, in this respect, the drama rather than the novel. Ludwig, for instance, divides his *Kaiser Wilhelm II* into three parts, one might almost say three acts, entitled 'Accession,' 'Power,' 'Expiation.' Again, Ludwig's *Goethe* is written in three volumes, constructed like three acts of a play, and his biography of Bismarck is a trilogy essentially similar to the trilogy of plays on Bismarck which he put on the German stage. Ludwig was, in fact, a dramatist before he became a biographer. He wrote a drama in verse on Napoleon nearly twenty years before he produced his biography of him. Ludwig's biographical work is essentially dramatic.

As contrasted with the dull two-volume biography that continues on its way from prosaic birth to prosaic death, the new biography presents the life it chronicles, with a due sense of design, as an organic unity, in which each episode and incident is an essential contribution to the whole. Disraeli, when a discussion was taking place on the subject, 'What is the most desirable life?' suddenly asserted that it was a splendid and continuous procession from youth to the grave. The new biography seeks to represent every life as a procession, as something consciously or unconsciously organized, often indeed not splendid, but always continuous.

Strachey, indeed, sometimes appears to disclaim any conscious design, as when in the preface to *Eminent Victorians* he explains his conception of biography. 'The history of the Victorian Age will never be written: we know too much about it. . . . It is not by the direct method of a scrupulous narrator that the explorer of the past can hope

to depict that singular epoch. If he is wise, he will adopt a subtler strategy. He will attack his subject in unexpected places; he will fall upon the flank, or the rear; he will shoot a sudden revealing searchlight into obscure recesses, hitherto undivined. He will row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen, from those far depths, to be examined with a careful curiosity. . . . It has been my purpose to illustrate rather than to explain.'

But, if we examine Strachey's practice rather than his theory, we shall find throughout his work every evidence of conscious design, every evidence of a strong dramatic sense. It is this sense of the dramatic which leads him to take infinite care with the opening and closing phrases of each essay. There is always an unforgettable picture like the drop scene in a drama. Take, for example, the final paragraph of his essay on Cardinal Manning: 'And he who descends into the crypt of that cathedral which Manning never lived to see will observe in the first niche with the sepulchral monument that the dust lies thick on the strange, the incongruous, the almost impossible object which, with the elaborations of dependent tassels, hangs down from the dim vault like some forlorn and forgotten trophy — the Hat.'

Even more striking is the description of the last moments of Queen Victoria: 'Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history — passing back and back through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories — to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield — to Lord Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the

green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old king's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Leizen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down toward her, and a great old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington.'

If the Queen's thoughts were not these, we say to ourselves as we read, they should have been. How perfect the skill of this intellectual creation. How naturally the dying Queen's thoughts — the dying woman's thoughts, for on her deathbed she was a simple old woman — pass back from the recent to the remote, and from the precisely articulated to the blurred dimness which merges into the ultimate mystery.

And Maurois's conclusion to his *Disraeli* is not less remarkable. Referring to the words of Bell, some years after Disraeli's death, on seeing Disraeli's statue covered with primroses, 'They have canonized him as a saint!' he exclaims: 'No, Disraeli was very far from being a saint. But perhaps as some old Spirit of Spring, ever vanquished and ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished, in a cold and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart.'

Ludwig fully shares with the other founders of the new biography the conviction of the necessity of dramatic scenes at the rise and the fall of the curtain. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, for example, begins with the poignant scene at the birth of the Kaiser where the anguished

women whispered around the unconscious child-mother and the inert infant whom for an hour and a half destiny hesitated to allow to live.

Most dramatic of all is the final scene. The Kaiser is at the Dutch frontier. He who has never waited six minutes is forced to wait six hours while at The Hague his fate is being decided. And as he waits he looks back on his life. 'Chaos envelops his country, and while millions of wretched folk watch the approach of poverty and slavery, he who alone is responsible steps into a well-sprung car and flies for refuge to the comfort of a peaceful land.' Destiny, which had governed his every action, had forced him to this final indignity.

III

The new biography is characterized by another quality that is not inconsistent with its dramatic sense. It is essentially detached and dispassionate. The biographer of the new school is neither a hero worshiper nor a detractor. His standpoint is that of the spectator, the impartial observer. It would not be possible for the biographer to interpret with perfect understanding the lives of diverse characters if he did not maintain a standpoint of detachment. Ludwig has written not only of Goethe and Byron and Rembrandt and Beethoven, but of Napoleon and Bismarck and Lenin and Wilson; Maurois not only of Shelley and Byron and Mrs. Siddons, but of Disraeli; Strachey not only of Queen Victoria, but of Voltaire and Manning, Rousseau and General Gordon. There is a universality of spirit, an almost superhuman isolation, in the authors of the new biography.¹

But, though the biographer is an impartial observer, he is always an inter-

ested and even inquisitive observer. Strachey, in his essay on Manning, writes: 'It may be instructive, and even amusing, to look a little more closely into the complexities of so curious a story.' This is always the spirit of the new biography. The new biography is not only instructive, but also amusing, and the story it tells is always complex and curious. It is sure that even in familiar country there are interesting and amusing things to be seen, things that have escaped minds less alert and eyes less clairvoyant.

The new biographer observes his field from an aeroplane. From there he can see all over the main features of the countryside; he can discern more easily than the man on the ground the lie of the land, the precise point which divides the watersheds, the main direction of the flow of a stream amid its frequent meanderings. Compare Ludwig's *Kaiser Wilhelm II* with Viscount Grey's *Twenty-Five Years*. Grey is on the ground. As one of the chief actors in the drama, he follows the flow of the stream, now east, now west, now north, now south, and gives the reader the impression that it is by mere chance that the stream finally finds itself south, and not north, of its source. Ludwig, on the other hand, surveying the area of the past as it were from above, not only leaves the reader in no doubt that the stream, in spite of its meanderings, is flowing south, but, by drawing his attention to two or three salient features of the landscape, shows that its southerly flow is inevitable.

IV

But, however detached the new biography may be, it always insists on the enduring humanity of its characters. Its personages are not dead specimens to be examined through the microscope of time. 'Human beings,' says Strachey,

¹ It is only in Ludwig's work that we are sometimes conscious of what seem to be aberrations from this objective standard. — AUTHOR

in his preface to *Eminent Victorians*, 'are too important to be treated as mere symptoms of the past. They have a value which is independent of any temporal processes — which is eternal, and must be felt for its own sake.'

When Ludwig wrote as the subtitle of his *Goethe*, 'The Story of a Man,' he put into this phrase the whole purpose of the book. It was an effort to describe the human side of a man of genius.

It is perhaps the main secret of the popularity of the new biography that those who move across its pages are felt to be no mere marionettes, but ordinary human beings of flesh and blood. Strachey never tires of emphasizing the underlying humanity of his characters. 'Lord Melbourne was always human, supremely human — too human perhaps.' Of the Prince Consort he writes: 'By a curious irony, an impeccable wax-work had been fixed by the Queen's love in the popular imagination, while the creature whom it represented — the real creature, so full of energy and stress and torment, so mysterious and so unhappy, and so fallible, and so very human — has altogether disappeared.'

He frequently corrects tradition by this emphasis on common humanity. Florence Nightingale was traditionally a somewhat amorphous 'ministering angel,' the gentle 'lady with the lamp.' Strachey shows her as a very human woman with a dangerous temper and indomitable will.

Maurois also loses no opportunity of bringing out the common human nature of his personages. What could be more enlightening than his description of Disraeli's and Bismarck's private conversations at the Congress of Berlin? 'They became great friends, taking a curious pleasure in talking shop together. They liked to exchange notes about their relations with princes, ministers, and parliaments. It is so rare for a prime minister to find a

confrère. When he does meet him, he can't help being drawn to him.'

The biographers of the new school stress the underlying humanity of their characters because they are all profound psychologists. Ludwig in particular possesses an almost uncanny power of probing actions and discovering the hidden motives that led to them. All his life he has been a student of psychology. At the university he produced a thesis on 'Emotional Murder.' His first attempt at biography was a psychological essay on Bismarck, a sort of crayon study for the more detailed portrait of later years. His elaborate character study of William II is a penetrating psychological analysis, illustrated by striking instances of the Emperor's dominant traits, his arrogance, vanity, Caesarism, instability, charm, and prodigality.

Maurois also is a penetrating psychologist, and he has an advantage over Ludwig in possessing a keen sense of humor. After describing Disraeli's dandyism, he writes: 'How weary he sometimes was of all this play-acting; how tired he was of being Disraeli. His silences became longer and more pregnant, burdened with drab cogitations which he would suddenly bring to an end with a sarcasm. The years were passing: thirty-two years old: old age — for a page.'

Or take the brilliant character study of Disraeli as he appeared to the country gentlemen in Parliament. 'Although he now dressed in black, the shape of his face alone gave him, in the midst of them, the air of an ibis or a flamingo in an English poultry yard. When the sun lit up the Conservative benches, all their faces became paler, but his more dark.'

Not less keen is Strachey's psychological insight. Of the Queen as a girl, referring to some entry in her diary, Strachey writes: 'One seems to hold in

one's hand a small smooth crystal pebble, without a flaw and without a scintillation, and so transparent that one can see through it at a glance. Yet perhaps, after all, to the discerning eye the purity would not be absolute. The careful searcher might detect, in the virgin soil, the first faint traces of an unexpected vein.'

V

Is it their psychological analysis or some common philosophical basis that leads these three biographers to refer again and again to the manifestations of Fate, of preordained destiny? It is in Ludwig's work that the references are most striking and perhaps most disconcerting, but for the other two writers also Fate plays a rôle of the first importance. One or two instances will be enough to illustrate this.

Referring to the world-chorus of denunciation of the Kaiser as a modern Attila, Ludwig says: 'Even if he were firmly convinced that he was not Attila, he did not forget that he had commanded his troops to follow the example of the Huns. It was then, faced by the terrible results of his childish gesture, that the Kaiser began to appear in a tragic light, for the evil with which nature had afflicted him was due not to any fault of his own, but to Fate.'

Again, Ludwig shows how Fate implacably destroyed one after another of the three rivals for supreme influence over the Kaiser and the German people, and not only so, but how Fate used the rivals to destroy one another. 'First it reduced Eulenburg, through Holstein, to semi-impotence; then Holstein, through Eulenburg and Bülow, to complete impotence. Then it led, through Bülow, to the eclipse of the Emperor, and finally, through the Emperor, to the fall of Bülow.'

For Maurois and for Strachey, while

Fate is important, its rôle is not necessarily tragic. It provides an element of incalculability and imponderability. Maurois for instance, moralizes on the strangeness of Fate in that Disraeli always fails to secure election at Wycombe, where he believes himself to be known and respected, and suddenly succeeds at Maidstone, to which a week before he has been a complete stranger.

Strachey frequently reflects on destiny in connection with the amazing figure of Stockmar. Just before the death of William IV and the accession of Victoria, Stockmar was sent to England by King Leopold. 'Thus once again, as if in accordance with some preordained destiny, the figure of Stockmar is discernible — inevitably present at a momentous hour.' Again, he describes Stockmar's reflections on the Prince Consort. 'But had the Baron no misgivings? Did he never wonder whether, perhaps, he might have accomplished not too little but too much? How subtle and how dangerous are the snares which Fate lays for the wariest of men! Albert, certainly, seemed to be everything that Stockmar could have wished — virtuous, industrious, persevering, intelligent. And yet — why was it? — all was not well with him. He was sick at heart.' And finally, when Albert died: 'One human being, and one alone, felt the full power of what had happened. The Baron, by his fireside at Coburg, suddenly saw the tremendous fabric of his creation crash down into sheer and irremediable ruin. Albert was gone, and he had lived in vain.'

No doubt because of its preoccupation with Fate, the new biography reveals an undercurrent of melancholy. Life may, indeed, be full of gayety and high spirits, but is it not, in the end, an empty mockery? No passages in Maurois's *Ariel* or *Disraeli* make a greater impression on the mind than those in

which he shows his two subjects alone but for the memories of the past. All those whom they had loved were dead. Shelley and Disraeli had both lived lives full of sound and color, and yet both felt that life was hollow; that it was a disappointment, and perhaps a deception.

Describing Disraeli at the zenith of his power, Maurois writes: 'At last he has in his grasp the object of his lifelong desire — power. . . . A princess of the blood royal is just a woman for whom he refuses to be disturbed. The Queen is a familiar figure, an old friend, a little difficult perhaps, but with whom he is on the best of terms. Now he has really reached the summit. He no longer feels the restless need to mount ever higher. At last he should be happy.' But he is not happy. Success has come too late. 'Hardly has he formed his ministry than his old body begins to give way; he has gout and has to go to Parliament in slippers; he has asthma and it tires him to speak. And no one but the faithful Montagu Corry to look after him.'

Compare with this, as an essay on the vanity of human wishes, Ludwig's description of the Kaiser. 'For William the days of his brilliance were past. He had reigned twenty years and was now fifty years old. He was becoming slightly gray, and although his subjects did not perceive it, things around him were also becoming gray. . . . His friends were proscribed, and with them his last advisers had disappeared, the brilliant chancellor and the devoted confidant, both of whom had witnessed the struggles of his youth and the pomp of his maturity. The very court, with its icy brilliance, seemed more of a desert, and more than one prince of the blood fled the capital. Hunting and processions, even the beloved journeys, were now nothing but a twice-told tale. A fourth-act atmosphere enveloped this

monarch who till then had known nought but happiness and exaltation.'

In Strachey, too, we find an underlying touch of melancholy, which sometimes develops into cynicism. Of Sidney Herbert he writes: 'In the end, the career of Sidney Herbert seemed to show that, with all their generosity, there was some gift or other — what was it? — some essential gift — which the good fairies had withheld, and that even the qualities of a perfect English gentleman may be no safeguard against anguish, humiliation, and defeat.' And, again, of the English Constitution and the Prince Consort: 'But what chance gave, chance took away. The Consort perished in his prime; and the English Constitution, dropping the dead limb with hardly a tremor, continued its mysterious life as if he had never been.'

VI

If now we pass from the philosophic basis of the new biography to its outward expression, we find its style to be one of conscious and sustained brilliance. There is nothing haphazard or pedestrian about it. It has an instinct for exact values. Pains are taken to make every word tell. Sentences are constructed like mosaics, like brightly colored mosaics. Sometimes, indeed, particularly in Strachey and Maurois, the choice of words is almost too precious. In such a passage as the following, where Strachey is writing of Newman, the effort to get the right word becomes too obvious: 'A dreamer whose secret spirit dwelt apart in delectable mountains, an artist whose subtle senses caught, like a shower in the sunshine, the impalpable rainbow of the immaterial world.' Or take a passage from Maurois: 'Hughenden, solitude, books, the past. . . . Disraeli likes to warm his old limbs in the sun, and in the evening to walk beneath the stars at

the Shakespearean hour when the bats begin their gray gliding.' But such exaggerated phrases are the exception. In general, the style of the new biography is brilliant indeed, but restrained and economical.

The French of Maurois, the English of Strachey, and the German of Ludwig all embody the three qualities which Maupassant claimed as specially characteristic of the French language — 'The nature of that language is to be clear, logical, and animated.' 'Style,' John Addington Symonds long ago remarked, 'is not so much a matter of linguistic resources as of the art and tact with which those resources are husbanded for use.' The resources of the English, French, and German languages are very different, and very different also the national styles, but art and tact have enabled each biographer to fashion his own language into an almost perfect instrument for his needs. The art of the three writers so transcends national idiosyncrasies that their books read as well in translations as in the original language.

The new biography exploits every means of securing vividness. Epigram, paradox, irony, antithesis, rhetorical questions, and *obiter dicta* all serve to vivify the narration, to give it light and shade, to introduce color and sound. No reader's attention can wander when he finds that Ludwig entitles his chapter on the Kaiser's accession 'Too Soon'; that Strachey writes of the virtues of Victoria, 'Even the very chairs and tables had assumed, with a singular responsiveness, the forms of prim solidity: the Victorian Age was in full swing'; and that Maurois says of Disraeli as leader of his party in the House of Commons, 'The Whigs sent Stanley such reports on him as a colonial official might send on a native chief who had lately submitted.'

The new biography loves also to

paint brightly colored tableaux. Take, for instance, Maurois's description of Hyndman's interview with Disraeli. 'Hyndman was taken into a room with walls of red and gold in which the gilt chairs were covered with red damask. He was kept a moment waiting, then the door opened and a strange figure made its appearance. An old man, clad in a long red dressing gown and a red fez, his head bowed on his breast, one eye completely closed, the other only half open. Under the fez showed the shiny curve of the last black curl. . . . The old man sat down and remained without a movement and without a word.'

All three writers alike give free rein to their impulse to paint pictures: Shelley's funeral pyre on the seashore near Viareggio, Gordon alone in the Residence at Khartum, Napoleon's escape from Elba.

In this respect the new biography is undoubtedly akin to the best traditions of the cinematograph. The aim of cinematographic art is to concentrate on brilliant images, on significant incidents, on episodes trivial in themselves, but important for the comprehension of the character portrayed. This is precisely what the new biography does. It omits 99 per cent of the dull, humdrum, everyday occurrences, and emphasizes the high lights. If the great French film 'Napoleon' be compared with Ludwig's *Napoleon*, the similarities immediately leap to view.

But, though the new biography uses images, it does not think in images. However episodic its structure may sometimes appear, the episodes are never isolated. They are always carefully coördinated. Style, it has been said, consists in the art of transition — that is, the art of moving easily and convincingly from point to point, supplying the needful correlations without clumsiness. These three writers all excel

in their transitions. This is, in fact, implied in the similarity of their works to novels or plays. In a novel or a play the story moves from point to point by almost unnoticed transitions. Real life, however, appears to have its ragged edges, its false starts, its gaps and lacunæ. The traditional biography emphasizes these loose ends. It is the mark of the new biography, while being intensely realistic, to view its subjects *sub specie æternitatis*, and to show each incident in its proper perspective as a necessary element in the whole.

VII

We have seen that the new biography, as practised by Strachey, Maurois, and Ludwig, is extraordinarily uniform in conception, in structure, in philosophy, and even in literary style. How can we account for such singular similarities? How explain the practically simultaneous emergence in the three great languages of Europe of an identical literary form?

Is there perhaps some common origin, or is one of these writers the *fons et origo*, and the other two merely brilliant imitators? Historically, Strachey's and Ludwig's work appeared before that of Maurois. *Eminent Victorians*, in which all the characteristics of the new biography appear, was published in 1918, and *Queen Victoria* in 1921. Ludwig's *Goethe* appeared in 1919, and his other great works, *Napoleon*, *Bismarck*, and *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, at intervals in the next six or seven years.

Both writers, it is true, had produced books before these. Strachey, before the war, had written a book on *Landmarks in French Literature*, and Ludwig had produced, in addition to large numbers of plays, two biographical essays, that on Bismarck already mentioned and a study of Wagner. But, while these early studies already contained

some of the characteristics of the new biography, it was the post-war works which really created the new tradition.

Maurois entered the field definitely later than the other two. His *Ariel*, an imperfect example of the new biography, appeared in 1923, and his *Disraeli* not until 1927. (Maurois's first book, *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, not a biography, was published in 1921. Before the war he had published a few articles in reviews.)

Historically, therefore, Strachey and Ludwig were first in the field. Is there any evidence of direct indebtedness of one to the other or of Maurois to either? It would be difficult to claim this. There is certainly no indication of any mutual influence exerted by Strachey and Ludwig. The ingenious critic might, however, attempt to prove that Maurois sometimes owes something directly to Strachey. Among the sources he quotes for his life of Disraeli, he mentions Strachey's *Queen Victoria* and *Eminent Victorians*. Although his view of Disraeli is more favorable than that of Strachey (he would never have referred to the old man on his death-bed, as Strachey does, as 'the strange old comedian'), he clearly made a good deal of use of Strachey's chapter on 'Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield' in *Queen Victoria*. But Maurois's general attitude to Disraeli differs greatly from Strachey's. Maurois would never speak, as Strachey does, of Disraeli's 'rococo allurements,' his 'phrases of baroque convolution,' and his 'strain of charlatanism.' In their descriptions of the unconventional audacity of the Prime Minister in proposing the health of the Queen-Empress at the dinner at Windsor on the day of the Delhi Proclamation, the differences in style between the two biographers emerge in an interesting way. Strachey, after referring to the ease with which Disraeli had always read in women's hearts, says

with regard to the Queen, 'He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past master, and he was not for a moment at a loss.' Maurois, alluding to the same circumstances, says, 'He looked with an expert eye on this august widow, with her white tulle cap, waiting for him at the top of the state staircase, and he felt delightfully at his ease.' A comparison of the two sentences immediately indicates the two characteristics which differentiate Strachey and Maurois. Strachey is more economical of his words. Maurois, while loving an epigram as much as Strachey, often lets his pen run away with him. Again, Maurois is more colorful and less restrained than Strachey. The meaning of the two sentences quoted is precisely the same, but Maurois adds two touches of color, the white tulle cap and the state staircase.

There is no evidence whatever, if we compare the work of the three biographers, that any one is in any sense the master, the founder of the school, and the other two his followers.

More plausible is the second hypothesis that we have mentioned, the possibility of a common source of inspiration. This common source exists, at any rate in the case of Strachey and Maurois. It is to be found in the French biographers of the eighteenth century. Strachey is a profound student of French literature, and his crystalline, epigrammatic, and nervous style undoubtedly owes much to it. In his preface to *Eminent Victorians* he refers to the 'Fontenelles and Condorcets, with their incomparable *éloges*, compressing into a few shining pages the manifold existences of men.' His appreciation of French literary structure and style had been shown before the war in his *Landmarks in French*

Literature, and it is interesting to note that he revealed in that book, and particularly in the sketch of Voltaire, some of the qualities that were later to attract wide attention in his *Eminent Victorians*.

Maurois, writing in his native French, breathed the atmosphere in which the style had been perfected. If his works, biographical as well as imaginative, have been mainly about natives of the British Isles (I cannot write 'Englishmen,' for was not Disraeli a Jew, Colonel Bramble a Scotchman, and Dr. O'Grady an Irishman?), he has written of them as a Frenchman, with a Frenchman's brilliance and clarity, a Frenchman's epigram and paradox.

It is more difficult to account for Ludwig's conception of biography and his literary style. Nothing could be more different from the traditional German biography than his *Goethe*, his *Napoleon*, his *Bismarck*, and his *Wilhelm II*. Instead of metaphysical abstractions we have concrete facts; instead of hazy voluminousness we have transparent compactness; instead of clumsy syntactical complications we have precise literary simplicity. What is the explanation? It is, without doubt, that Ludwig, like Maurois and Strachey, has been influenced by the classical moulds of French style. The life of France has always had a special attraction for him. At the age of twenty-four his interest was first concentrated on Napoleon, and from twenty-six onward most of his life has been lived out of Germany and in close spiritual touch with the French historians and essayists of the eighteenth century.

The roots of the new biography, so young, so fresh, and so vital, are to be found embedded in the literature of France of two hundred years ago.

THE REGIMENT OF WOMEN

A Plea for Equal Treatment

BY RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

I

THE woman's movement in America is flowing on its natural course. There are now few occupations which are not open to women: they have entered politics; they have become legislators and administrators as well as voters; they have founded churches and cults; they practise most of the professions, and indeed monopolize some; and they are strongly organized in powerful social bodies. All that they ask is equal treatment and equal opportunity, and no doubt in a few years there will be quite as many women as men in all walks of life. Indeed, one reason why women are still in a minority in public and business life is that women themselves do not seem to desire otherwise; this appears to be quite as effective a hindrance to women's advance as any prejudice of the men. But soon both prejudice and unwillingness will be overcome, and women will take their proper place.

It is true that early prophecies have hardly been fulfilled. Once we were assured that women freed would inaugurate an era of social reform and purity; the bad man-made laws under which women and children suffered would be swept away; honesty and earnest endeavor would reign in politics. None of these things has happened yet. Women politicians have not cleansed politics. Women as religious leaders do not seem

to be more spiritually-minded than men, though no doubt very successful in this line of business. There has been no great moral or social regeneration in America since women began to exercise power—and they are exercising power, very great power indeed.

But as a question of justice this is quite beside the point. If women are entitled to equality of treatment they are entitled to it quite regardless of the result. So far as we can judge, if their fuller entrance into public life has been followed by no particularly good results, it has been followed by no particularly bad ones. The women seem to be very much the same as the men—a little more extreme, perhaps, but on the average neither better nor worse. First, of course, American life is already so much 'woman-made' that a few women in prominent places can make little difference; secondly, the fruits of a reform are never gathered by the reformers. The women now in power are not the enthusiastic reformers who led the women's movement; they are practical women who know how to adapt themselves to practical conditions. The reformers are already forgotten, and their reforms with them.

Although women have very greatly increased their power during the last few years, yet it is usually assumed that they are still under serious disadvantages. The man still has opportunities for a better education and a

broad, fuller life than his sister. This assertion is freely made and generally accepted both by men and by women. Some regard it as the proper state of affairs. That men should dominate women is justified both by experience and by religion. Some regard it as wrong, but few doubt its truth. But is it true to-day? Do men to-day in America have a better opportunity for the full, rich development of their lives than women? Not, be it understood, a better opportunity for earning money, but for leading a full, varied, and enjoyable life, and for cultivating those talents with which they have been born.

II

We shall consider the careers of two children, a boy and a girl, belonging to a good average American family. The father is well established in business, the mother takes her part in the social life of the community. Both have the usual ideals of the American middle class and belong to numerous societies and clubs. Their means are sufficient to provide a good education, high school and university, for both children and to start them in life as well as their parents were started. The two children are to have equal opportunities, as such things are understood to-day. Which of them, the boy or the girl, will have the better chance in life?

At birth, Nature appears to favor the male, for it is well known that more boys are born than girls. But dispassionate Nature takes with one hand while she gives with the other. Baby boys are more delicate than baby girls; more of them die, so that more girls grow up than boys. You will have a better chance of life itself if you are born a girl, for, although physically weaker, women are constitutionally stronger than men.

There was a time when this physical

strength gave man the leadership. As recently as the Middle Ages we lived shorter but more active lives, so that physical strength counted for much, constitutional strength for less. But the medical science of to-day has greatly increased the span of life and the period of activity, thus giving to the strong constitution the full advantage of its strength. Most of us lead rather sedentary lives, in which a good constitution is better than powerful muscles, and so the old conditions are reversed. Woman is probably better suited to modern life than is man; the stronger sex has become the weaker. Indeed, in some cases we shall see that the man's superior strength may act to his disadvantage.

The conventions which we call 'chivalry' grew up in the age of physical superiority. They were then necessary to protect the weak childbearers of society from the physical violence of the strong men. To-day they are still active to protect the strong and often celibate woman. Women maintain these standards because women are thorough realists and maintain everything that helps them. Men maintain them because to abandon them would, in the first place, outrage their consciences, and, in the second place, imply that women were really their equals, and this the average man will never acknowledge. But this combination of natural constitution and chivalrous convention gives to the woman a distinctly better chance of survival.

A couple of years ago a boat with two young men and a girl was blown adrift in a storm on Lake Ontario. Days afterward searchers found the girl wading blindly along the shore. She was almost exhausted, but eventually recovered. The boat was found. Both men were dead of exhaustion and exposure. They had, of course, done all they could to shelter the girl, and

rightly so, yet in the end she was left to herself and survived even greater hardships than had killed them. Very few men can compete with the stamina of a healthy girl of seventeen. Now one would not desire to abolish the conventions of chivalry. They contain elements of beauty and nobility which we could not sacrifice, but in honesty we must face the fact that to-day they give an advantage to the woman.

Even physically the well-nurtured girl of to-day is quite as strong as many a man. Our popular fiction and our movies still maintain the tradition of the frail and shrinking maiden whom the villain masters easily with one hand. In real life the villain to-day would have no such easy task; that frail maiden would probably lay him out quite effectively if he tried on any of his games.

III

So brother and sister grow up with this advantage on the side of the girl. They go to school together, for coeducation is not only cheaper, but is now considered a necessary part of equal treatment. It is true that this coeducation is 98 per cent in the charge of women, who can understand the girl, but who cannot understand the boy. In infancy and early childhood, woman is the natural guardian. Children are then neither boys nor girls, but just babies. But by the time a boy is five or six years old he is becoming a boy. He is male, and if true equality is to be granted he should be taught by a man.

Many women — and, I imagine, most mothers — are under the impression that they can understand boys, particularly their own sons. They will tell you that they know every thought in the boy's head. They do not, they never will, and every son knows it. Every boy requires and should get the

guidance of a man. His education should be in men's hands.

Educationalists agree that boys and girls take teaching and discipline differently. Girls are more docile, more easily taught, and more easily overworked. Boys are more independent, more difficult to teach, and more inclined to follow their own interests. But our existing system of education, mainly by instruction and conducted by women, favors the girl throughout. The weak discipline has a far worse effect upon the intractable boy than upon the docile girl. So the boy generally learns as little as possible, and comes to college with an untrained mind and convinced that intellectual effort is an affair for women.

For one branch of his education has not been in women's hands. His athletics have been under men. Here he has experienced that life of physical contact and physical violence which is natural and pleasant to most boys. So he leaves school, having been taught that mental culture is a womanly thing, but that physical prowess is the principal manly virtue.

In college, coeducation has even worse results. The boy is now a man, and man is a more actively sexed creature than woman. A girl may be able to work well in a mixed class and to regard her classmates of both sexes simply as human beings, but this is much more difficult for a man. There can indeed be nothing better for most young men than a partial seclusion from women for the first few years of their manhood. It is good for them in these years to be thrown into intellectual and physical competition with their fellow men without the distraction of sex. It is reported that an American scholar who had been to Oxford, when asked what had struck him in the English university, replied that he had never known before that

the conversation of men could be so interesting. The opportunity given to young men to sharpen their intellects against one another is one of the most valuable gifts which a university can offer. It is not very prominent in American universities, and coeducation tends to discourage it. Coeducation may or may not be good for girls, but there are reasons for believing that it is bad for men.

We may suppose that our boy is a manly young fellow with plenty of physical strength and already with some reputation as a schoolboy athlete. So he becomes a college athlete. In most colleges he will be given very little choice; he will be told very plainly that he has a 'duty to his college' and that that duty is football. To him, naturally, this seems a pleasant duty, and he rarely hesitates.

So he enters a world of popularity, where he shines as a hero. Endless attractive girls run after him. They 'make dates' with him, make him feed them and dance with them with that complete absence of modesty which is characteristic of their sex. He is fêted and he is disciplined. Provided that he does his 'duty' on the football field, his merely scholastic tasks will be made as easy as possible for him. Very few have the strength of character to withstand popularity, and if the exceptional boy attempts to do so, social pressure of a very severe kind soon brings him back to the right path. It is on the whole a misfortune for a boy to become a star athlete, and particularly a star football player. His strength and his pleasure in using it are turned into a trap. If he emerges uncrippled he may turn to bond selling while his popularity lasts; then, his name forgotten and his strength useless, he may make what he can of his life. It says a great deal for many athletes that they do make something of their lives, but every

university teacher knows of men whose careers have been spoiled by star athletics.

His sister, meanwhile, is an active athletic girl. But she is not compelled to play any particular game for the credit (and profit) of her college. She is actually allowed to play games for pleasure. If she plays well it is counted to her credit; if not, then she is a 'womanly' girl, and it is certainly not to her discredit. She is not compelled to undergo rigorous training or to take the risk of dangerous accidents; girls' games attract no 'gate' and provoke nothing more than a friendly rivalry. There have, it is true, been signs of more strenuous competition, particularly in lawn tennis, but these conditions have affected only a few, and even now it seems clear that women will neither wish nor be asked to enter commercialized competitive sport. They are both wise and fortunate.

Girls take their exercise under healthier conditions than do men. The football player is clad in a padded armor which in itself is sufficient to condemn the game. I am assured by those who have had experience of both that American football is an excellent training for trench fighting, but surely we have agreed to have no more trench fighting for a while. The girl plays her games in light, easy clothing that permits her to get the greatest good from the exercise. In field sports, running, and jumping, the boy exercises under better conditions, but only in these minor sports is he on an equality with the girl.

As another instance take a healthy and popular exercise in which both boys and girls take part — that is, dancing. It has many good qualities, it is not competitive, there are no intercollegiate dancing contests or dancing teams, we dance simply for pleasure. For this sport the girl dresses

suitably in light, loose clothing, but the man must put on stiff starched armor and heavy, tight, black cloth clothing, utterly unsuited for the purpose. It is no wonder that at the end of a dance a girl is usually much fresher than a man.

IV

This brings us to clothes and to an interesting phenomenon. We generally recognize, if we are not professional moralists, that modern woman's dress is healthy, comfortable, and becoming. It is indeed probably the best clothing devised since classic Greek times either for men or for women. But we do not often realize that every improvement has been made by appropriating something already originated by men. I do not mean by men dress-designers, but originated as a male fashion. Short hair, the open neck, short skirts, the loose jumper, rolled stockings, are all good features which long ago were worn by men. The other day I saw a girl who might have walked the streets of ancient Athens without attracting much notice to her clothes, but she would have been a Greek boy. A century ago the sailor found it comfortable to loosen his collar and leave his neck free, and so he developed the sailor jumper with its broad easy collar. To-day in America this is so much a girl's dress, though it has assumed commissioned rank and become a 'middy,' that most boys would object to wearing it on the grounds that it is girlish. The rolled stocking and the short skirt were long ago invented by the Scottish Highlander, who was certainly not a 'sissy' person. To-day an American boy would object to wearing them on the grounds that his sister wears them.

Girls may and do imitate men, not only without fear of blame, but even with a good deal of approbation. To

be a bit of a tomboy is all to a girl's credit. But a boy must never, never, never imitate a girl. To do so would be effeminate, unnatural, and repulsive. So, having little creative power of their own, the women continue to appropriate the good things invented by men. As soon as the women have appropriated them they become tabu to the men. (I understand that in some parts of this continent knickerbockers are already regarded as rather sissy.) It must be granted that women show good taste in their stealings. They have not yet appropriated the starched shirt, the dress suit, or the thick cloth trousers. But it is a little hard on the men to be left only with the ugliest and least comfortable of their clothes. These they would probably have discarded or altered long ago had it not been for the influence of women. From the early days when he is thrust all protesting into an unsuitable velvet suit to the time when his wife says, 'John, the Joneses are coming to dinner—you had better put on your tail coat,' man is, in the matter of his clothes, in the hands of women. To her is due that monstrosity of ugliness, the modern 'well-dressed man'—to her and to man's natural modesty, which forbids him ever to differ from his neighbor.

It will be asserted that man's clothing is comfortable and that it looks 'smart.' It will also be objected that in any case it is not proper or suitable for a man to like to look well. As to the first, I would recommend any woman who asserts it to try one evening in a stiff shirt and a wing collar before asking her husband to do so. It will be looked upon as very 'smart' in her. As to the second, this is just one of the tabus which women are establishing over men. The men of Tudor days were quite fond of their clothes, and they were certainly not effeminate.

Man has as much right as woman to a reasonable enjoyment of beautiful clothes.

V

But we must revert to the college career. Only a few students after all take part in the most highly organized games; most of them are left free to indulge in minor, less credit-bringing, but probably healthier sports. There is generally in every college a small group who devote themselves to study. Yet the wrong ideals are always before them; if they escape the athletic ideal, the commercial one now rears its ugly head.

At the time when practically all professional men were in the Church, the university was a place for educating 'clerks.' (In memory of this, university folk still wear clerical gowns.) During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries this clerical learning became identified with the education of a gentleman, and the universities became seats of culture. Since then, especially in America, they have expanded to include instruction in practically all branches of knowledge, from Greek to pig culture, and so the cultural aspect has rather fallen into the background. It is still, however, possible to obtain a 'cultural' degree in most universities, but the popular demand is all for technical instruction which can be put to practical financial use later. The ideal of a university as a place where the student will learn to use his mind, to appreciate the past, and to value attainment with a sane and human scale, is a fine one, but it is no use disguising the fact that the majority of students desire rather to make useful friends and to learn a gainful profession with as little high-brow addition as possible.

The student who chooses to study literature or pure science and to train

his mind by rigorous methods will probably enjoy it. He will probably lead a full and happy life, but he will find himself unclassed in American society. In our larger cities he will find a few friends with whom he may be on terms of intellectual understanding, but to the majority he will be high-brow, eccentric, and suspect. Public life will be practically closed to him, and he will probably become a college professor and live forever under the reproach of having an 'academic mind.'

So the average boy takes a practical professional training whose primary end is to enable him to earn money. In the view of many 'women's rights' advocates he has all the world to choose from. Practically he has no such choice. He is urged into the path where family influence will help him. He becomes a doctor or a lawyer because his father can give him a good start in that profession. In fact, he soon finds that there is only one profession really open to him — he must become a money-maker. The average boy has very little choice indeed as to his future, and, to tell the truth, after his devastating training he rarely has any desire to choose. But if his rebellious mind should stray to the fine arts, to music, or to pure science, he is soon reminded that to gain the approbation of society he must make money. He is soon brought to understand that complicated system of tabus, of all the things a man must do and a man must not do, which rules our woman-made society. These prohibitions have a strength and a result far stronger and more far-reaching than mere laws. For a law, as Americans must surely now realize, can be effective only if it has public opinion behind it; it has almost no strength in itself; whereas a social tabu requires no law to support it. Almost all these social tabus owe their strength to the support of women. The

tabus which hedge in the ordinary business man, — the church he shall attend, the clubs he shall join, the society he shall frequent, the entertainments he shall give, the clothes he shall wear, the hobbies he may indulge in, the kind of profession he may follow, even the thoughts he is expected to think, — all these things are subject to conventions and prohibitions which have been carefully taught to him by women and are enforced upon him by women.

A very nice old lady once told me of a nephew of hers who wanted to be an artist, and indeed started upon that career, 'but he soon saw how impossible that was, so, like a sensible young man, he went on the Stock Exchange, and in five years had made enough money to live comfortably. So now he paints as much as he likes.' The story affected me as utterly immoral, and I could not help hinting that, if the nephew were really an artist, he had wasted five precious years. But the old lady was so evidently pained that I recanted hastily. There are some opinions that one must not press.

A girl may cultivate any literary or artistic gifts which she has and only be praised for doing it, but for a boy to do the same is to run a danger of being regarded as sissy. This is true of the average middle-class boy. He must first make money, then he may indulge in any unprofitable tastes he has. As a rule he has no intellectual tastes, — they have long ago been trained out of him, — and so by the time he is twenty-five he is a money-maker. If he is a successful one he will have no difficulty in getting married.

VI

I have spoken of the middle-class boy, but in Europe it is noteworthy that many intellectual men, artists, and men of science have risen from the

poorer classes. How many men of this character have risen from the ranks in America? A large public dinner was given recently in America in honor of a number of men who had risen from small beginnings to great position. A celebrated American educationalist was in the chair. He proudly announced that not one of the guests of honor had ever attended a university. He might have added that not one of them had contributed anything to the intellectual or artistic culture of his country. In America humble genius is strangled at once.

So our money-maker gets married to a nice average girl and settles down to a comfortable married life with a couple of children and an uneventful old age. Their mutual parts in life are accepted contentedly and as a matter of course, for we are dealing with average folks, not with enthusiasts or reformers.

So every day at 9 A.M. the husband goes to business and stays there until 5 P.M. He has reasonable intervals off for exercise, and possibly plays golf or goes fishing. But nothing intellectual ever sullies the simple annals of his life — nothing more intellectual than a bridge game.

During early married life both the man and his wife are probably hard-worked. The man has to make his way and build up his position; the wife has her housekeeping and the care of her children. But while a man's responsibilities have a way of increasing as he grows older, his wife's decrease, so that for the greater part of her life she has abundant leisure. This she employs in social and cultural activities. For woman to-day is more than ever the organizer of society. The pleasure life of the uneducated rich is no doubt very rapid, but it is very highly organized and it is a woman's world. Far greater and more important is the world of social and cultural work,

a world of societies and committees and lectures. This is the American world of art and literature, and it is a woman's world. Everyone who has ever lectured on cultural subjects knows that his audience is one of women. As for the corresponding activities of men, I would invite any open-minded observer to attend a meeting of the Kiwanians or the Rotarians and consider whether the men or the women at present are the better educated. The men's activities are those of schoolboys; no women's society ever descends to the intellectual standard of the business man. Women work hard and with abundant energy at social work. This may at times degenerate into interference with the lives of people less fortunate than themselves, but, whatever its results, it will be well organized. So woman to-day is moulding our organized life to her ideal, the perfect organization, and she is dragging man behind her.

American culture to-day is distinguished by the low value given to creative work and by the high value given to organization, regulation, and efficiency. It is distinguished by the predominance of material ideals and material success — and it is the work of American women. Man plays only a very secondary part in this drama; he is in the main a money-making drudge, kept to his work that his wife may be free. He may indeed have freedom in his business life, but how limited is that life, with its constant pressure for success, its everlasting competition.

The wife is probably ambitious; she wants her husband to be recognized as able and successful. For a man this means to be wealthy and to conform in every minute respect to the uneducated conventions which rule the man's life. She wishes herself to take her place in the life of the community, and it is a life of far greater richness than is the

man's. Her life and that of her husband do not mix; he spends his in supporting hers, but he rarely enters into it. He would not be really welcome there.

Woman takes, but she never gives back, for, as we have seen, what woman takes becomes womanly and therefore forbidden to men. So we may expect in time a civilization in which any qualities peculiar to men will disappear.

It can be shown from past experience that creative imagination and abstract thought are manly qualities, while organization and administration are womanly ones. So we may expect that the former will slowly give way and the latter increase. It is a commonplace to say that this is exactly what is taking place in America to-day. Even in the fine arts the purchase of old masters and the formation of museums and collections are regarded as more important than the encouragement of creative talent. The connoisseur is rated above the creator.

Most women are convinced that women have higher artistic ability than men, yet nothing can be further from the truth. It is perfectly clear from history that women have not lacked full opportunity in the fine arts and that, in spite of this, very few women have ever shown high creative ability. Yet to-day they throng our art schools, they fill the lower steps of the artistic professions, they draw advertisements and fashion plates, teach music and become minor concert stars. So, by stamping the fine arts with the ban of effeminacy, they prevent men from having their proper opportunity. Nine tenths of these women art students have indeed no intention of ever becoming serious artists. They only seek that spice of adventure which they believe is to be found in the so-called 'bohemianism' of incompetent art.

VII

The position, put shortly, is this. Until about thirty years ago men and women lived under a system of conventions such as (a) that women were weaker and more delicate than men and required protection; (b) that a lady must not earn her livelihood — to do so was unladylike; (c) that women must not copy men or ape men's habits — to do so was most unladylike; (d) that women's place was the home. And, conversely: (a) that men must give way in all things to women; (b) that men must earn a livelihood for their dependent women; (c) that men must not copy or ape women in any way — to do so was unmanly and indeed monstrous.

Some of these conventions were no doubt good, some were bad, and some simply untrue.

Since the beginning of this century, aided by economic changes and probably by the war, women have broken and are breaking every convention which they do not like or which has in any way fettered them. But they have enforced all the old conventions which fettered men. So that to-day free woman is living in the twentieth century, while men are bound by all the conventions of the Victorian age. To-day woman never hesitates to break a convention and never permits man to do so, for the unconventional woman is a brave creature, defying the lightning, whereas the unconventional man is an outcast.

Thus, if a woman enters a profession and succeeds, she is a heroine; if she fails — well, she is a woman, and she will not be blamed for it. But if a man fails he is simply a failure, and that is all there is to say.

Some men may rebel against this woman-made civilization, may claim that they too have a right to ignore a few conventions, but they will soon be tamed, regulated, and disciplined to do what is good for themselves and agreeable to their women.

So future generations will lead peaceful, well-regulated, busy social lives, full of efficiency, of 'service,' of 'citizenship,' and all the other virtues of the hive. For in the most highly organized community life that we know the active workers are all women; the bees have put their men where they belong. It is true that the life of the hive seems to lack some spiritual values; perhaps the poor drones might have contributed something — now they can only buzz in chorus.

The world we live in to-day is a world in which the highest qualities of man have very little opportunity, while those of woman have full scope. Equal opportunities we do not possess, and it is improbable that the women will ever give them to us. They do not know what equal opportunity means.

Is there, then, any hope? None, unless — but it is a wild thought — man may exhibit a little of the virtue which was once regarded as peculiarly manly — courage.

WANTED — PERSONALITY

BY H. D. HILL

WANTED, by all the seekers for success who make it possible for all the How-To-Get-On Institutes to advertise in every monthly magazine. Wanted, by all the paid-up enrollments in the Charm Classes of the Y. W. C. A. Wanted, by all the book buyers who have fostered the boom in biography. Wanted, by all those who have changed the word 'it' from an impersonal neuter pronoun to the symbol of personality. Wanted, by all America.

What have they, the people to whom we refer as 'real persons,' that causes us to feel as though we had missed some essential possession and impels us to resort to these means of recapturing it? Our work does not make us real persons. In the factory where we form one of the interminable links in the chain of production, in the office where we put through the orders for the product, we do something in itself quite easy at the rate of so many times a day. And when we go home we go to standardized houses quite easy to manage in standardized means of transportation quite easy to run. But we believe profoundly in all this. We believe in the reduction of manual effort by mechanical means, and in the widest possible distribution of the means. In order to achieve this we willingly accept standardization and the type of production which it involves. We ourselves wish to have and to do the same things as everybody else. And yet, when we come right down to it, we don't quite like to be the same thing as everybody else. We like

groups. We like constantly to belong to more and better groups. And yet the 'life stories' which seem to us to have the happiest endings are those which deal with getting beyond groups to stand alone. In the lonely figure there is mystery, and in the sense of mystery we feel an answer to our half-conscious lack.

The type of production whose results we approve is steadily diminishing the number of people who can feel a sense of mystery in their work. The pioneer years were an epic of facing the unknown: they have their heroes. The agricultural period was less stirring, but the seasonal march of the crops gives to the man who follows it an independence, a sense of certain things infinitely understood by the man himself — what we mean when we say 'weatherwise.' It puts a touch of envy into the summer tourist's voice even while he shows his city contempt for the farmer by calling him a 'quaint character.' He acknowledges the character in spite of the qualifying adjective.

But what sort of wisdom is coming to the farmers' sons who to-day are going to work in the city? The passing of the apprenticeship system has meant the end of any mystery of *métier*. Skill, in the old days, was a sense of the mystery of the inanimate. It was the adaptation of one's own movements to the stuff of one's own trade. It was an adaptation only possible with patient practice; it ended in the creation of a new sensitivity, developed through one's body and spirit, and this sensi-

tivity became a part of one's personality. A father apprenticed his son to learn the mysteries of a trade. To-day it is a question not of skill but of speed. The foreman can show the boy how to set screws in half an hour. The boy has no problem of how this thing can best be done. There is only one way to do it, an obligatory way which has been worked out by the time-study man. All that the boy is to think of is, How fast can I do it? The central fixation of his life becomes, How fast can I operate the numberless rather simple devices around me?

We read an enormous amount to the effect that the mysteries of science are known to-day to the common man. The mystery of science does not lie in knowing what to do to secure a certain result; it lies in finding out what to do. The radio which arrives with a clearly printed set of directions does not mean the introduction to science of its owner. The mystery of science is known only to the man who dreams and tries and dreams again in his laboratory. The Steinmetz myth, the Pupin myth, the Einstein myth, show our fundamental appreciation of such men. We believe in them. We also believe in the strange people, mostly with foreign names, whom we engage to give us our opera, our movies, and our art. We believe that art and science are hard. We respect them. Vicariously, we live a great deal through the personalities of the artist and the scientist. But what of personality in ourselves, in us who form, after all, the great mass of people?

When we come to ourselves we relinquish the old spiritual meaning of the word 'mystery.' We allow it to represent the fatuous factual mysteries of the tabloid: on the grave of its old significance a cross (X) marks the spot where the body was found. Deep down, unadmittedly, we ques-

tion whether the conditions in which we live offer a milieu in which to grow the fibres of personality. Furthermore, we know to what extent the conformity which we have so rigorously demanded has made our neighbors like ourselves; if we are seeking personality, then are not they also?

Our mechanical democracy has cried for normality, has set the mean before us as a model — in these latter years of our prosperity, perhaps the golden mean. Our hero of the market place is consequently a Platonic idea, for the norm is an abstract; no living being was ever quite like it. We therefore confer honor on ideas, not men; our assumptions do not permit any real living man to embody our ideal. The wreaths of our war epic do not crown the foreheads of Roland and Oliver; they are laid on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We seek for personality, but we do not dare to bestow the dignity of being a person upon the men and women whom we know, upon This Woman and This Man, unless we first make of them a disembodied Embodiment of All. The British press, when Lord Asquith dies, speaks of his life in terms of an outstanding manifestation of the statesmanship of the first quarter of the twentieth century. We dare not; we excuse our public men on the ground that they are individuals, 'just one instance.' We refuse to admit that the instances are the only possible concretions of the ideal, that beyond their mortal persons there is — nothing. And thereby we reject the very personality we seek.

Our view of life must change radically before we shall be able to do otherwise. We shall have to realize the partial character of the conquest we have sought so whole-heartedly, the conquest which has brought this impersonal uniformity upon us. Part of the tragedy of life is removed by possession

of the material things which we have multiplied, by what we have done to disease, to the worst of the slums, to the length of the working day. But part, the greater part, remains. We have not recognized it. In the midst of the Dark Forest we have made for ourselves a little clearing of security. Around it is still the unknown, the unpredictable, the mysterious, the empty scene awaiting the manifestation of the person who is a man. We can treat it in two ways. We can turn our backs on it and face each other in a comforting circle, concentrating on the wheels of our facility, turning them faster, faster, shouting to each other

above the noise that everything is for the best, that it will all come out all right, that if something from behind enters our midst it is an accident, an unmentionable, which our system requires us to ignore. If we shout enough we can perhaps even anæsthetize the sting of death by group discussion. Or we can turn around, and each, on the periphery of the circle, face his unique segment of the unknown. Turned inward, we feel our uniformity, our emptiness. It takes great courage to face the other way. So mostly we stand looking without admiration at one another, and buying vicarious personality from the hawkers on the street.

AN AMERICAN WEDDING JOURNEY IN 1825

Being the story of the marriage of Eleanora Wayles Randolph, granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and her wedding journey from Monticello to Boston, as gathered from letters in the possession of her descendants and for the most part hitherto unpublished

BY HAROLD JEFFERSON COOLIDGE

THOMAS JEFFERSON finished his second term as President in 1809, and retired to Monticello, where he spent the remaining seventeen years of his life busily engaged in developing his estates, carrying on a continuing, voluminous correspondence with friends and political acquaintances in every part of the world, exercising a hospitality to all comers which has become proverbial and which markedly increased the financial embarrassments that clouded his last years, and giving unsparingly all the while labor and thought to the conception, construction, and inauguration of the University

of Virginia, which in his own opinion was the most notable achievement of his long and active life.

During his later years his daughter Martha, who had married Colonel Thomas Mann Randolph of Edgehill (Governor of Virginia, 1817-1822), made her home with him, Jefferson himself being then a widower. Things had not gone well between Colonel Randolph and his wife, and she was obliged to raise her large family of ten children under the roof of her father at Monticello. Jefferson took the greatest personal interest in the education and welfare of these grandchildren, and

they looked upon him more in the light of a father than a grandfather. This was particularly true of his granddaughter Eleanora Wayles Randolph, afterwards always called by her family Ellen, who was born in 1796 and was therefore thirteen years old when Jefferson came back to Monticello to live. From that time until her marriage in 1825 she lived constantly with him, accompanying him on his trips to Poplar Forest and Natural Bridge, and she seems to have been to a great extent his intellectual companion, as well as a much-loved and favorite granddaughter. In fact her correspondence all through a long life suggests in its style the clarity of thought — with perhaps a tendency to long-windedness — of her grandfather, and gives a clear indication of the marked influence which he had in forming her character.

There is no record of when Ellen Randolph first met a young man named Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, who came of a family sufficiently well known in his native town. He was born in 1798, and graduated from Harvard in the class of 1817. He had had the advantage — unusual in those days — of having traveled extensively in Europe, where, thanks to his introductions, he had met a large number of distinguished men, with several of whom he had become friendly — among others, Lord Byron, who mentions him in his correspondence. Mr. Coolidge was two years younger than Ellen, and, so far as can be judged by their appearance in later years, they must have both been very handsome.

Jefferson, who acted as a sort of guardian to Ellen, appears to have received most cordially this young man's intimation that he wished to marry her, as may be gathered from the following letter: —

TO JOSEPH COOLIDGE, JR., ESQ.,
BOSTON

MONTICELLO, Oct. 24, '24

DEAR SIR:

I should not have delayed a single day the answer to your interesting and acceptable letter of the 13th inst. but that it found me suffering severely under an imposthume formed under the jaw, and closing it so effectually as to render the introduction of sustenance into the mouth impossible, but in a fluid form, and that latterly sucked thro' a tube. After 2 or 3 weeks of sufferance, and a total prostration of strength, I have been relieved by a discharge of the matter, and am now on the recovery; and I avail myself of the first moment of my ability to take up a pen, to assure you that nothing could be more welcome to me than the visit proposed in your lre, or its object. During the stay you were so kind as to make with us, my opportunities were abundant of seeing and estimating the merit of your character, insomuch as to need no further enquiry from others. Nor did the family leave me uninformed of the attachment which seemed to be forming towards my granddaughter Ellen. I learnt it with pleasure, because, from what I believed of yours, and knew of her extraordinary moral qualifications, I was satisfied no two minds could be formed, better compounded to make each other happy. I hold the same sentiment now that I receive the information from yourself, and assure you that no union could give to me greater satisfaction, if your wishes prove mutual, and your friends consenting. What provision for a competent subsistence for you might exist, or be practicable, was a consideration for both parties. I knew that the circumstances of her father, Gov. Randolph, offered little prospect from *his* resources, prostrated, as they

have been by too much facility in engagements for others. Some suffering of the same kind myself, and of sensible amount, with debts of my own, remove to a distance anything I could do, and certainly should do for you. My property is such as that after a discharge of these incumbrances, a comfortable provision will remain for my unprovided grandchildren.

This state of things on our part leaves us nothing to propose for the present, but to submit the course to be pursued entirely to your own discretion and the will of your friends; under the general assurance that whenever circumstances enable me to do anything, it will be directed by justice to the other members of my family, a special affection to this peculiarly valued granddaughter, and a cordial attachment to yourself. Your visit to Monticello, and at the time of your own convenience, will be truly welcome, and your stay, whatever may suit yourself under any views of friendship or connection. My gratification will be measured by the time of its continuance. . . .

I expect, in the course of the 1st or 2d week of the approaching month, to receive here the visit of my antient friend Gen'l La Fayette. The delirium which his visit has excited to the North envelopes him in the South also. The humble village of Charlottesville, or rather the County of Albemarle, of which it is the seat of justice, will exhibit its great affections, and unpretending means, in a dinner to be given to the General in the buildings of the University, to which they have given accepted invitations to Mr. Madison also, and myself as guests, and at which your presence as my guest would give high pleasure to us all, and to none, I assure you, more cordially than to your sincerely attached friend

TH. JEFFERSON

On May 27, 1825, Joseph Coolidge and Ellen Randolph were married in the drawing-room at Monticello. Family tradition has it that the best man, Mr. Harrison Ritchie, who had come down from Boston with Mr. Coolidge and was staying with other guests at the house, had gone out for a morning fox hunt with several others on the day when the circuit preacher, who had been counted on to perform the ceremony, arrived most unexpectedly, saying that he had but a few hours to spare. The wedding, therefore, took place immediately, regardless of the absence of the best man and several of the company, who had been waiting days for the preacher to arrive. However this may be, Albemarle County, Virginia, must have been looking its loveliest in the latter part of May, and the wonderful situation of Monticello — a fine, simple brick house literally on the top of a 'little mountain,' with a superb view of the Blue Ridge on its westerly side and the Rivanna winding around its base — offered a very beautiful setting for a wedding of great interest, not only to the whole neighborhood, but to a large number of people throughout the entire country.

The Journey: Monticello to New York

A series of letters to and from the young couple as they traveled northward gives some idea of the conditions of the time in our northeastern states as they appeared to them on their extended wedding trip. The journey took about six weeks, starting at Monticello and ending at the house of Mr. Coolidge's parents in Bowdoin Square, Boston. They appear to have stopped at Montpelier, the home of Jefferson's lifelong friend and supporter, James Madison, and from there to have made their real start by way of Fredericks-

burg, — incidentally losing their baggage en route, — Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia to New York, where they met General La Fayette, then almost seventy years old, on his way to make his famous last visit to Jefferson at Monticello. From Fredericksburg we have what might well be called a joint letter written to Mrs. Randolph, which tells its own story of the joys and drawbacks of a honeymoon trip in those days: —

TO MRS. RANDOLPH, MONTICELLO,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

I have ruined the sheet on which Ellen has been writing; and the day is so warm and her black 'Isaacs' so uncomfortable, that she has gone to lie down awhile, and has left me, a poor substitute, to continue her letter; — before doing so, I will transcribe what she had written.

FREDERICKSBURG, June 25, '25

Contrary to my expectations, my dearest mother, I am enabled to write to you from this place by the accident of being delayed a day. We were so late in getting from Mrs. Madison that it was past eight before we could leave Orange Court House; still as the roads were good, and the hack had four horses, we might surely have reached Fredericksburg by six, which would have left us full time to go on to the steamboat; but the driver was so tender of his cattle, that neither threat, nor entreaty, would prevail on him to move out of a slow ox-trot, which got us on at the rate of three miles an hour, or scarcely so much. Cornelius and his mule cart travel with the speed of light in comparison to the Fredericksburg hack with four horses, and the kind-hearted charioteer. *En revanche*, they charged only eight dollars for the use of the equipage for two days; reasonable enough, in contrast with

Richmond prices. We were out in two very heavy rains, and arrived a little before eight o'clock in the evening; too late to think of going farther. Our quarters here are comfortable, and we shall leave the place this evening, and arrive in Washington tomorrow morning; there again we must be detained by the absence of our luggage, which we were in great consternation at not finding here. I presume the stage was too much crowded to admit of its being taken on at Charlottesville. I have my black silk frock, which I find fits me infamously, after all my trouble; and a single *berege* hkf; a single black petticoat, and a few changes of linen. I shall shine with all the *braveries* in the metropolis, which — at this season — is, however, little better than a dirty country village.

[Here ends the transcription of Ellen's writing.]

The old horses carried us very well to Gordonsville, where we were glad to find Nicholas. Mr. and Mrs. Madison met us with the utmost kindness; and their manner to me, seemed to say 'for Ellen's sake we feel an interest in you.' Mrs. M did everything to induce us to remain some days with her, telling us that Mrs. Cutts, and Mrs. Decatur, were expected to arrive on the very evening of our departure; but we were obliged to leave them, with the promise never to pass their house at future visits, without calling upon them. Nicholas accompanied us to the Court House, and left us there, with the most affectionate wishes of both for his health and success. We were more than 11½ hours on the road, though the distance is but 35 miles, and we stopped but once. At an inn kept by a Mr. Robinson, we met two gentlemen, one of them no longer very young, who were on their way to Mr. Madison's, and mean to visit Monticello, also. I did n't take to them; the younger was

silent, and the other self-satisfied and intrusive. He seemed to think that Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson were under many obligations to those who called upon them; at least, that the obligations were mutual. He told me a strange tale wh has n't been confirmed here, 'that a committee of the Georgia Legislature had in answer to the Gov'r advised him to prepare a separation of the states, and that the Potomac be the dividing line!' On the road we met the ladies who were expected at Montpelier; Mrs. Decatur very much agitated at the meeting, Mrs. Cutts was more calm, but still a good deal affected.

This day is very warm and we have acted wisely to remain here till the evening. I have just heard that my eccentric Bro. remained in Fredericksburg 2 or 3 days, and the portfolio has been sent from the inn where he lodged containing letters, to and from himself, and also one from me to my father, wh he had carelessly left behind. Of course these have been read by the crowd of listless saunterers who frequent a village tavern; and I feel something like indignation at perceiving on a loose sheet wh was designed for a letter to his friends in Boston, *an elaborate description of Ellen* — her personal and mental qualities; a minute dissection as far as circumstances permitted, of her head and heart. This is intolerable, certainly. . . .

Affectionately

Yrs J. C. JR.

The eccentric brother referred to in the letter was Mr. Coolidge's younger brother, Thomas Bulfinch Coolidge. This young man was somewhat of a scapegrace, and was engaged to a girl whom the family may not have approved of as highly as they did of Ellen. He was undoubtedly present at the wedding, and appears to have

turned up intermittently at various points on their homeward journey in a sort of combined capacity of companion, courier, and body servant. The allusions to him are not always as grateful as his services would seem to demand.

From Washington Ellen wrote a long and rather dispirited letter back to her mother, taken up mostly with accounts of the kindness of some of her friends and the lack of it of others. There were the usual worries about luggage, and solicitous letters to everyone at home, with rather condescending reference to the servants (slaves). She was evidently tired after a hard journey, and Washington in 1825 did not offer the distractions that it would have offered a century later.

WASHINGTON, *June 26, 1825*

. . . I have not spoken of my journey which was like other journies, with the usual quantum of trouble and fatigue, and the usual monotony of what is called a safe journey. If our trunks arrive, we shall leave Washington on the morning of the 28th, and you will hear from us in Baltimore. . . .

We spent last afternoon with Aunt Randolph and the evening with Mrs. Bulfinch. I think in the show of relations, as far as this city goes, Joseph has the advantage of me. His are neither very elegant nor fashionable, but amiable and kind, and have treated me with great cordiality. . . .

Mr. Bulfinch, the lawyer, is drawing up a power of attorney which Joseph will sign empowering Jefferson to dispose of Sally and to protect her. Her own wishes you know, my dear mother, must direct the disposition that is made of her, for I would not for the world that after living with me fifteen years, any kind of violence should be done to her feelings. If she wishes to be sold, let her choose her own master; if to

be hired, she should have the same liberty, or at least not be sent anywhere where she is unwilling to go; but why should I say anything to you on this subject, who are the very soul of gentleness and humanity.

Adieu, dearest, dearest mother. I think of the servants even with affection, and wish them to know that I do so. . . .

Your own devoted daughter,

ELLEN

A short letter from Mr. Coolidge from Baltimore tells of the further progress of the journey northward, but there is unfortunately no record of the stop either there or at Philadelphia.

New York City in 1825

Three letters from New York tell Ellen Coolidge's story while there in her own way. They give a diverting suggestion of hectic, hurried days, overcrowded with bustle, shopping, officialism, and social circumstance, and their attendant fatigues, which might well be true of the same place to-day. The central interest of these days, not only for this particular young couple, but for the whole country, was the stay of General La Fayette and his reception in New York, on his way to visit Jefferson at Monticello. By a lucky chance, this coincided almost exactly with the time when the Coolidges arrived on their way North, and Ellen's ready pen gives a clear-cut description of what was a great event not only in her own life but in that of the young nation as well. Thanks to her personal relation to the General himself, arising from his lifelong intimacy with her grandfather, and thanks also to the fact that she happened to be in the city for the first time in the sentimental position of a bride on her wedding trip, she had an exceptional

opportunity to tell dramatically the tale which these three letters disclose.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1825

Engagements of one kind or other multiply upon me, dearest Mother, and every spare moment seems valuable. . . .

In the morning, when I first opened my eyes, there has always been some journey to prepare for and commence, or a variety of engagements to visit places and persons so numerous and pressing as scarcely to leave me time to dress & breakfast. The days have passed in the fulfillment of these engagements or in the excitement of rapid traveling through new countries, where everything was unknown, and of course to a certain degree interesting, generally too on crowded stages or steamboats with a variety of strange objects to attract my attention and arrest my thoughts in spite of myself. Then at night I have gone to bed exhausted and fallen almost immediately to sleep overcome by mere bodily fatigue. . . .

Gen'l La Fayette called on us yesterday, but finding us out left word that he would come again today. He spoke very affectionately to Thomas who received him, made many inquiries after both our families, and in presence of the admiring envying crowd took both his hands & led him into the street to repeat his assurances of friendship for us & his wish to visit us at any time when it might be convenient *to the lady* to receive him. Thomas diverted himself a good deal at the gapes and stares of the multitude who wished to see who it could be that received such marks of attention from the *General*.

We shall remain in New York nearly a week longer. How very sorry I am you cannot know this in time to write to us again here. I have seen some of

the sights of the place, walked on the famous battery, gazed on the bright and beautiful bay, with its forts and islands & shipping, visited the Castle Garden so celebrated in the Fayette annals, & driven the length of the city which is so immense in comparison with anything I ever saw, of such magnitude and such population with such an appearance of life & activity that I can scarcely recover from my surprise. The streets literally swarm, the noise is incessant, & overpowering, & I can never look out of the window without fancying there must be some extraordinary occasion for such rapid & hurried movements; such throngs of people; such ringing of bells and hurrying to and fro of men, horses, carriages etc. etc. but it is always the same. We shall visit Miss Morris probably tomorrow. . . .

Your own,
ELLEN

Joseph begins the following letter.

July 9th

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been at the office, and found there yours of July 5th. It was wholly unexpected, and has given great pleasure to Ellen, for her fears respecting Elizabeth have made her anxious to hear from Ashton. We are going out, and the carriage is now waiting at the door, but yours shows such a wish to hear from her by every post that while she is putting on her bonnet I write to tell you that she is well, notwithstanding her constant exertion, for there is so much to be done and seen here that we are obliged to be up early and late.

[The following is in Ellen's handwriting.]

Joseph is putting on his cravat and I have taken up the pen dearest mother to say how happy I am to hear of Elizabeth's safety. I have had many

fears on her account & her melancholy face, as I saw it last so pale & apprehensive, has haunted my imagination since we parted. I am well and going out this morning to do my shopping in company with Mrs. Henry Rogers, a great friend of Joseph's, & a lovely elegant creature. I shall get a bonnet, veil, scarf, india muslin dress, and some more lace if the money holds out. This will complete my wedding paraphernalia and set me handsomely afloat. I shall write to one of you tomorrow or the day after. This evening I am going to see the ascent of an aeronaut in a balloon at Castle Garden. The Marquis called on us yesterday, seemed very glad to see us, and thinks he will be at Monticello by the end of July or beginning of August. Adieu, dearest mother, the carriage waits & *it is a hack*.

Love to all from your own devoted
ELLEN

N.B. [by Joseph] 'ts not a hack; tis a 'glass coach'!!!

NEW YORK, July 16, 1825

I have risen an hour or two earlier than usual, my dearest mother, to write you a few lines, as it is nearly a week since my last letter to Mary, & I fear you may become uneasy. We have been detained much longer in N. York than we expected, which I regret exceedingly as the expense of living in a boarding house is enormous, to say nothing of the most excessive charges for washing, hack hire &c &c. There has been so much to see & do, that it was quite impossible for us to have got away sooner without defeating the objects for which we came. I have been in more constant movement than I ever was before, visiting, shopping, & seeing of sights.

We have been attended to by many persons but by no one more than our dear excellent La Fayette. He went so

far as to remonstrate with the common council for occupying his whole time with their arrangements 'whilst,' said he 'the grand daughter of one of my dearest friends is in N. York knowing scarcely any one but myself, and I am prevented from visiting her & paying her the attention I wish to pay.' Upon this the recorder of the city who is also attached to the municipal body, waited upon us, introduced himself & having mentioned this circumstance invited us to meet the General at his house that evening, & to accompany him the next morning on a visit to Staten Island, whither he went to see Mrs. Tompkins, the widow of the V. President. These arrangements were accordingly carried into effect, & it was on board the steamboat the following day after our return from Staten Island that I took leave of this truly amiable & excellent man. . . .

Mr. Ricker, the common council man and Recorder, who introduced himself to us, is a great friend of my grandfather's. Under his *patronage* we were led through the City Hall, & to its summit, commanding perhaps the finest view I ever saw, the whole city of N. Y. the adjoining country set thick with villages & farm houses, the Bay which is said to rival that of Naples, with its islands, forts and shipping, the Hudson River, two miles wide, stretching far to the North, the East River flowing off towards the Sound, the New Jersey shore, the Town of Brooklyn, the settlement at Paulus Hook, the graves and walks of Hoboken, in short more beautiful objects than I can write the names of. The *municipal father* himself is a true picture of a good humored, self important, (vulgar) alderman, and the good dame his wife, with misses his daughters, form altogether such a thrifty family of cits as you read of in English novels. I was very much amused at the extreme deference he

showed me, in union with a deep sense of his own dignity & importance, his erect little person, head set back upon his shoulders, his formal bows and bustling courtesy, the respect with which his brothers of the municipality approached him, & his own corresponding politeness. He was in agonies lest his daughters should in any way forget what was due to the granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson and the friend of La Fayette, & he bustled and hurried around me, herding me from place to place with perpetual admonitions to his womenkind, 'Betsy, my dear, you crowd Mrs. Coolidge;' 'Anne, get out of that window, my child, Mrs. Coolidge cannot see;' 'Girls, fall back. Mrs. Coolidge is distressed by the heat,' etc. etc. with constant references to my dear grandfather which delighted me even from the lips of a dutch common-councilman. We have been to Morrisonia and were very kindly received. The spot is one of Nature's favorites, & bears marks of having been once the abode of wealth and luxury, though at present the very abomination of desolation prevails through manor, house & garden. . . .

Love to all
Au revoir, dearest mother.

New England and Boston

Further letters tell the story of the remaining journey through northern New England and down the Connecticut Valley to Springfield and Boston. The route seems to have been up the Hudson River to Lake George and Lake Champlain, and across the latter to the Vermont shore, and then down the Connecticut to Springfield, and easterly to Boston.

BURLINGTON, July 26, 1825

We reached Burlington on Saturday evening after enjoying the sight of some

grand and beautiful views, the scenery on Lake Champlain quite different from that of Lake George, is nevertheless exceedingly fine. The Vermont shore is not particularly interesting, except in some points where one catches a distant view of those green mountains which have given their name to the state & to some of the most gallant revolutionary defenders, but the New York side is one continued range of grand mountains, which lying in different ridges give you every variety of colour from the deep garter blue of the nearer and lower, to the dim pale tinge of azure so faint as scarcely to allow you to distinguish the outline of the distant sierra from the sky against which it rests. . . .

The pleasure I enjoyed met however with a sad interruption; when we were about six or eight miles from Burlington, there came up a storm of wind and rain which drove us all below. This was bad enough, but presently the waves began to run quick and short, the boat rolled and tossed, & the female passengers became almost all of them exceedingly sick. The cabin presented a sad scene. One poor lady who had taken a heavy dinner, will, I venture to say, never follow the example of Mrs. Duck again, that is if she is capable of learning from experience, how much greater is the pain of disgorging than the pleasure of swallowing. Another unfortunate creature was dragged on deck during a temporary cessation of the rain, and Thomas who undertook the management of her (there were not more than two female servants on board) began by forcing half a glass of brandy down her throat. For myself, fortunately having breakfasted late, & eaten again in the middle of the day, I had declined taking any dinner, so that the foul fiend of sea sickness, finding my stomach strong in its emptiness, after administering a few qualms,

turned its force against my head. I had gone to the door for air, and Joseph was at my side, when a sudden dizzy stupor came over my brain, my recollection seemed for a moment to desert me, the ground gave way under my feet, & I should have fallen but for my husband who immediately raised me in his arms, & carried me to a berth, where after some time I recovered so far as when we reached Burlington to be able to rise and walk. . . .

Burlington is the most beautiful village I have ever seen. It is built on the very brink of the lake, which is here at least ten miles wide, and commands a full view of the mountains, & rich scenery of the N. Y. shore. The streets are wide, not paved, but of a fine grey clay which would scarcely soil a white shoe. The 'grande place' or courthouse square is large and has not a single bad house fronting upon it, whilst there are some very fine ones. Indeed the private houses generally are among the best I have ever seen; some are large, well-built, surrounded with handsome gardens, and fine trees, & I am told quite elegantly furnished within; others with less pretension, and belonging to persons of smaller fortunes, are extremely neat and apparently comfortable, with green lots, and pretty simple paling. They build pretty generally with brick, which is sometimes covered with stucco, but even the little wooden houses of the common people have an air of cleanly comfort that is delightful to witness. The inhabitants to the number of about 3000 are well looking & of very respectable appearance, and the whole village has a most pleasing look of quiet & neatness & order; but the country round seems to me exceedingly sterile, and the good people surely deserve great credit for overcoming the obstacles which I think must have stood in their way; there are some green fields & grassy dells, and here and

there knolls with trees which the eye rests on with pleasure, but in spite of the beauty of the season and the scenery, the industry & regularity of the inhabitants, there are some things, many things, which tell harsh tales of a barren land & dreary climate. The principal growth about the city is of miserable, pinched, & poverty-stricken pines, so ragged and wretched that it makes your heart ache to look at them. The clayey soil has a most weary stale flat & unprofitable countenance; in the houses you are alarmed at the sight of stove-pipes running in every direction, and when you go out, great piles of wood already cut and prepared for winter's use, speak volumes of the horrors of a climate where such precautions are necessary. Then the southern eye is shocked by finding those barbarous machines of sleighs constantly associated with other carriages & my blood runs cold as I read a sign 'such a one, carriage and sleigh maker' so true it is that in the midst of summer we are in winter, in the middle of life we are in death. The house maid, a bright, intelligent, little girl, with whom I like to chat sometimes, tells me that the snow falls every year 5 or 6 feet deep. How terrible. . . .

Remember me affectionately to all at home including the Ashton and Sutton families, and believe me dearest mother ever your own daughter. E

Next follows the most important letter of the group, sent by Ellen not to her mother or sisters, but to her friend and teacher, her grandfather, Thomas Jefferson. This letter, written in a style similar to and quite as vigorous as his own, and marked by the same tendency to wordiness, shows the deep intellectual companionship that had for years existed between these two persons of the same blood, but differing in age by nearly fifty years. It is

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Boston, August 1, '25

Having reached Boston in safety, my dearest grandfather, one of my first cares is to write to you, to thank you for all the kindness I have received from you, & for all the affection you have shown me, from my infancy & childhood, throughout the course of my maturer years; the only return I can make is by gratitude the deepest & most enduring and love the most devoted; and although removed by fortune to a distance from you, yet my heart is always with you. I shall write as often as the fear of troubling you (who are already so much troubled by numerous letters from others) will permit, and return to see you whenever I possibly can, and this I hope will not be unfrequently. The facility of traveling is now such that I have myself passed over about 1000 miles in 12 days; for, of the five weeks that elapsed between my leaving Monticello & reaching Boston, we have stopped more than three in different great cities on the road. Mr. Coolidge wished to give me an idea of the beauty & prosperity of the New England states, & instead of taking me from New York to Boston by sea, he planned a tour, which we have accordingly made, up the Hudson as far as Albany, from thence to Saratoga, Lakes George & Champlain, as far north as Burlington in Vermont, from Burlington across the country to the Connecticut River, & down this river to Springfield, from whence, through the interior of Massachusetts, to Boston. The journey has been long & somewhat fatiguing; but it has made me acquainted with probably the fairest & most flourishing portion of New England, and I do not regret having taken it; it has given me an idea of prosperity & improvement, such as I fear

our Southern States cannot hope for, whilst the canker of slavery eats into their hearts & diseases the whole body by this ulcer at the core. When I consider the immense advantage of soil & climate which we possess over these people, it grieves me to think that such great gifts of Nature should have failed to produce anything like the wealth and improvement which the New Englanders have wrung from the hard bosom of a stubborn & ungrateful land, & amid the gloom & desolation of their wintry skies. I should judge from appearances that they are at least a century in advance of us in all the arts & embellishments of life; & they are pressing forward in their course with zeal and activity which I think must ensure success. It is certainly a pleasing sight, this flourishing state of things. The country is covered with a multitude of beautiful villages; the fields are cultivated & forced into fertility; the roads kept in the most exact order; the inns numerous, affording good accommodations, & traveling facilitated by the ease with which post carriages & horses are always to be obtained. Along the banks of the Connecticut there are rich meadow lands, & here *New* might, I should think, almost challenge *Old* England in beauty of landscape. From the top of Mount Holyoke, which commands, perhaps, one of the most extensive views in these States, the whole country as you look down upon it resembles one vast garden divided into its parterres. There are upwards of twenty villages in sight at once, & the windings of the Connecticut are every where marked, not only by its clear & bright waters, but by the richness & beauty of the fields and meadows, & the density of population on it's banks. The villages themselves have an air of neatness & comfort that is delightful. The houses have no architectural pretensions, but

they are pleasing to look at, for they are almost all painted white, with vines about the windows & doors, & grass plots in front decorated with flowers & shrubs; a neat paling separates each little domain from its neighbor; & the outhouses are uniformly excellent, especially the wood house, which is a prominent feature in every establishment, & is, even at this season, well nigh filled with the stock for winter's use. The school-houses are comfortable looking buildings, & the churches with their white steeples add not a little to the beauty of the landscape. It is common also to find the larger of these country towns the seat of colleges, which are numerous throughout the country.

The appearance of the people generally is much in their favor; the men seem sober, orderly, & industrious. I have seen but one drunken man since I entered New England, & he was a South Carolinian. The women are modest, tidy, & well looking. The children even are more quiet & civil than you generally find them elsewhere; they are almost all taught to curtsy or bow to passers-by; and it is an amusing & not unpleasant sight to see a group of these little urchins returning from school with their books in their hands, draw up by the side of the road & gravely salute the traveller, who rewards their courtesy only by a smile & a nod.

I have visited only one of the great cotton factories which are beginning to abound in the country, & although it was a flourishing establishment, & excited my astonishment by its powers of machinery & the immense saving of time & labor, yet I could not get reconciled to it. The manufacturer grows rich whilst the farmer plods on in comparative poverty; but the pure air of heaven & the liberty of the fields in summer, with a quiet & comfortable fireside in winter, certainly strike the

imagination more favorably than the confinement of the large but close, heated, & crowded rooms of a factory, the constant whirl & deafening roar of machinery, & the close, sour, & greasy smells emitted by the different ingredients employed in the different processes of manufacturing cotton & woollen cloths. Also, I fancied the farmers & labourers looked more cheerful & healthy than the persons employed in the factories, & their wives & daughters prettier & neater than the women & girls I saw before the looms & spinning jennies. There are two little spectacles I liked much to look out upon from the windows of the carriages; the one was the frequent waggons laden high above their tops with hay (the country through which I have passed being principally a grass-growing one), drawn by the largest, finest, & handsomest oxen I have ever seen, & driven by a hail, ruddy farmer's lad; the other was a country girl driving home her cow, for the girls, as I have said before, are well looking, healthy, & modest, & the cows laden with their milky treasures might, any one of them, serve as a study for a painter who desired to express this sort of abundance.

I have written badly, I fear almost illegibly, for I am not yet recovered from the fatigue of my journey, & my hand trembles; after this long letter, then, my dearest grandfather, I will bid you adieu. I have been received with great kindness by my new relations, but my heart turns towards those who love me so much better than any others can ever do. I am anxious, however, to conciliate those with whom I am hereafter to reside, & shall strive to make friends, particularly as I have every reason to believe that my husband's family & circle of immediate friends are persons of uncommon merit. Mr. Coolidge prays to be permitted to express his regard & veneration for you,

& will attend immediately to your memorandum. Once more adieu, my dear grandpapa, love to all, and for yourself the assurance of my devoted love.

ELLEN W. COOLIDGE

The arrival in Boston and reception by Mr. Coolidge's family was perhaps just what might have been expected.

BOSTON, *July 31, 25*

The post goes out immediately, dearest mother, but I will if possible write a line to let you know of our safe arrival here. We reached Boston in the stage coach between ten and eleven o'clock last night, the family had given up expecting us for that day & had all retired except Joseph's father, who was still in the drawing room. His mother and sister were down, however, in less time than it would have been possible for any Virginia lady to accomplish such a business—the whole family received me affectionately, but I remained with them a few moments only before Joseph and Thomas sent me off to bed; this morning I felt fatigued & feverish & determined not to rise by Elizabeth's advice until towards noon, and I write this to you from my bed. I am not at all ill, but only tired. This being Sunday the whole family have gone to Church leaving me in charge of the 'bonne' a very respectable looking old lady. . . .

Love to all my dear ones. Mrs. Nichols hurries me with my letter & I have inked the sheet all over. Adieu my own beloved mother

Ever your own

ELLEN

The whole trip and its impressions are summarized in a letter to Mrs. Randolph by Mr. Coolidge written from Nahant in August, with a postscript by Ellen. This last letter gives the reverse side of the picture so far

as the wonders of the wedding journey are concerned, and makes fairly plain the sort of difficulties which the delicate, high-strung Virginia bride had to contend with in adjusting herself to the atmosphere of Boston in 1825.

BOSTON, *August 1825*

MY DEAR MOTHER:

We are at Nahant, and I devote a leisure hour to my friends at Monticello. Our journey became at length fatiguing, owing to the excessively warm weather, crowded inns and coaches; so that we were glad to arrive at my father's house where they had long expected us. Several days were necessary to recover from the exhaustion of our ride, and Ellen, then, received the visits of those who called upon her. Of course she can, as yet, have formed no friendships, having had opportunity only to see the faces of the circle in which she is to live. I do not think that she is so much pleased with Boston, or its inhabitants, as I thought she would have been; both were praised too highly by those we met on our route; and who, learning her destination, thought to ingratiate themselves by speaking well of her future residence. As for the city, long drought had destroyed everything like verdure, so that the environs of Boston were as dry and dirty as its streets, and then we arrived at midnight, on Saturday, and were too tired to look upon the fronts even of the houses we passed by moonlight. . . .

Our journey will not furnish a subject for pleasant letters; but I ought to write you more particularly about herself: First (it will interest you, I know, to hear it) *my* friends all like her, and secondly she will I am certain be a *general favorite*; many will love her for my sake; more for her own. The climate, too, of wh she had heard such accts will, I am sure, be of more benefit

to her health than she can imagine—and our habits will be found to nearly resemble those to wh she has been accustomed; moreover, she will soon acknowledge that the reports of inconvenience and independence in our domestics are very much exaggerated. . . .

I am most sincerely glad to hear of Mr. Jefferson's improving health; the crowds of uninteresting men among whom I have been moving of late make me think of *him* with increased veneration, and public opinion in this section of our country has changed, of late, much, very much, in regard to him; public and private testimony to his patriotism and character, are no longer infrequent; to his literary merits they have never been so.

Yrs

J. C. JR.

The following is in Ellen's handwriting.

NAHANT, *Wednesday*

I have received your letter of Aug. 2 my dearest mother, and will write very soon. I am staying here to recruit after a journey too long and too rapidly made not to be exceptionally fatiguing. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor who are staying here also have been the very soul of kindness to me. Were it not for them I should have but a melancholy time, for I know nobody, and am too homesick and pining after all I have left behind me at Monticello to make myself amiable to persons who having no interest at all in forming an acquaintance with me, are careless about seeking me. Love to all and for yourself, dearest mother, the assurance that each day adds to the tenderness of my love since each day makes me more sensible of all I have lost in a separation from you.

Ever your own,

ELLEN

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

THIS is the story. Some day I shall know the ending.

I

It is very unusual to find an Indian seaman — and a fireman at that — taking an interest in horses. Indians don't care for animals as a rule, and unless they are of a race or caste used to horses they are frankly scared by them.

I was traveling by the Domena to Bombay, and I was taking back with me two English hunters. They were in the boxes in which they had been slung on to the fore well deck starboard. The boxes had been secured to ring-bolts on the deck, and there the horses would stay to the end of the voyage. They could get no grooming on board, and all I could do was to see that they got the proper feeds.

I found him standing by one of the boxes feeding pieces of bread to Prudence, the chestnut mare, and talking to her in a language of his own which she seemed to understand perfectly. Now Prudence does not take kindly to human beings. She has a nasty temper, and she is as hot as chestnuts can be. She bites a bit sometimes. She seemed, however, to like the big Pathan in singlet and dirty white trousers. He did not see me, for I was behind him, and I could only take in the breadth of back and depth of chest fining down to the loins, and the abnormally high development of the deltoid muscles which comes from shoveling coal. All

ships' firemen have those arms. Then the bell struck for the watch, and as the serang's pipe shrilled he moved forward and disappeared into the fo'c'sle.

I did not see him again until we were halfway down the Red Sea. We had what the Chief Officer called a 'Paddy's breeze,' a following wind, and the smoke from the funnel went straight up into the air. Both horses felt the heat a lot, and the stokeholds were on half watches. I took a look down into the boiler room and found a dripping engincer in nothing but a boiler suit and slippers, shouting bad Hindustani with a Glasgow accent to a fireman serang, and pointing at the wavering needle of a pressure gauge.

This time I met him face to face when I found him rubbing Andy's nose. He tried to bolt for the fo'c'sle, but I addressed a remark to him in Pushtu, I forget quite what, something about the horses finding it a bit hot. Hearing Pushtu seemed fairly to set him off. It appeared that he had not heard his language in months, that his name was Baz Khan, an Orakzai, and that he came from somewhere up the Tochi Valley.

Now Pathan firemen are not unusual, but they are not of the type of Baz Khan. They usually come from lower down in British India, and I was curious to know more of him. I drew a bow at a venture and asked, 'Baz Khan, what cavalry regiment were you in?' It was not really a very blind shot, for, of course, most of those men who

come into British India from the Tochi Valley come to join the army, and if he had not been in the cavalry the horses would not have interested him. After I had asked the question, I read what was going on behind those deep-set eyes of his as well as if he had told me. He was wondering how much I knew, and if I was worth a good lie. As I watched him I grew convinced that he must have had some trouble to bring him to sea. 'Trouble' on the border is generally a euphemism for murder — a thing not usually mentioned between gentlemen.

I got his story at last, and at considerable length. He did not tell it as a straightforward narrative, but it all came out in conversation during his watches below at our meeting place by the horse boxes, with Andy nuzzling at his shoulder and Prudence wrinkling her lips when he scratched her nose.

II

It seemed that he had in fact been in the cavalry, in 'Mukwan ki Chaliswan Risala' — that is to say, the Fortieth Cavalry. The Fortieth when I knew them were a crack regiment, always on the frontier and on semi-active service, which sometimes bloomed into real war. They were raised by a Captain Macklewhame in the Mutiny, but little is known of him beyond his name, which is still preserved by the regiment as 'Mukwan.' Indians find it hard to get attached to a bare number, and many a regiment preserves, for sentiment, the name of an obscure first commanding officer. Anyway, everyone knows the Fortieth. People sometimes call them the Forty Thieves, which they consider a compliment, but generally they are just 'Mukwans.'

His village was Al'Stupr at the top end of the Tochi Valley in the Wana Wazir country. It is not entirely acci-

dent that the Hindustani word for a fort and the Pushtu for a village are practically the same, for the Pushtu village is always a fort. In the case of Al'Stupr there was a group of three or four solid blocks of stone buildings standing foursquare to the valley, each with its tower at one corner. The walls were probably fifteen or twenty feet high and the tower another twenty on top of that. The sides would probably have been a hundred feet long or so. Each block was a fort in itself, and in the centre of each would be kept such beasts as the family owned.

The brown bare hills rise high all round, but wherever there is any level ground patches of cultivation are put in. In this country the men go out to plough with a rifle slung over one shoulder, and there is never a time when someone is not looking out from the tower, which can be climbed only by a ladder from the outside.

Baz Khan as soon as he was old enough went into the army as a matter of course, and, equally as a matter of course, into 'Mukwans.' His father was then Dafadar Major of the regiment, a rank which corresponds to that of sergeant major.

His grandfather, who had been one of the first to join on its formation, had been Rissaldar Major, the highest Indian commissioned rank in a cavalry regiment. The grandfather was still alive, a pensioner with a long string of medals and decorations, with an eye as keen as ever and a wrist as strong.

In those days, about 1907, as everyone knows, all the cavalry in the Indian army was silladar. That is to say, the recruit had to pay for his own horse, saddlery, and clothing, which were provided under regimental arrangements. All that he was provided with free were his arms, which, in the case

of Mukwans, consisted of lance and rifle. These terms, one would think, would discourage anyone. The pay was nothing, only about seven rupees a month, and there was no attraction in that. The terms of service had, however, the opposite effect, for each silladar regiment could command an unending supply of recruits, and it was not everyone, even though he had the physique and money, who was allowed to join. Most recruits had some connection with the regiment, and influence of some kind was required to get a man in.

And so he left home. Old Zaffer Khan, the grandfather, gave Baz Khan his blessing and pushed him off down the valley to join. Faiz Ullah, another lad of his own age, from the house a few hundred yards away, went with him. Faiz Ullah was going to join the same regiment if he could.

They were probably dressed in their best — baggy white trousers caught in at the ankle and embroidered velvet waistcoats. Their hair would be worn long enough to frame the face, and well oiled. They would be wearing the blue and white striped puggree wound turban fashion around the gold-thread kullah, the pointed cap of the hills.

I need not repeat to you all that Baz Khan told me of joining the regiment at Risalpur, of learning the drill and how to ride. Weapons, of course, would come easily to his hand, and I have no doubt that he spoke truth when he said that from the start he could shoot better than the stout Sikh musketry dafadar who taught the recruits. Those fellows from the Tochi Valley take to soldiering like ducks to water. Faiz Ullah, however, was not, apparently, much of a success and would have been in trouble frequently if Baz Khan had not taken him in hand and big-brothered him generally.

He could not keep either himself or his horse clean, and Baz Khan once even stood a guard for him because he had not taken steps to get ready.

III

Baz Khan's first taste of service, he told me, was when a wing of his regiment — consisting of two squadrons — was ordered up from Nowshera for a show in the Black Mountains. Some of you may remember the one I mean; it was about 1911. It was only an affair of a couple of infantry battalions and two squadrons of cavalry, but it was the first time that he had reason to suspect Faiz Ullah, who was in the same section, of cowardice. I can see what happened. The squadron was forming the advanced guard to the force, — the spearhead, in fact, — and out in front their section had been pushed along the road at the point of the spear. Away ahead again, the tip of the point, were Baz Khan and Faiz Ullah. You can imagine how they would move — the one with his rifle, the other with his lance across the saddle, one of the two ready for instant action in any event. The lance would have a khaki cap over the head to prevent the glint of the sun on the burnished metal, and the red and white pennon would be rolled and tied. The rifle would be loaded with a full magazine, cocked, and with the safety catch forward. Faiz Ullah was leading with the lance, Baz Khan following a horse's length or two behind and somewhat to one side. Baz Khan was, from what he told me, a deadly shot and loved his rifle.

As it happened, they ran into nothing, but there was no doubt that Faiz Ullah hung back. The two were pushing on at a trot, and continually Baz Khan, who rode five or six pounds heavier and had the lighter horse, would come level with Faiz Ullah.

Now in war time there are as few opportunities for superlative cowardice as there are for superlative courage. Generally speaking, it is all amazingly dull, with a few moments of excitement thrown in. You don't usually have a chance to judge a man's courage by more than a succession of tiny incidents coupled with your instinct. Baz Khan told me that, though he knew that Faiz Ullah was not a good soldier, it had never before occurred to him that he had not the normal amount of courage.

In the course of a few days he was convinced of the true state of affairs. Their troop was ordered out on patrol. There was a good deal of risk attached to the duty, although actually, I gathered, nothing much did eventually happen. Anyway, Faiz Ullah's horse unaccountably dropped a shoe. It may have been coincidence, but Baz Khan thought not, and it was only then that he realized that Faiz Ullah had up till that time escaped most of the more risky duties in one way or another. At all events, the show ended, and they went back to barracks with nothing more for Baz Khan to go on than that. He kept his own counsel, did his duties, and helped Faiz Ullah when he could. In fact, he carried on as usual.

IV

At this stage I had to fill in a lot for myself. Women are seldom mentioned by North Indian Mahomedans, and if any of you have had anything to do with pensioners and next of kin you will know how impossible it is to get them to mention even their women-folks' names.

The pay office requires the name of the next of kin, generally mother or wife. Occasionally you fail to get the information required, but if it is given to you it is whispered under promise

of secrecy, or the name is written on a dirty slip in scrawly Urdu and passed across the table. You have to fill it in and then comfort yourself with the reflection that the Pay Office Babus will file the papers as mechanically as machines, with never a thought as to who Nisa Bibi of the village of Pir Pial may be. We should never get the names if they thought that they would ever be even read by Hindu Babus in Command Headquarters.

I gathered that Baz Khan went home and got married. He was then a junior noncommissioned officer, and that, I suppose, must have been 1913, because in the hot weather of 1914, say about April, Faiz Ullah went on leave back to the Tochi Valley and Al'Supr. The next thing Baz Khan heard was that Faiz Ullah had stolen his wife.

Baz Khan's first feeling would have been one of absolute shame. He may or may not have loved his wife, but here was proof that he was not man enough to keep her. His father, the Dafadar Major, probably tried to comfort him with the Pathan proverb, 'Trust a snake before a Brahmin, and a Brahmin before a woman,' but the main thing to be done was to keep the affair absolutely secret, for two reasons. The first was, of course, to save the family honor in the regiment, the second to keep the news from the ears of any British officer. A native officer would have been sympathetic, but if it once got beyond to British ears any chance of getting leave to go home to deal with Faiz Ullah would be gone. Never would either Baz Khan or his father be allowed away at the same time as Faiz Ullah. In the regiment he was safe, for that is Pathan custom. Wherever there are Pathan companies there are men serving in them amicably who, once over the border, would cheerfully carry on the family

feud. After all, with people like that some convention of the kind is the only possible one.

The secret was well kept, and both Baz Khan and his father applied for leave. The latter's position got his almost immediately and he left for the Tochi two days ahead of Baz Khan. Before they left they made arrangements to pick up good service rifles and a supply of ammunition over the border. It would have seemed odd to no one in those parts who might have known that those same rifles had been stolen a few weeks before, and had belonged to a British infantry regiment newly arrived in Rawalpindi.

Baz Khan got away early in July, 1914. He followed his father as fast as he could. As luck would have it, the father had been delayed in getting his rifle, and Baz Khan overtook him at sunset, only a mile or so from home and in sight of Faiz Ullah's house. They should have been careful, but hearts were heavy, and they embraced Mahomedan fashion, hands on shoulders, and stood a moment like that in the dusk.

Baz Khan was facing up the valley, and as his father removed his hands from his shoulders Faiz Ullah stepped into the path from behind a rock not twenty yards away. He raised his rifle and deliberately shot the Dafadar Major through the back. Faiz Ullah snapped the bolt to reload as Baz Khan unslung his rifle. They must have fired at each other simultaneously, Baz Khan shooting from the hip. Faiz Ullah missed, and Baz Khan's rifle clicked harmlessly. The cartridge had misfired. He did not get a chance for a second shot, for Faiz Ullah dodged back behind the rock, and when Baz Khan saw him again he was a flying white figure, too vaguely seen in the dusk to justify a shot. Cartridges on the frontier at a rupee a time are not to

be wasted. Faiz Ullah had done his best to make sure that neither father nor son got home.

Taking his father's rifle and ammunition, Baz Khan made his way home and told his news to old Zaffer Khan, who, having heard the shooting, must have been prepared for something.

There was no cover within some hundreds of yards of Faiz Ullah's father's tower, and even if there had been, no one was likely to venture out by day while Baz Khan was known to be in the Tochi Valley. Nor could they move at night, for Baz Khan would be sure to come in close to watch the only gate. There was only one thing to be done — to make it appear that Baz Khan had fled to his house and dared not show his nose abroad.

Between them — old Zaffer Khan, now nearly eighty, and Baz Khan — they lifted the Dafadar Major and carried him home. Then Baz Khan took his place. As I told you, the place was within sight of Faiz Ullah's house, and though the range was long, about eight hundred yards, Baz Khan knew he could shoot. On the next day Faiz Ullah would look out from his tower and see the corpse apparently still there and would think from that that Baz Khan and his grandfather were afraid. Then perhaps he would move.

Dawn came up over the brown hills and Baz Khan watched, but nothing stirred. It was July, and Baz Khan lay in the open. The Tochi Valley in July is hot. Probably the thermometer, if there had been one, would have stood at over 125 degrees in the shade of the houses, and the rocks in those valleys radiate the heat. The houses would begin to dance and shimmer and the grease would run from under the rifle barrel, which would be far too hot to touch. The pool of his father's blood

turned brown and cracked. Then Baz Khan got thirsty. By eleven o'clock he wondered if he could stand it, but the memory of his shame and of his father kept him to it. He wanted only to kill Faiz Ullah. By noon nothing had stirred, and Baz Khan still watched.

When sunset came mercifully to Baz Khan, light-headed and worn, Zaffer Khan sent word to tell him that last night Faiz Ullah had fled back to the regiment for safety. Frontier honor would have been satisfied with any other males of the family, but there was only Faiz Ullah's aged grandfather left at home, and Baz Khan scorned him. It was Faiz Ullah he wanted.

He got back to his regiment almost simultaneously with orders for mobilization, and explained that his father had died from an 'accident.' This was accepted without question or request for explanation, as is usual, which saved Baz Khan from bothering to invent a story.

V

The regiment was ordered to France, and they entrained themselves and their horses for Karachi. At the station at Nawabshah on the line to Karachi and just before you get to Kotri Junction, Faiz Ullah, who was standing picket in a freight car loaded with horses, got down to fill a canvas bucket with water at the stand pipe, and there he tried, in broad daylight, to desert. Baz Khan, however, was too quick for him, and pulled him on board as the train was gathering speed. Faiz Ullah was not going to escape as easily as that, and he spent the rest of the journey on his knees at Baz Khan's feet begging for mercy, with only the horses in the car to see.

It was at Neuve-Chapelle that Baz

Khan brought Faiz Ullah in wounded. The cavalry had been employed dismounted, and they had pushed their attack home with a fury that overshot the mark. Thus it happened that Faiz Ullah lay out in front of the line with a shell splinter in his leg. Baz Khan, now a Dafadar, the equivalent of sergeant, noticed his absence and went in search of him.

He found him eventually in a ruined barn, and Faiz Ullah begged him to let him be. Baz Khan dressed his wound and carried him in under heavy fire, not forgetting his good frontier training and bringing back both rifles and sets of equipment with him. Baz Khan was not going to leave Faiz Ullah to anyone else; he wanted him himself. While bringing in Faiz Ullah he got a bullet through the arm. They gave him a medal for it.

They lay in neighboring beds in the Indian hospital at Brighton, and the nearest thing I ever saw to a laugh on his face was when Baz Khan described the way they commended him for his care of his friend. When they took Faiz Ullah away for a small operation he waited outside the theatre and must have been a nuisance to everyone.

They went back together to their regiment, which eventually was sent to Mesopotamia. They disembarked at Basra at the end of 1916, and it was here that Faiz Ullah finally gave Baz Khan the slip. He deserted and got clear away.

Baz Khan took his discharge in 1920, and when he got home he heard that Faiz Ullah had gone to sea as a fireman in a British India liner. Baz Khan followed. He did not intend to give up Faiz Ullah now, and only this thought could have sent him, Squadron Dafadar Major, Distinguished Conduct Medal and all, to do work like that. He joined

a British India steamer, the Godra, in Bombay in 1924 and thought he had found Faiz Ullah in Penang about six months later. Whoever it was, it was not Faiz Ullah. Then, acting on impulse, he joined the *Domena*, and two months before I met him he had missed Faiz Ullah by a day, in London.

There could be no doubt about him, for the superintendent of the Indian Seamen's Home in East India Dock Road described him even down to his scar.

Baz Khan is still looking for Faiz Ullah, and I think that some day he will find him.

OUR SPIRITUAL DESTITUTION

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN

I

It is remarkable to see how many college professors in the United States are writing protocols for a new religion. It may be a healthy sign, as solicitude for souls always is. Or it may be an academic episode without any significance at all, as it is bound to be if it is only another exercise in the millennialism which is so extraordinary a feature of the humane sciences in America. These sciences one might fairly interpret as being jealous of the achievements of physical science and bent upon matching its discoveries with revolutionary inventions of their own; and, since they cannot point to results so tangible and practical as physical science is forever producing, they appeal to futurity in vindication of the value of their finds.

There are psychologists, pedagogists, and sociologists among us who seem to aspire to the office of fortune teller. They promise us everything, from a transfigured nursery in which the child shall be almost as wise as its parents to a supersociety in which the parents shall be quite as happy as the child.

Messiahism does not live any longer in the prosaic house of religion; it has deserted that for a lyric habitation in the senates of the learned. How far this disposition to mediumship has gone we may see from a recent prediction of a champion of behaviorism, who says that in fifty years philosophy will be dead and buried, leaving the unencumbered earth to behaviorism and its dominion. Now before so stupendous a happening the most brilliant performance and the most exultant hope of physical science sink to triviality. The extinguishing of the lords of thought, from Socrates to Hegel and Bradley, and the waving of the banner of behaviorism over their forgotten ashes, is a spectacle and consummation that, we should say, only the Day of Judgment can surpass.

We are bound to observe that if it is in this temper, so frequent in their fraternity, that our professors are formulating a new religion; if in substance they announce, 'We have provided for the rearing of the child-paragon; we have arranged for the adjustments, responses, reactions, and habituations that will assure such a society as the

sun never shone on; we have destroyed philosophy; we have given an outline of schools that will offset the incompetence of parents and redeem the blunders of the ages; we have driven through the wilderness of politics a highway to the perfect State; so now, while we are about it, let us complete our apocalypse with a religion as flawless as all the rest' — if in such a spirit they assume the prophet's mantle, we may dismiss them at once. And this, not because they tell fortunes, but because they tell nothing. The building of a millennium without first building souls that are fit to possess one is the primary and radical romantic disease. It is the idlest exercise of any individual mind, and the most ruinous possible to the collective mind. And when a scholar descends to it he cannot expect that mature people will take him seriously at all, or that even the light-minded will take him seriously very long.

There are pitfalls, then, in the way of a founder or a reformer of religion, and especially dangerous ones in the way of a learned doctor who aspires to that dignity. So perhaps our present adventurers in that path may allow us of the laity respectfully to address them, and even bear with us if we admonish them. It is, I know, more formidable to offer suggestions to the professionally learned than to a synod of theologians. For these latter believe that we have souls to save, and this invests us with a mysterious and wistful dignity. To the doctors of the chair, however, we are given credit for no such secret habitation of possible wisdom. For them we have no souls to save, but only raw minds to instruct. There may be in them, consequently, a tendency to resentment when the petitioner for information turns into a dispenser of counsel. Yet there is something to be said for us if we stand on our feet before them without having raised the hand

for permission in a Fascist gesture of subjection. For one thing, if these eminent men, by the administering of whatever oxygen the laboratory holds, succeed in making their religion live, it is we who shall have to practise it. Surely, then, it is not unreasonable that we should have something to say about it.

And for another thing, we ordinary persons walking the streets meet with needs and occasions pertinent to religion which seem to be seldom encountered in the cloister. We do not know so much of history as our learned guides, but we experience more of it. When facts hit us, they hit us with bare knuckles. We have not the art of padding these knuckles with the cushions of theory so that we cannot tell whether it is a fact that hits us or an aerial abstraction that caresses us. We are not the *x*'s, *y*'s, and *z*'s which are the mummified representatives of us in the formulas of the schools. We are not the abstractions with which thinkers have traffic in the respectable witchcraft that is so often called scholarship. We are not the mournful ghosts that haunt the museum of philosophical or psychological hypotheses, that unsung sanctuary of the ever so dead. We are, in immortal phrase, the people. We are Tom, Dick, and Harry, flesh and blood, heads and hearts, with care and remorse, mirth and sorrow, and unfathomable experiences for which we hardly have names inside these hearts and heads. We are centres of life immersed in vast transactions and expectations, every one of them a prodigious mystery — like the innocence of the child, the shame of the sinner, the darkness of pain, the resurgence of aspiration, the joy of birth, the dread suspense of death.

In a word, we are homespun human nature, the thing precisely which has sustained so many religions and wrecked

so many philosophies. For the religions understood it, the wrecked philosophies did not. The unlearned have often profoundly known it, the learned as often profoundly perverted it. The man who only analyzes us passes away and is forgotten. The man who, in Dante's mighty saying, eternalizes us lives for our perpetual inspiration. This, in large phrasing, is what we are. And since religion has usually enriched us and the schools have frequently impoverished us; since, too, we take crushing revenges for the impoverishment; and since in consequence of all this we are to the learned not only a necessary subject but a terrible risk, we may presume to address our present instructors, and in terms as plain-spoken as they use in speaking to us.

II

We shall begin by setting forth two specimens of religious reconstruction lately offered for our healing by scholarly men. The first is from a professor in the State of New York. He has been impressed, he says, by the desolate condition of many students who lose their faith while in college. There are professors, he goes on, who take no interest in them, give them no help, and care nothing at all what becomes of them. This, he feels, is a mistake. For these students are not only in misery; they may be in danger. In illustration he mentions one student known to him who, from having lost God in the lecture room, lost, as it were, his soul also. The unfortunate youth announced that since the eternal ground of right had vanished he did not see how any weaker ground could logically support right as an authority valid against the claims of passion. So he pitched into immorality. And the final outcome was that he committed suicide. Our professor, stirred by so painful an event, recommends

that his fellow teachers hold out a hand to the young derelicts of faith around them. For himself, he cannot resist the call of charity, and declares that he has found a satisfactory religion, or substitute for one, and bestows it upon many confused and anxious minds.

It is this: First of all, there must be no nonsense or evasion; God must go, and when gone no time need be spent in the effort to bring Him back. We must turn to something that will strengthen and inspire the character as the thought of God once did. And this we shall find, he assures us, in 'bio-social relationships.' Once a man gets hold of these, he will feel himself refreshed and at peace, or at least protected from despair. Bio-social relationships seem to mean our connections with the boundless unity of living things, and especially such of these living things as are human. The sense of our contact with them, of our sharing in their common lot, and of our place as a unit contributing to the whole, will save us from dismay at the loss of Deity and repair any disaster that may be caused by this denial. There are sharp-witted students, he concludes, who now and then object that bio-social relationships are all very fine in their way, but, after all, what obligation can they impose, and what right have they to impose one? On what logical basis can bio-social relationships demand, as they often presume to do, that I sacrifice my inclinations and forgo my opportunities? To this the professor answers that our own self-interest requires this; for at the last self-interest is the foundation of our moral as well as other actions.

Comment deferred, we pass to the other example. It is given us by a professor teaching in Pennsylvania. He does not display the pastoral solicitude of his colleague in New York. He is

harder; if possible, more assured; and he sweeps toward more extended horizons. He asks why people suffer in surrendering belief in God, implying that he cannot understand so curious a form of anguish. A great many learned professors have cast away God, and do not suffer. They get on, indeed, very well, and remain respectable citizens. Why should persons of lesser minds, with these models before them, fall into grief and pain? Since, however, they evidently do so, they must be informed of the satisfactions that will make life, though Godless, as splendid as before. These satisfactions will come from the sciences. Physical science will increasingly relieve us of labor and surround us with comfort; psychology will guide us to the work we are most fit for, and make us happy in it; sociology will purify the organism of society; pedagogy will train us ever more usefully; and other wise disciplines now in the process of perfection will lift our earthly life to the peak of our desires. With the planet we live on swinging on to these goals of expectation, why should we indulge in useless sorrow because in the heights above it is emptiness, and in the depths beneath it death?

III

These, not unfairly summarized, we think, are two of the religious ideals offered to us from the academies. What is the matter with them? We ask the question at once, because it hardly seems possible that any other question should come to our minds ahead of it. Believers or unbelievers, we shall acknowledge, provided we have ever known religion or ever had an imagination, that something is the matter with them.

We see straightway, for instance, that everything affirmative in these

proposals is very old indeed. Everybody wants and has always wanted the gates of Eden to reopen upon earth wide enough to let us all in. Though a man be illiterate and living in the woods, he desires an earthly paradise as fervently as any doctor living in a campus. And our bio-social relationships, also, the whole mass of mankind would no more speak ill of than they would of the aurora borealis. These things are venerable, not new — and, indeed, are nobler in their ancient than in this their modern form; for, as they have been presented by religion to the motives and hopes of men, they are coherently rationalized, they are part of an organic system, they have the firm structure of inherent authority because spoken from Soul to souls, calling for will as well as wish, a high obedience as well as the emotional salutation of a benevolent temperament. As we have them here, however, they are not systematic, but sentimental. Pleasantly and desirably sentimental, it is true; nevertheless, not coördinated with anything universal, not rooted in a principle, destitute of intrinsically moral sanctions, and helpless against a skepticism that should reject their naïve credulity concerning progress and the value of a comfortable human life. They are, in fact, a weak reproduction of something that was sinewy when it was old.

In the second place, these proposals do not pretend to release the full energy that religion sets free. Religion is rapture, because it is the union of the partial with its kindred universal. It catches up in its fiery car every faculty of man — reason, imagination, and will. Its creative resource is inexhaustible, its hope deathless, its world of imaginative forms spacious and magnificent. It is the complete soul realized in a Perfection which ignores no power or splendor of aspiring man. It gives

the illimitable to our limitation; it extends to eternity the hour that we lease from death.

No such discourse of power is possible to the meagre schemes of our two professors. These learned men do not presume to say that they will re-create the glory that for them is vanished. They state or imply that they cannot re-create it, but only enable us to forget it. And this is the poorest possible foundation for a religion. Religion is not a refuge from despair. It is a fulfillment adequate to a nature that, not by mere wish or any other sentimentality, but by the inherent structure of reason and conscience, demands the universal and the perfect. A religion that is devised in order to be a shelter for disillusion, a place of forgetfulness for a forfeited sublimity, is like a code of morals based on the principle that we must not get caught. It misunderstands the whole essence of a spiritual ideal. It substitutes a furtive excursion for a glorious adventure, opportunism for obligation, contraction for expansion, and the uneasy apprehension that somebody may ask us embarrassing questions, or recall heroic memories, for the joyous confidence and health of a spirit as rich in hope as it is in patrimony.

If grandeur is to be given up, is it too much to ask that it be given up, if not with sorrow, then at least with candor? If the shining universe of spirit in which the ages have found life; if an everlasting Perfection to which the constellations are a threshold and the heart of man an adoring habitation; if a Right eternally to be worshiped and a Beauty eternally to be loved; if the fellowship of those who seek, and obey, and aspire, and its final end that makes death trivial and the pure service of a deathless glory alone significant forever — if these are to be swallowed up in the black waters of a great doom, let us

stand for our mortal instant on the bleak shore, confessing that we shall be visited by the former splendor no more. That would be rational, and by the rigor of its veracity might be majestic. But it is frivolous to say that we shall be compensated for the supreme sublimity by bio-social relationships, by a morality of self-interest, and by a millennium in which our expropriated souls and our silenced aspirations shall be guided by a pedantocracy to a *politique du ventre*.

I am not, it will be observed, maintaining, just now, that those faiths and truths of the ages are valid. I am only saying that they are glorious, and that when something commonplace in imagination and emaciated in thought is offered us as a fair exchange we are being put upon when we should be treated most seriously. I should not wish to use words too harsh for the proprieties of serious discussion, but it is impossible for me not to feel that in surrendering magnificence with such levity these men are surrendering something that they have never known. It is impossible, also, to repress a question prompted by the spectacle of what is proposed in compensation for what is rejected, and it is whether the first curse of the Eternal on those who deny Him is not to destroy in them the sense of humor.

IV

There is, however, another defect in these devices for a new religion, upon which I suggest that we especially reflect, for it seems to be the most serious of all. It is that they ignore man as having an inner life, a moral will, an aspiration, and a responsibility to a Right that holds him answerable. This is serious, I repeat, for it brings before us an infection that is seated deep in our education, literature, morals, and

religion. All these, as their own representatives are copiously informing us, are unhealthy. They are missing something. They are bewildered, making false starts, and blindly experimenting. Our philosophy is lean and desolate; our learning spiritually sterile; our morality threatened with anarchy; our literature trying to be serious with the inconsequential, lurching now to the sty and now to the formless and insane; our education trying hard to keep the swarming traffic of pedagogical theories head to tail, yet confused as to where the whole procession is going and why it is there; our religion timorous, unimaginative, quick with comment upon the contemporaneous, but unable in the authentic manner of its great tradition to judge the contemporaneous by categories that are eternal. In all these we are struck by the appearance of intense effort and uncertain purpose; of energy without peace; of fevered occupation with details unguided by any sense of the whole; of how rich we are in earnest men and women and how destitute in great ideas; of heaped sensations and experiences without a principle that would order them to the service of our nobler happiness.

For a bewilderment so extensive it is, I know, hazardous to suggest a cause, for to do so is to suggest a cure, and one cannot lightly wish to add one more to the empirics now displaying their nostrums outside the sick room of civilization. Still, one is impelled to do something, even though he will be damned for doing it.

After all, there is a reason for this condition of things, and why should not moderately intelligent persons seek it out and set it forth according to their light? It is not an accident that our higher thought is spotted with pessimism and, still worse, broken out with sentimentality intended to disguise the

pessimism. It is not by chance that our schools are doing little or nothing to prepare young Americans for the cynicism and other moral dangers that await them in the world, or that our philosophy is impotent profoundly to interpret or even straightforwardly to see these dangers. It is not without cause that corruption never had so many clever apologists as now, nor despotism so many advocates. It is not an isolated and miraculous phenomenon that we have lawbreaking that terrifies us by its prevalence and lawmaking that staggers us by its levity. It is not a detached visitation like a witch's curse that we may come out of college illiterates in the spiritual history of mankind, though that is the energy which drives the blood through the body of civilization; nor that we may wear the laureate honors of academic degrees and yet be hopeless of finding any worthy aim in life or any principle that places ideals beyond the reach of disillusion. It is not an unconnected and lonely prodigy that the American home, that ancient subject of our pride, should wear, as it were, a placard giving notice that a fatal disease is within; and that thoughtful men and women are wondering how long loyalty to the soil — that is, to country — can survive the wreck of the primary loyalty to the hearth. And, finally, it is not a thing rootless and past finding out that liberalism, in learning, in politics, and in religion, is barren, unable to check eccentricity, ready to compromise with opportunism, and near to the anarchy which is the foredoomed fate of liberalism whenever it deserts a spiritual principle.

There is a reason for these desolations, and until somebody gives a better one I make bold to offer for reflection what is implied in the criticism just passed upon our two professors —

namely, that we have nowhere an adequate teacher of man's inner life as primarily a moral will as austere in its responsibility as it is exalted in its aspiration. A moral will implies that even more important than a universe of matter, given with its binding laws to the mind, is a universe of Right, given with its binding laws to the conscience. It means that as moral beings we are under the law of perfection and its correlative, retribution. It sees the chief dooms of history in individuals and societies as examples of that retribution. It requires that when we have outgrown a spiritual ideal we create a new one at least as great, or perish in recreance and decadence. It denies fate, that refuge of the weak, and sees liberty lost because those who inherited it were too feeble to sustain it. It regards every philosophy that debilitates resolution, hope, and vigor less as an intellectual error than as an exhaustion of spiritual understanding and resource. It never cultivates the wish without cultivating still more carefully the will. It never propounds a right without a duty, a privilege without a responsibility. It judges of education chiefly by this question: What, after you have finished it, do you find luminous, beautiful, and austere when you look within? It considers history as a stern testing and probation, and life as a joyous loyalty to the transcendent manifested in the transient.

That is something of what a moral will is, and what we say of it is that without it man is wrecked. Without it none of the great literatures in the world is intelligible, for it is central to every one of them. Without it history loses the warning which is its message, thought the action which should be its issue, and States the inward vigor which is their one security.

V

This is no homiletic extravagance. It is the teaching of the first geniuses of the world everywhere. Consider an Æschylus, a Sophocles, a Dante, a Milton, a Shakespeare of the tragedies. What is the story that they tell but of responsibility and retribution? The tragic moment in their action is man's rebellion; their solution is the vindication of the Right, which is the order of the universe, in one of two ways — either by inexorable penalty to the utmost, or by reconciliations won from despair by the expiations of a recovered fidelity. The *Orestean* plays portray under what dread sanctions man's lapses fall and by how hard a path his restoration is achieved. The *Divine Comedy* extends to eternal consummations the good and evil begun on earth. The *Paradise Lost* reveals that the rival standards on the field of our moral warfare are held in unearthly hands and are symbols of everlasting causes. A *Macbeth* or a *Richard III* recites that iniquity succeeds until the eternal voices speak, and then in a crash of ruin falls forever. Every one of them makes the lips of unseen justice utter the last word in the discourse of existence. Every one of them enlarges the text of human life into the tremendous context of overruling Right. None of them plays with man as a bio-social curiosity. None of them enchants a wondering animal full of wishes with a millennium in which the wishes will be automatically fulfilled. None of them regards him as a weird psychological mystery or as a moral neutral to be led to a wooden perfection by mechanical habituations. The brightest glow of the genius of their authors would have been extinguished if such nonsense had entered their heads as, under the prestige of resounding names, has entered ours. They are sublime because

they teach *come l'uom s'eterna*, how man in his moment of time has awful and glorious transactions with the Timeless.

It is so with genius in all its expressions. What are a Parthenon, a Pantheon, a Chartres, a Burgos, a Salisbury, and fifty more, but sanctuaries as fit as our most marvelous minds can make them for the solemnity of man's contrition and the exaltation of his triumphant hope? What are a Last Judgment, a Descent from the Cross, and all their kindred in immortal canvas, but the moral will furnishing to Beauty its conviction of the supremacy of Right, the costliness of our service of it, and the glory of the sacrifices made that we might know how to love it?

Furthermore, by the most remarkable confluence of genius that exists, the monarchs of thought are one in this with the monarchs of art. The thinkers of first rank from Socrates down make spirit the key to existence, and the discipline of the spirit the first privilege and obligation of man. And when they falter it is because they lose for a time their grasp upon that highest subject of thought and surest guide to truth, a moral personality fitted to a moral universe, the only kind of universe that could possibly produce or contain it.

This it is, though thundered from the ages, upon which our two professors have nothing at all to say. They are dumb upon man's inner life. They do not explore our moral nature, though there is nothing else for religion to explore. They seem never to have heard of aspiration. They are unseeing when they confront responsibility and judgment. They shrink from the austere as if it were haunted, as indeed, in a majestic sense, it is. The last feeling that could enter one's mind as one studies their synthetic religion is awe. They

universalize nothing but a wish; they eternalize nothing but defeat and extinction. On their principles, we should never have had a Saint Francis, a Savonarola, a Huss, or a Pascal, nor any of the noblest works, from the *Furies* to *Macbeth*. If we accept their view of man's nature, we must find unintelligible every genius that has meditated upon it, every literature that interprets it, all the history that exalts it, and the whole company of spiritual masters that transfigure it. And this is too high a price to pay. We cannot give up genius for something conspicuously lower. Its testimony is too massive a reality to run away from. It is in itself too splendid and strikes in us too deep a chord to be dropped into oblivion in exchange for so exiguous a counterfeit.

But, as a preceding paragraph implied, our two doctors are not alone in their poverty and confusion. The disregard of inner life and moral will is everywhere, and often there is not only disregard for it, but contempt. Our specialists in corruption select for their scorn every chivalry, every loyalty, that has ever guided man in his precarious excursions from the sty, as they select for morose contemplation every animality that has kept him in it. An aggressive naturalism is prompt with ridicule for anybody that speaks of a soul. There are becoming manifest round us a decadence that exercises the terrorism of an infallible sect and a cynicism grown into the haughtiness of a superior fashion. The kind of person presented to us as emancipated is one utterly useless for man's nobler life, and a type from which none of the stateliest achievements of civilization could possibly have come.

And much of the same quality that is not so manifest is but little better in its results when we fetch it into the

light. One fears that our education, for example, is in a flight from moral reality. One observes in it a dread of the austere and a disposition to conceal it. Yet it must teach the great literatures, though many curriculum experts and other formidable persons of that persuasion are trying to expel them from the schools. It must teach history also, although again there are symptoms of a movement to put it into an insignificant place. While, however, we have them, how can we but devitalize them without a moral sense and a spiritual emphasis in the instruction? What can we understand of liberty unless we are taught how often it has perished and how many times it has been democracies that have destroyed it? What appreciation can we have of the constant menace to democratic societies, including our own, the gratification of immediate impulse to the neglect of principle, without insight into the moral nature down to the darkest depths of it?

We do not get these lessons, however — for the reason, it seems, that they are too stern for us. They are too charged with responsibility. They are too close to the will, a faculty that we have conspired to neglect. They imply more of a soul, and a soul upon whose rise or fall the last determinations of history depend, to suit the secularity in which we have agreed to nullify in education the profoundest human experience. As for our higher learning, it is not without evidence that it conceives a scholar to be a dilettante of opinions, not a being with a will that resolves and aspires. Our intellectual life all around passes into the hands of the will-less. We are to have ideals without obligations, duty without sanctions, a law eloquently celebrated for its rigor in material processes but nonexistent in the field of Right which is the universe of souls.

The will-less rise to control, the critical symptom of a society endangered, and with them the fortune tellers, the millennialists, the apostles of the wish. Led by them, we covet enrichment, but not at the cost of sacrifice, and gratification, but not burdened with responsibility. To such a mind history is not a process by which humanity puts the stamp of a progressively elevated inner life upon outer circumstance. It is a mass of aimless and incoherent episodes. And the individual life becomes, not a responsible realization of perfection, but a forlorn mystery whose worst delusions come from its highest faculties.

The results are inevitable, and they are already evident enough for half an eye to see. We are destitute of great teachers; we bestow remarkable cleverness upon mediocre conceptions in philosophy and letters; we are incurring the danger of having a grin of mockery become the face-mark of a culture that has nothing to revere; and we see religion stripped of majesty, staggering from inveracity, and revealing nothing more glorious than the extremely questionable views of its inadequately educated spokesmen. Yet that there is anything profound to be done we have not one impressive voice in church or state or academy to tell us.

VI

We conclude, therefore, that this is not a happy time in which to expect a new religion which should be beautiful and rich. Our thought is yet too thin, our culture too jaunty. Our psychological and philosophical theories are too bent upon thinking man away, not thinking him out. We have too great a fancy for millennial raptures to comprehend the pure joy of the realistic spirit. We give the universal to the intellect; we dare not give it to the soul.

We exalt reason in its operation; we are afraid to exalt it in its nature, its origin, and its end. We do not know liberty, because we do not know the terrible beauty of a free man's obedience. We speak of socializing our sympathies, yet have no rational, but only a sentimental, ground for not imperializing our passions. We are broken in two. We are caught in contradictions. Man is wonderful, we say; and yet we destroy him when he is most wonderful. We would give him the earth; yet when he asks why a terrestrial episode should satisfy aspirations that go beyond it, we have no answer but to attack these aspirations. We would make him happy; yet when he says that our doomed solaces are but a mockery of the central happiness he craves, we can but call him a superstitious fool.

We are at war with man, and most at war when we would bring him peace. In his invincible aspirations, in his passion for the Transcendent, in his search for the sun that will make life and eternity and the inmost chambers of his soul luminous, he is a scandal to us. He will not listen to us, therefore. He has heard other voices, and he cannot forget them. These

voices stir the centuries. They have transformed history. They have done something to souls for which we have no words. Remembering them, he regards our parochial apocalypses and our bio-social paradises and is stupefied at our hebetude. He turns away wondering how we can play such frivolous music in the hope that iron Destiny will march to it. Certainly his spirit cannot sing to it.

Nevertheless, no people are richer in resource than we. Our hope, therefore, is that we shall one day ask seriously why our public and private standards are not higher; why we are tossed between the growing coerciveness of law and the mounting anarchy of habit; why, with so many dangers at their threshold, our schools do so little to prepare young Americans against them; why we have captains of industry, but none of the spirit. When we ask these questions we shall be momentarily tested as to whether, despite seductions this long time acting on us, we have kept that foremost energy of all existence, a moral will. For it will require a moral will at the utmost of its resolution to do what has got to be done if the soul of America is not to be lost.

REINSURING INSURANCE

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

THE drift of the comment on my article, 'Hamstringing Insurance,' in the October *Atlantic* was that, if possible, it would be highly desirable for insurance companies to stabilize the purchasing power of the potential estates they create, by investing a reasonable portion of their policyholders' money in good common stocks, but that it is financially unsound, if not morally wicked, for the policyholders themselves to attempt such stabilization by dedicating the loan value of their policies to the purchase of such stocks.

There is a sort of special sanctity surrounding the equity built into an insurance policy. Sentiment militates against the thought of this equity as a usable asset and makes the employment of it even in a worthy cause seem profane.

The efforts of the two policyholders mentioned in the article, merely as illustrative, met with some condemnation, and their plan for preserving the purchasing power of the potential estates represented by their insurance policies came in for criticism.

I

Now, what is the situation they or any other policyholders have to face? Well, this:—

1. Ninety per cent of all life insurance is paid in lump sums and the proceeds consumed within that Biblical period of seven years.

2. Owing to the fluctuating purchasing power of money, the cash payments when

made may or may not provide the necessities, comforts, or luxuries which the policyholder expected to provide.

3. Less than one per cent of the assets of life-insurance companies chartered in the United States consists of common stocks.

4. Common stocks are the only form of security which can be counted on roughly and in the long run to vary in value directly with the general price level.

5. The insurance trust makes it possible, within limits, for a policyholder to pre-administer his estate when it becomes actual, but it does not afford an opportunity of administering now his potential estate.

The policyholders whose plan is criticized are not speculating in the stock market; they are merely trying to insure their insurance.

II

Familiarity with the history of one of these cases makes it possible for me to give the substance of the things hoped for. This particular potential estate consists of seven life-insurance policies taken out at different times. The oldest, now paid up, was purchased for the protection of those who had advanced funds for educational purposes. From time to time the potential estate has been increased up to the maximum amount which the income of the policyholder justifies. Insurance premiums constitute the biggest single savings claim against that income.

Had the earliest of these policies become an actual estate shortly after taken out, its purchasing power would have been about twice as much as

if the potential estate represented by it should become actual to-day. The total cash value of all the policies would scarcely offset the loss in purchasing power caused by the rise in prices. The policyholder has done a good deal of saving which has resulted in precious little real savings. About all he was getting from his insurance savings was protection, and that might have been had at less cost. Like Alice in Wonderland, it was taking all the running he could possibly do to stay under the same tree. Again like Alice, wanting to get somewhere else, he had to run twice that fast. Hence his plan. I am not advocating the plan, but cite it only as a means of self-defense.

III

The essence of the plan is that the policyholder attempts on the basis of the cash value of his policies to get in and stay in debt for good stocks, in an amount equal to the insurance he carries. The stocks as a group have been bought at such prices that the dividends received pay the interest charges.

No stock from the list has ever been sold. Paper profits are ignored. Real profits are considered enhancement in capital assets of the potential estate. When seeming profits have been tried as by fire, as they are being tried on this eventful Saturday morning of December 8, 1928, and the real have been separated from the paper, the policyholder arranges with his banker to buy for him additional stock which has been the subject of months of study. Gradually indebtedness is thus incurred equal to the face value of the policies.

IV

The holding consists of some twenty of the best seasoned stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Most of

these have more than a monetary value; they are members of the family, for whom there is real affection. To sell Sears Roebuck, bought at \$55, would be like selling off the oldest boy because he got a little puffed up just as he reached maturity. To part with good old American Telephone and Telegraph common purchased so as to average \$115 would be like giving away Doc, the children's faithful watchdog. To let the latest acquisition, Consolidated Gas new, which cost \$81, go for the sake of the \$32 a share profit when it reached \$113 in a crazy stock market would be like parting with a newborn baby.

V

Should this potential estate become actual, the administrator could take the proceeds of the policies, pay off the indebtedness, and have an estate as large as reasonable frugality can provide and as sound in character as the judgment of one who is a careful student of investments can select.

The policyholder has administered his potential estate. He has preadministered it when it becomes actual. He has hedged the general price level. He has out-insured his insurance companies.

Yes, a widow *would* be left with common stocks, and this is contrary to all the accepted canons of finance. But it is a little difficult to understand how a supposedly unfortunate widow possessed of a group of seasoned common stocks which have increased in value as time has passed would be any less unfortunate if paid an amount of cash fixed in the past, and available out of interest received on farm mortgages held by insurance companies.

'But,' reply my critics, 'few policyholders can select common stocks so carefully.' True, and that's why their insurance companies should do it for them.

THE SUDAN CHALLENGES THE SOUTH

BY PIERRE CRABITÈS

THE Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, or Black Country, is a distinct menace to the American cotton market. It is an immense area. It is practically as long as the distance from the Canadian border to New Orleans. It begins at the twenty-second parallel (North) and runs to the fifth parallel (North). Without irrigation no crops can be grown in paying quantities north of the thirteenth degree. But England has ordained that hundreds of thousands of acres of this rainless zone shall be converted into a cotton paradise. The carrying out of this programme calls for intimate coöperation between practical politics, engineering skill, and business acumen. Great Britain has statesmen, engineers, and men of affairs. The work that this ideal combination has now well under way is such a challenge to the South that it is of compelling interest to the readers of this magazine.

I

When Sir Herbert Kitchener, at the head of British and Egyptian forces, reached Khartum in 1898, he found a country laid waste by war and disease. Agriculture had been destroyed. Commerce was practically nil. Confusion reigned supreme.

On January 19, 1899, an agreement was entered into between England and Egypt which provided that the conquered territory should be reconstructed and administered by an Anglo-Egyptian condominium. This means that the British and Egyptian flags

were to be used together throughout the Black Country. They still fly there side by side.

Egypt is the daughter of the Nile. Without the waters of that stream it would be a desert. Lord Cromer, therefore, insisted that the conquest of the Sudan was essential to the very existence of the state ruled by him. He feared that if the Black Country remained 'no man's land' European nations might seize it and divert the Nile to other parts. The Anglo-Egyptian condominium, accordingly, emphasized the fact that the Nile was Egypt's river.

So jealously did the great proconsul adhere to this principle that when, during his reign, the Sudan desired to use a small quantity of Nile water for experimental purposes Lord Cromer insisted upon the authorization of Cairo being first obtained. This permission was granted for a specific acreage. It was accorded as a favor, not as a right. It was renewed from time to time. When the British Protectorate was abolished, in February 1922, the Sudan had various permits, most of them issued after Lord Cromer's departure, which allowed it to draw enough water wherewith to irrigate 300,000 acres. But the lid was never removed.

It thus came to pass that when, on February 28, 1922, England abolished the British Protectorate over Egypt the Sudan was naught but a viaduct which conveyed water to Egypt. But the unilateral declaration which proclaimed Egypt's independence created

what the eminent English historian, Arnold J. Toynbee, calls 'a diplomatic fiction.' This language is probably used by the editor of the *Survey of International Affairs* because Egypt was declared to be independent 'with reservations.' One of these 'reservations' applies to the Sudan.

It was officially announced by Britain that 'until such time as it may be possible by free discussion and friendly accommodation on both sides to conclude agreements in regard thereto between His Majesty's Government and the Government of Egypt' the status quo should remain intact. This, of course, meant that until London and Cairo got together the Sudan continued to be nothing but a canal dedicated to carrying Nile water to Egypt.

But on November 18, 1924, stupid Egyptian extremists killed Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar or Commander in Chief of the Egyptian army. In the British ultimatum to Egypt of November 22, 1924, there appeared the following clause:—

'His Majesty's Government, therefore, require that the Egyptian Government shall: . . . (6) Notify the competent department that the Sudan Government will increase the area to be irrigated in the Gezira from 300,000 feddans [acres] to an unlimited figure as need may require.'

'This demand,' writes Toynbee, 'was subjected to prompt and vigorous criticism in Great Britain on the triple ground that it was irrelevant to the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, that it was an unwarranted repudiation of a pledge, and that it was likely to alienate the mass of the Egyptian peasantry and to confirm the conviction in Egypt that there could be no adequate guaranty for Egyptian rights to Nile water without exclusive Egyptian control over the Sudan.' England, therefore,

took steps to attenuate the sweeping terms of this ultimatum.

Correspondence passed between the British High Commissioner in Cairo and the Egyptian Prime Minister. In January 1925 the English Resident wrote:—

'His Majesty's Government are disposed to direct the Sudan Government not to give effect to the previous instructions as regards the unlimited development of the Sudan Gezira, on the understanding that an expert committee, to be composed of a neutral Chairman, a Dutchman, Mr. J. J. Canter Cremers, an Englishman, and an Egyptian, shall meet not later than February 15 for the purpose of examining and proposing a basis on which irrigation can be carried out with full consideration for the interests of Egypt and without detriment to her natural and historical rights.'

The Commission met. Its work was on the eve of completion when the Dutch chairman died. It is said that the Englishman and the Egyptian submitted in March 1926 what is called a 'unanimous report.' But the Egyptian ministry then in office was moribund. It allowed the recommendations to slumber. Its successors—and there have been several cabinets since then—do not appear to have disturbed this repose. But Sudan irrigation has not been affected by these soporific tendencies. It seems to have progressed, or rather to be in process of progressing, considerably beyond the 300,000 acres dead line.

II

And there is a reason why British statesmanship thus favors the Sudan. It is because Manchester calls for Empire-grown cotton. The Sudan can answer this demand. Egypt cannot. In these last eight words lies the kernel of the entire problem. With it is

inseparably connected that of the limited amount of available Nile water.

This relative drought is emphasized by the fact that not one drop of liquid from the Nile reaches the Mediterranean during May, June, and the early part of July. Dams are erected across the mouths of the Nile to prevent the sea from flowing upstream. Every molecule of the precious fluid is used for irrigation purposes. It happens, not infrequently, that the total summer supply does not suffice for the existing needs of Egyptian, to say nothing of Sudanese, agriculture. But there is never a year when Egypt can afford to waste the slightest quantity of its life-giving elixir.

Egypt now has 7,200,000 acres under cultivation. Its total of arable lands aggregates 9,100,000 acres. Should this latter extent be put under the plough, saturation point will have been reached.

Egypt has a population of over 14,000,000. This figure is increasing by leaps and bounds. These mouths require food. To feed them, sugar, corn, wheat, onions, and household vegetables are grown, which cuts down the available cotton territory to an eventual total of not more than one third of 9,100,000 acres. This means that Manchester cannot look to Egypt as the means of quenching that appetite which craves for Empire cotton, and implies that the cotton-growing interests of the British Commonwealth of Nations view with displeasure an Egyptian Nile-water monopoly which restricts the expansion of the Sudan.

III

It was in 1913 that the first decisive step was taken to harness the Nile for the benefit of the Sudan. In that year Lord Kitchener, then British Diplomatic Agent in Egypt, the Sudan

Government, and the Sudan Plantations Syndicate took up a project for irrigating the Gezira District of the Sudan with gravitation water to be obtained by constructing a barrage across the Blue Nile near Sennar.

The Great War delayed this project. It was not until 1925 that the work was completed. The dam cost more than \$55,000,000. As many as 25,000 laborers a day were often employed on the job. The barrage is nearly two miles long. Connected with it there are 9286 miles of canals in the first 300,000 acres brought under irrigation. The amount of water stored behind the dam is slightly under 800,000,000 tons. Some of it is below the level of the land. Some is wasted through evaporation. It is stated, however, that something over 400,000,000 tons is available.

This gigantic undertaking serves what is known as the Gezira, or Mesopotamia, which lies between the Blue and White Niles and which forms a big triangle with its base on the railway from Sennar to Kosti and its apex at Khartum. The whole area contains approximately 5,000,000 acres. It is estimated that 3,000,000 acres can be brought under the plough. At the end of 1927 more than 300,000 acres were under irrigation. It is affirmed by trustworthy English authority that by 1930 this area will be increased to nearly 500,000 acres. This foreshadows a time when the entire 3,000,000 arable acres will be under cultivation.

IV

British brains have devised a plan whereby maximum efficiency is certain to be derived from these Gezira lands. What is known as the Gezira Plantations Syndicate is a trust headed by Friedrich, Beit and Company of London. The active member of this group is also English. His name is Einstein.

It is said that the stock in this company is rather closely held.

This well-managed corporation went about matters most methodically. Before it delved into its pocket, the Sudan authorities took possession of all of the Gezira under an ordinance dated October 20, 1921. This proclamation gave the Government the right to rent the lands from the owners of the soil at an annual rental of fifty cents per acre.

Those thus expropriated were given the first claim to take up holdings, as nearly as possible equivalent to their own properties. Yearly cultivating tenancies were granted them, with a right of renewal if they complied with specified conditions.

On the other hand, the Syndicate, under the supervision of the Government, manages the letting of the lands and the cultivation by the tenants. The Einstein group gives the latter whatever technical assistance they may require. It grants them loans when and as their needs may necessitate. It sees to it that two thirds of each holding are planted with fodder and grain crops for the tenant's own consumption. This is tax-free. The remaining third is devoted to cotton. The Syndicate markets the fleecy staple. The gross profits are divided as follows: the tenant gets 40 per cent, the Syndicate 25 per cent, and the Government 35 per cent, respectively. The Sudan gets this large share of the receipts because it built the dam.

The original franchise granted to the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will expire in 1939. In 1926 the concession was extended from 1939 to 1950. The latest available official *Report on the Finances, Administration and Condition of the Sudan* states that the following principal changes are involved in the new grant: —

1. The area of the concession is substantially increased.

2. On completion of the full additional area, the Government's share will be changed from 35 per cent of the proceeds to 40 per cent, and the Syndicate's reduced from 25 per cent to 20 per cent.

The Report adds that it is expected that 'the full area' will be in cultivation in 1930. But nothing is specifically said as to what is meant by 'full area' or to what extent 'the area has been substantially increased' by the 1926 agreement.

All of this tends to show that there is a working alliance between British diplomacy, the Sudan Government, and Cisjordanian brains of German origin and English nationality. Its objective is to get plenty of cotton out of the Nile Valley. It is doubtful whether a parallel can be found anywhere else in the world for this happy partnership between statesmanship, administrative efficiency, and high-grade promoting skill. It does credit to England. It strikes at the American Cotton Belt.

V

As a result of the foresight, resourcefulness, and perseverance of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Lancashire mills are now receiving 100,000 bales a year of the highest grade long-staple cotton. The Sudan produces what is known as Sakellarides cotton, which is the equal of American Sea Island. This latter variety is practically extinct. But, with a potential expanse of 3,000,000 acres upon which to count, the day may not be far distant when these 100,000 bales of Sakellarides will jump up to over a million. Britain needs cotton. Downing Street, the Einstein organization, Sudan sweat, and Nile water have combined to see that Manchester is adequately supplied.

It is difficult to overestimate the agricultural significance of this coöperation between statesmanship, capital, brawn, and irrigation. It means that scientific farming upon a large scale will become a reality. It guarantees adequate financial support to the farming interests. It assures intelligent salesmanship.

It is true that the Sudan Plantations Syndicate — which is more than Wall Street, for it is Downing Street — seems to control but 3,000,000 arable acres. This gives it but 1,100,000 more acres than the potential expansion of Egypt. It might, therefore, be argued that, after all, this departure from the Nile-for-Egypt polity of Lord Cromer represents nothing more than an extra annual supply of 366,666 bales of cotton.

There are at least two answers to this objection. The first is that the redemption of these 1,900,000 Egyptian feddans might have been delayed indefinitely: the improvement was in the womb of time, where it might have remained until the end of time. The second is that, now that Egypt's Nile-water monopoly has been broken, it is not impossible that other Sudan Plantations Syndicates may arise with other Geziras. The British Empire needs cotton. The Nile is beneficent. The Sudan is both big and thirsty.

At the present moment the Sudan is producing 1.12 bales of 430 pounds per acre. It was thought that the Syndicate or its tenants would not be able to get the necessary labor to meet the expansion opened up by irrigation. But it is set forth in the official report before cited that 'labor has presented no difficulty, and the general well-being of the natives in the thickly populated Gezira area is manifest.' And Fort Sudan is there to get the crop to the Red Sea and the oceans of the world.

The South should therefore reconcile itself to certain salient facts. They may be summarized as follows: —

1. Manchester desires to supply its looms with Empire-grown cotton.

2. British diplomacy is endeavoring to further this ambition, and has but recently supported a certain financial group known as the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, which is coöperating with Manchester.

3. The present drift of events in the Valley of the Nile appears to foreshadow that the Sudan Plantations Syndicate will get whatever Nile water its requirements may necessitate.

4. This diversion to the Sudan of the waters of the Nile has already opened up more than 300,000 acres, containing at least 100,000 devoted to cotton culture.

5. An incomparably efficient scheme has been elaborated by the Syndicate which assures the systematic, economical, and widespread development of what is known as the Gezira District of the Sudan.

6. The arable zone controlled by these financial interests totals 3,000,000 acres.

7. If the past and present may be accepted as a gauge for the future, it may be assumed that Nile water will, at no distant date, irrigate this immense area.

8. This means that the cotton market of the 1930's will, in all probability, be called upon to absorb annually 1,100,000 more bales of long-staple cotton.

9. The fact that the Nile has apparently ceased to be a monopoly of Egypt seems to point to the query as to whether the more distant future may not see even more Sudan cotton menacing the agricultural welfare of the Southern states of the United States.

TURKEY, ROMANCE, AND A DIARY

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

TIME was and a young man, rather sentimental, rather imaginative, and very romantic, took up his pen and wrote. His mood was to write of color and light and shade, of great trappings adorning a stage of pomp and circumstance, of despots and intrigue, of the loves and revenges of princes; and his mind instinctively traveled to the Orient of Hajji Baba, the Barber of Ispahan, and of Harun-al-Rashid, the Caliph of Bagdad. So he wrote of a Constantinople he had never seen, of aigretted Sultans wallowing in luxury, of mysterious Grand Vizirs haunting Royal Corridors, of multicolored Janissaries bristling with daggers, and of an Imperial Harem where he staged incidents of an improbability which to-day calls a blush to his no longer unshaven cheek. The story was refused by fourteen publishers.

Time passed and the young romantic became a soldier and went East to fight the Turks. The night before he landed in Gallipoli, his now khaki-clad romanticism had another fling, this time in verse, an effusion of eight quatrains, of which time has happily effaced the recollection of all save the last couplet:—

Where the dome of Saint Sophia
Catches the rising sun.

The masterpiece was rejected by seven periodicals. Then its author met Turks for the first time. The few he saw were dirty, undecorative, and un-

pleasantly fierce. Romance faded in a haze of dust and flies.

The war ended, and at last he did see Constantinople — not the Constantinople of his youthful dreams, but a Westernized garrison town, Levantine and brazen with exotic cafés managed by ladies of the Russian court. True, he saw the last Sultan making his weekly Friday progress to prayer: a pathetic, preoccupied, black-coated figure crouching in a rather dingy landau and escorted by soldiers, — could they be the Janissaries? — slovenly, ill-uniformed, and as depressed as their Imperial Master. ‘Ichabod’ was written on the face of Stambul. He left it with Oriental romance dead in him.

Eight years later he steamed comfortably into the Dardanelles. During those eight years his calling had changed. New employers, with a passion for accuracy and facts and a coldness for romance and flights of fancy, had instructed him to revisit Turkey as a cosmopolitan stranger; and as such, in the darkness of a wonderful Eastern night, he landed at Chanak on the Asiatic shores of the Narrows. The landing was easy, for his passport was in order and he had been forewarned to have enough photographs of himself wherewith to satisfy the inordinate desire of New Turkey’s officialdom to register the likenesses of its visitors in triplicate on every possible occasion. Next morning he awoke to a Chanak eloquent of all that he had expected from the modernity of New Turkey.

In the East it is so easy to make

casual acquaintances who in half an hour are one's friends that on the same night he was in no whit surprised to find himself one among the many guests of the leading Moslem lawyer of the little town, who was celebrating the second anniversary of his marriage. Previous experience of Moslem hospitality to the stranger within the gates removed from him all tinge of conceit that he was invited exceptionally. He entered the house idly anticipating, from the analogy of other chance Moslem invitations elsewhere, a Gargantuan meal in a company which might or might not be enlivened by the presence of a few Greek and Armenian ladies. He was quickly aware that he was years behind New Turkish times. The reception room was full. Officialdom from the Vali downward was punctiliously represented. There were the few Greek and Armenian matrons, but, far outnumbering them, beves of Turkish ladies, mostly young, all unveiled, smartly dressed and shod, full of inquiries about the world at large, of whose doings — mainly social — they appeared to be intense students.

A gramophone was playing loud tunes, dance tunes, but, luckily for the traveler, a sense of bewilderment overcame his instinctive inclination as a cavalier to invite his next-door neighbor to take the floor. To have done so would have violated every convention laid down by New Turkey for the conduct of mixed parties. He sat tight in his chair and, in a heightening mood of amazement, watched the Vali invite the host to open the ball. The host, with almost eighteenth-century grace, begged his wife for the pleasure, and amid the applause of their guests they danced straight through a facetious record of 'The Bachelor Blues.' The next dance was also 'solo,' the host with the old nurse of his bride, who could not dance a step, but took the

floor with the air of one enjoying a prerogative that was hers and hers alone.

Convention being thus satisfied, it was open house — now a fox trot, now a waltz, now a round dance in which all took part to the rhythm of a sharply marked refrain such as one finds only on the shores of the Levant. 'Stamp with the left foot, kick with the right, two shuffles to the side, and then all in the centre.' The traveler, despite the impediment of rubber-soled shoes, footed it valiantly and finally mastered the steps. And as the party progressed he mastered other things as well. His first adventure on the floor had been with his host's cousin. He brought her back to her chair along the wall for the orthodox tête-à-tête conversation à l'occidentale. But New Turkey has not advanced thus far. He was immediately joined by the lady's brother, and conversation was with him. The emancipated woman of New Turkey is not yet wholly trusted by her menfolk, especially with a stranger.

The traveler was due to catch a boat for Constantinople at midnight, and tore himself from his sympathetic surroundings to make his way to the quay, where he was to meet the shipping company's agent. The quay was empty of all life. Eventually he found the house of the missing official, who was extremely angry to be awakened. In justification of his nonappearance, he resorted to arithmetical calculation. The ticket cost fifteen dollars. His commission worked out at one dollar and a half. 'It is ludicrous to expect a father of a family to rise from his bed at such an hour for so little. Good night.' The traveler slept uneasily on a sofa in the only café still open, and realized that in twenty-four hours he had seen two separate exhibitions of New Turkey — the emancipation which revolution brings in its train, and the 'old Adam' of the Imperial régime.

Next morning, seven hours late, he sailed for Constantinople in a clipper-bowed vessel which had started life as an American millionaire's yacht, had later been a pleasure steamer in the Baltic, and now, an ornament of the new Turkish mercantile marine, was to carry him and seven hundred sheep to the Golden Horn.

II

So lengthy a preamble is only justified by an exposition of its intention. Our traveler might be anyone. He arrived in Turkey with some vague ideas of what he was going to find. Others like him in their turn will experience his reactions, the baffling type of feeling which cannot make up its mind what to deduce from this infiltration of the West into the East. In the end the traveler set himself solely to register facts, to appreciate the new, and to explore for surviving traces of the old. It was a fascinating but inconclusive study. Mustafa Kemal has been making history for the last nine years with Napoleonic zest. History will pass its judgment on his work. But the moment for the onlooker to prophesy or appraise is not yet.

Constantinople is a geographical name covering the existence of two towns: Pera on the northern and Stambul on the southern slope of the Golden Horn. Stambul is the old capital of the Byzantine empire; Pera the predominatingly non-Moslem product of the old régime and of the Capitulations. Though Stambul is still, as it has always been, entirely Turkish, the better-class Ottoman has of recent years tended increasingly to migrate across Galata Bridge to the greater amenities of Pera. Both towns are still somewhat 'in amazement lost' over the changes which the new régime has brought into their lives. Both

resent the degradation of the old capital of the Empire. 'Angora? Yes. Perhaps it was necessary. The Ghazi could not set up the Revolution in Constantinople. The Allies were here. The Sultan was here. Before the Treaty of Lausanne there was no room for him. But to-day? Why this bolstering up of Angora? It is miles away, a *parvenu* town, and a poor one at that. How would Paris like to be supplanted by Marseilles? Or London by Liverpool? Or New York by Chicago?' So speak, on the one hand, the Turkish merchants settled in Stambul, who have been and still are, in principle, ardent Kemalists; and, on the other, the non-Moslem business men of Pera, who have lost their European protection with the abolition of the Capitulations. They do not love each other, these two classes, but on this issue they are at one. Both are suffering financially; for Angora is being created out of money drained from Constantinople and Smyrna, and these two once predominant towns have become mere ports of Anatolian Turkey and its infant capital.

Of the two, Pera, always the richer, has suffered less. Its life goes on outwardly as it did — in some respects better than it did. Many of the main streets have been repaved; religion is tolerated; the police — now regularly paid and properly equipped — are more efficient; there are fewer beggars; the trains are clean and punctual; the Bosphorus ferry services are remarkably regular and comfortable; while in the somewhat hectic atmosphere of the new régime, which not only preaches but practises the equality of all men in the eyes of Turkish law, it is to-day far more pleasant for the non-Moslem inhabitant to be one among many Trilby hats than a solitary panama bobbing about in a sea of red fezzes. But these outward amenities do not compensate

for what Pera has lost. The day of the non-Turkish superiority complex is over. The Capitulations are gone; Turkish discipline applies equally to all; and the non-Turk has been forced to descend from his pedestal in deference to an authority he used to despise as inferior and impotent.

Stambul's preoccupations are more subtle. They are the outcome of a sudden invitation from a master, who brooks no refusal, to dance to a tune which the Turks themselves had called without in the slightest realizing the difficulty of the measure which they would have to tread. The tune was a *danse occidentale*.

Mustafa Kemal's nationalist programme is a combination of two policies. His first object was to destroy local non-Moslem interference of the days of the old régime, which had, according to his diagnosis, undermined all Turkish initiative and progress politically, socially, and economically. His success has been only partial. Economically, the Turk has yet to evolve a degree of commercial aptitude which will enable him successfully to conduct for himself the trade of the country which, before 1919, he was willing to leave entirely in the hands of the now-expelled non-Moslem minorities. But socially and politically Mustafa Kemal has succeeded; and in the new Turk of his creation has been revived a pride in himself and his country which had long been dormant.

This newly regenerated Turk was by nature idle, uneducated, and conservative. His instinct was not for change or violent effort, and the Ghazi well knew that if his countrymen were left to themselves they would relapse into decline. The risk of their proving unmalleable under his proposed treatment was offset by the fact that he was their idol; that his accomplishments, in their interests, were patent; and

that he had stifled all centres of possible opposition to the measures which he had in mind. The Caliph-Sultan had disappeared during the first phase of his programme. So also the Sheikh ul Islam, the highest Moslem dignitary in old Turkey, whose position carried with it the rank of cabinet minister and executive power over the administration of the vast religious funds which pious Moslems throughout the centuries had bequeathed to Islam for the education and assistance of coreligionists.

But at the beginning of this year the Ghazi, now in unfettered control of the State, was ready to take in hand the education of his countrymen so as to ensure them against relapse à la *turque*. In January he embarked on a policy toward the modernization of their Oriental outlook. The great stumbling-block was Islam, emblematic of a dynastic régime he had destroyed; of a religious hierarchy which, for reactionary purposes of its own, had barred the way to national efficiency and education; of a ritual whose superstitions and practices were fatally prejudicial to his dreams of Turkish equality among the nations of the world. So he proceeded to degrade Islam by a summary alteration of the New Constitution which disestablished it as the religion of the State, and he assumed the right to dictate changes in its ritual. The liturgy of worship is unchanged, but henceforth it will be accompanied by music; pews are to be introduced for the comfort of congregations; and the worshiper need henceforth no longer take off his shoes when he enters a mosque to pray. These innovations may sound paltry, but they imply an acute break with a long past.

III

The first lesson in the training of the child of a wise parent has to do with

himself — the folding of his clothes, the brushing of his teeth and hair, and the use of buttons. Reading and writing follow long after. Mustafa Kemal began sartorially. The fez was both uncomfortable and useless, and, apart from the odd and now forgotten fact that it originated not in Turkestan but in Greece, it had come, during the period of non-Moslem ascendancy in Turkey, to be the mark of the Turk, and had, as such, fostered an inferiority complex. Nor was the veil Turkish. It was but a modern compromise with a convention of the desert, where the charms of woman are safer hid. Both fez and veil were, according to the Ghazi, anachronistic and out of keeping with his aspirations toward a new and modern Turkey. The discarding of the veil, although optional, has been in Constantinople, Angora, and the other town centres practically general; but farther east public opinion has hitherto rejected the innovation. The fez, on the other hand, has gone for all time. Rumor has it, however, that many, especially among the older men, still wear the old headdress of their fathers concealed somehow under the stiffness of a Homburg; while others, who have resorted to Western caps as the lesser of two evils, turn the brim over the nape of the neck lest it might interfere with their proper prostrations when they turn to pray toward the birthplace of the Prophet.

The Ghazi saw his sartorial reform through in 1925, but waited another three years before he put the child to his books. The Sheikh ul Islam being no more, the control and the finances of the religious schools had passed into state administration; the personnel of the Government was solidly behind him; his hand was over commercial Turkey so that it would do his bidding. And his bidding was that Turkish script and numerals should be Western-

ized. 'How would Paris like to wake one day and be told that henceforth it would read its newspapers in Arabic type? Or New York that its business correspondence was to be conducted in Coptic writing? Or the boys of Eton and Harrow that they should submit their next essay in Japanese characters?' An old hodja of Kavak on the Bosphorus spoke thus to the traveler on a ferryboat, and spoke low because he knew that what he was saying almost amounted to treason. But publicly he, like everyone else, subscribes to the change, for the word of him who must be obeyed is final. So the Ghazi has started an A B C class in Constantinople, and attends it himself; his suite has already passed an examination in the new alphabet. The Prime Minister, Ismet Pasha, who won the Treaty of Lausanne, has officially informed the Government that he has mastered the new characters and is ready to sit for the Ghazi's certificate.

Doubtless the change is for the good. Turkish was doubly puzzling to the average Westerner because of its script; for the same reason European languages were doubly difficult for the Turkish schoolboy to assimilate. Mustafa Kemal intends that the Turk of the future shall be found more approachable at home, and shall find easier avenues to understanding of the West abroad. Meanwhile the Turkish language will survive. The yolk of an egg is always yellow, even though, at Easter time, the shell is painted all the colors of the rainbow.

The youth of New Turkey in Stambul, as elsewhere, is with the Ghazi in his innovations; for modern youth the world over is to-day inclined toward indifference to religion, be it Christian, Moslem, or Jewish. With regard to education, the Turkish schoolboy, the bank clerk, the junior official, may find the learning of the new alphabet

an irksome amusement; but it is an amusement, for it is a novelty, and youth loves novelty, and everybody in Turkey is doing it, and youth likes to be in the swim. But the reaction of the older generations is less enthusiastic.

There are many grandfathers in Stambul. Talk to them in the silences of the night in the privacy of their own homes. They will tell of accessions, of the state processions of Abdul-Hamid, of Rashid, of Vaheduddin, and of poor Abdul-Mejid — the pomp and circumstance of the brilliant cavalcade from Dolma Batche Palace on the Bosphorus, the passage of Galata Bridge and the steep climb through old Stambul, past the Sublime Porte, and finally to Saint Sophia itself. There, the public exhibition of the sacred relics of the Prophet — the hairs of his beard, his sword, which the new Caliph girded on, his robe, which he donned. Those days are gone and the relics are — who knows where? Are they in Angora? Are they destroyed? The Government took them into its charge in 1924. Memories alone remain of the great days of the social and religious pomp and glory of Imperial Turkey and of the old aristocracy, not only of Imperial days, but also of the period of Enver Pasha's supremacy. To-day a trip up the Bosphorus shows how the glory has departed. Palaces that were once show places — and, maybe, nests of intrigue — are rotting emptily into decay. The Yildiz Kiosk was licensed as a casino until reckless gambling produced such a crop of Turkish bankruptcies and suicides that it had to be closed. The Dolma Batche Palace is where the Ghazi holds his A B C classes. Bebek is a desolation. Top Kapou, standing high behind its ramparts overlooking Seraglio Point, is a museum where the trappings of past Imperial glory are exposed for view of all and sundry. And, saddest and most ominous feature

of all, this year the new Government actively discouraged the 'true believers' from making the Pilgrimage to Mecca.

Such are the reflections of the old men, but it must not be inferred therefrom that there exists in Turkey any sincere desire for the return of the political power of the House of Othman. In no quarter was there any demur when it was decreed that the word 'Sultan' must no longer be heard in Turkish speech. But these Sultans were also Caliphs. The expulsion of the two last scions of the House — Vaheduddin to die in poverty and, after many wanderings, to find a stealthy tomb in Damascus; and Abdul-Mejid (Caliph only, not Sultan-Caliph) to eke out an ignominious existence on the Riviera, supported by Indian charity — provoked a sympathy among older Turks which has become almost reverence since Islam was attacked. Once Caliph of Islam, always Caliph, even though Angora may publish a decree banning the use in general Turkish parlance of what is the commonest phrase of all Mohammedan conversation: *Insha'allah* ('Please God').

IV

Constantinople is depressing because it is depressed. The traveler became subconsciously oppressed by the atmosphere of resentment and disillusion; and this resentment was all the more unpleasant to witness because his previous experience of the barrenness of the *laus temporis acti* of the Faubourg St.-Germain left him with uneasy doubts as to whether its Turkish counterpart was altogether justified. But his task was to investigate facts, not to draw conclusions; and, having seen one side of the picture in Constantinople, his next duty was to see the other, New Turkey in New Angora.

Angora lies some three hundred and fifty miles eastward from the Bosphorus. A sleeping-car train makes the journey in fourteen comfortable hours, and the new Angora Hotel is luxurious almost to the point of dissipation. Angora is a curious place. It has a long history written on the ruined walls of a Roman temple dating from Augustus, and on the castellated battlements of the Byzantine fort which crowns the rocky hill on the slopes of which clusters the old town. This old town — a squalid, rambling Oriental hamlet — was all that there was to Angora in 1919 when Mustafa Kemal chose it as his capital. It is true that it had two assets — its railway connection with the West and its strategic inaccessibility — to offset its total unsuitability as a centre of government; but lying, as it did, in the middle of a malarial plain, the old town otherwise possessed absolutely no potential advantages. It had neither housing nor sanitation, and certainly offered no prospect of adaptation to any scheme of more modern town planning. But it was safe, and to a revolutionary government safety compensates for much. So, with the full force of the Ghazi's dynamic energy behind the effort, New Turkey set itself by Turkish endeavor to build out from the old mediæval village a capital worthy of the New State.

That was nine years ago. During the Greek war there was little money other than for military needs; but victory not only brought military reductions in its train, but also opened the coffers of Constantinople and Smyrna; and in 1923 the active work of construction began. The old town has been left intact on its hill with its dirty narrow lanes, its smelly hovels, and its peasant population; and it is only where it ends that the new town has been projected across the plain, which had, as a

first necessity, to be drained clear of malaria. Once across these now mosquitoless flats, it spreads out on the slopes of a low ridge of hills where the Ghazi has planned the residential quarter of his new capital. But progress was slow, for the task was immense; and Angora since 1919 has not always been the bed of roses it appeared in May 1928.

'It is all very well for you to be enthusiastic. You have only been here a day. I have been here three years. In the early days we Europeans had to lead a Klondyke sort of existence. I remember, when I came here first in the winter of 1924, the railway carriage had no windows and was infested with legacies of the war of all shapes and colors. The journey took fifty hours. The only hotel had six beds in every room and a single washbasin. When we went to the restaurant, we took a newspaper with us as a tablecloth; and a candle (which we supplied) stuck in a bottle (which we supplied) was all the light we had for steering tough goat-steak from our tin plates to our mouths. There was a mail — sometimes — and a train — sometimes. Things are better to-day. This is a decent hotel, but it's awful to be stuck here. These New Turks are so suspicious that one can't get anything done. They talk and talk and tie up everything in such a tangle that it takes years to get a decision; and when you get it, as likely as not it is not what you want.'

'But they are doing all right, are n't they — I mean for themselves?'

'Rather. Trust them. I was n't thinking so much of them. I was thinking of myself. I wish I could get a transfer to Paris or New York. This place is on my nerves. It's so deadly dull.'

There is no need to prolong the conversation. Angora, even to-day, is socially devastating, and from the business and diplomatic point of view

it must be often exasperating. For the New Turk is at bottom still the Old Turk, with all the gentle evasiveness of the old régime. To-day he excuses his dilatory methods. They are not due to incompetence or slackness; they are intentional. For the predominant instinct in Mustafa Kemal's official attitude is a determination not to be exploited as Old Turkey, in the days of such wily concession hunters as the Baron Hirsch, was systematically exploited.

The traveler, however, found an Angora far from dull, and exciting almost beyond his dreams. The climb to the Byzantine citadel is steep. Aimless donkeys, twin-slung with petrol tins carrying water from the valley, block the narrow twisting thoroughfares; the hide and grain markets, thronged with noisy buyers and sellers, splay all over the roadway; ubiquitous bootblacks, vendors of sweetmeats and lemonade, importune vainly. But there are no guides and no touts; for the West and tourism have not yet come to Angora. From the ramparts of the citadel, the old and the new lie exposed in panorama. A string of camels laden with stone for new construction is holding up a violently hooting contractor's lorry in the valley four hundred feet below. Halfway up the hill a peasant, who has ridden in on his donkey from a neighboring village, is talking to a friend who leans out of a yellow motor-bus window. On a wall, across which the minaret of the town mosque throws a tapering shadow, is a brilliantly colored notice of the imminent arrival of a new film, 'Abdul, the Damned.' And away south, across the waste of what was the Christian quarter of Old Angora before it was burned out during the war, stretch the broad black ribbons of the Ghazi's new arterial roads, which are the backbone of New Angora's town planning.

The cleavage between the old and the new is sudden and arresting. Old Angora had a main street. It has been widened, is flanked with modern — all Turkish — shops, has a taxi rank, and is the terminus of all motor-bus services. Where it ends, the new town planning begins, and at the point of junction is a huge equestrian statue of the Ghazi. It doubly epitomizes New Turkey's break with the past. In the first place, statues were taboo in Turkey; elsewhere in Islam they still are. But the Ghazi regarded the restriction as an anachronistic superstition, and to-day he is celebrated in no less than four statues — one in Stambul on Seraglio Point, the other three in Angora. The second demonstration of the emancipation of Turkey is revealed by a study of the monument itself. The Ghazi, astride his horse, is facing west to Europe, not southeast to Mecca. On the plinth are two reliefs, the first depicting him as generalissimo in the Greek war, the second as President of the new Republic, signing the National Pact. Round the pedestal are three figures. Two modernly equipped soldiers, rifle in hand, scan the western horizon. At the rear is a peasant woman, carrying a shell on her shoulder and 'doing her bit' by helping to feed the guns. It is the recognition of woman in the new State.

Below and facing the statue is the old Parliament House where the Pact was signed, which is now preserved as a national monument and as the headquarters of the Popular (the only) Party in Turkey. It proved to be too small for the new Government's needs, and just below it the present Parliament was completed this year. It is an unpretentious building, — more like a country villa than a Chamber of Deputies, — standing in artificial grounds which were created richly on a slope which was once Old Angora's rubbish

heap. Within, the traveler found proceedings — as is ever the case when there is no opposition — so decorous and dull that it might have been a well-drilled shareholders' meeting rather than a state assembly. The Strangers' Gallery commands an oblong and very commonplace hall, set with rows of desks, rather like a school, all facing the Speaker's rostrum. He, conspicuous in evening dress, presides from the uppermost tier of a three-decker type of pulpit; below him a row of parliamentary secretaries; on the lowest tier, the forum whence members address the House. And over his head, blazoned in gilt and still in *Arabic characters*, the legend of the State: 'The Sovereignty belongs to the People.' It was all terribly orderly. Speeches were short, but intently followed. There was a division. Two silver ballot boxes were carried into the House and placed before the Speaker; and, one by one, the members were summoned from their seats by a secretary and rather sheepishly recorded their vote. The Ghazi, as President, opens each parliamentary session; but otherwise he appears only when some exceptional legislation is under debate. Then, from the recesses of an almost royal box, he supervises with a paternal eye to ensure that nothing goes wrong with his plans.

The Parliament, the Club, and the Hotel are the heart of Angora; with the government offices and the banks, which are all new buildings and in the neighborhood, they constitute the Whitehall of Turkey. But they are only the beginning of New Angora, which the traveler had yet to see.

'I said good-bye to the Secretary of the Chamber, and told him I wanted to visit the new town in a motor bus. He handed me over to a uniformed usher, and, thus gallantly escorted, I was dumped in a fine bus where my intro-

duction from such distinguished sources made me at once the cynosure of all eyes. Everyone was very nice and there was a sort of "general post," which I did not understand until I found myself seated by a pleasant young man who addressed me in French. Apparently the usher had told all and sundry that I knew no Turkish, and the "general post" was to ensure me intelligible company at my side. The young man explained how much I had to pay, and then started telling me what we were passing. They are very proud of the Ghazi's new road — and well they may be. It is about twenty-five yards wide, paved like a French *chaussée*, only far less bumpy, and most of the way divided into "up and down" traffic channels by a row of trees in the middle. First we passed the New Museum, which is fronted by another equestrian statue of Kemal; then a dip under the railway and a long run across the flats. My Cicero pointed me out the drains which had been dug to do away with the marshes and the mosquitoes.

'The new town had the appearance of a young garden city. Wide byroads branched off our main boulevard. At least a thousand houses have been already built, and more are under construction, all of the villa type, with stucco walls, red roofs, and loggias facing north for coolth during the summer. My friend grinned rather maliciously when I asked who lived in one very conspicuous mansion, designed rather on the lines of a German cubist film creation and positively bristling with wireless masts. It was the Bolshevik Embassy.

'Soon we were climbing wide well-designed sweeps up the hillside, which was green with fruit trees planted in the last five years. It will be lovely. As the road got steeper, the zigzags were shorter, and at every turn I was

pointed out the house of one or another notable — Ismet's house, Fewzi's house, and the British Legation. What I wanted to see was the Ghazi's house. We reached our terminus, and still I had n't seen it. I inquired somewhat diffidently — *et pour cause*. No one, my informant told me, sees it. He pointed to the summit and to two policemen. "He lives up there, but you're not allowed to pass."

'My friend, Orientalwise and somewhat embarrassingly, placed himself entirely at my disposal. We stood on the roadside waiting for the bus to start off again and looked back across New Angora to the old town, which showed up gray-pink in the afternoon sun. He lived in Old Angora. The rents of the new houses are high and his salary was low. But he was getting along fine in the New Government, and his French gave him a grand start, as he already knew the scheme of our A B C. On the way home we talked of Palestine. It was very jolly. He had been a Turkish soldier in Jerusalem when we got in in 1917. I rushed back to the hotel, got out my diary, and wrote like fury.'

V

Angora leaves an impression of brave beginnings. There are also concrete accomplishments; but there is still much to be accomplished. The traveler is aware of two emotions as his train carries him back to the Bosphorus — first, the hope that Angora will succeed, for it is a great effort and its daring evokes sympathy; secondly, an overmastering curiosity regarding the personality who, on the one hand, is author of its creation and, on the other, is turning all Turkey topsy-turvy.

A description of the Ghazi reveals him as a physically sturdy figure of patent military type. He is neither

tall nor short; he is polished rather than good-looking, and powerful rather than rugged. His jaw is firm and his temples wide; his forehead high, his nose long and straight, and his complexion sallow. His character lies in his eyes, which are hard and piercing, save when they relapse into a twinkle, and in his lips, which are ominously thin. His appearance proclaims him to be what he has proved himself to be — a good friend or a very redoubtable enemy. To-day, to explain rather than to condone the many questionable stories which are current about his private life, it is well to remember that from 1910 to 1922, through the Italian and the two Balkan wars, through the Great War, and finally during his campaign against the Greeks, he was practically continuously on active service, living the hard life of a soldier and not the easy existence of the palace courtier.

As a soldier, he made his reputation both by his bravery in the field of battle and by his competence and outspokenness in the councils of war; and a soldier he still is in outlook and in habit. Be his habits what they may, since he entered civil life he has increased and not marred the reputation that he made for himself as a soldier, which is a tribute that can rarely be paid to the soldier turned civilian. The secret of his success lies in his long study of men. He watched and learned from the rise and fall of others in Turkey; he studied the reasons of their successive eclipses, and learned his lesson from their inconsistencies, their disloyalties, their intrigues, their self-seeking, and, above all, their indifference to the fate of the Turkish 'man in the street.' His post-war policy had two distinct phases — the destructive and the constructive. In the first he had periodically to enlist the support of the normal agencies of revolution. He had to legislate ruthlessly, to punish

ruthlessly, and to obtain revenge ruthlessly; and he used these agencies indiscriminately as his creatures according to the needs of the moment, but always within strict limits prescribed by him, and only for as long as their utility for the particular purpose in view remained. He rewarded those who served him well; those whom a momentary importance tempted to aspire higher, even to the point of risking a challenge of the supreme control, he dealt with inexorably.

There was a row a year ago. Two of the Ghazi's temporary lieutenants challenged his authority. They bearded him at his house in Angora after a session of Parliament. One of them called him a blackguard. Kemal kept very cool and replied: 'Right. Now my turn. I'll *prove* what you are.' A week later the man was arraigned before the courts for corruption, which Kemal did prove; to-day he is doing two years' imprisonment in Constantinople.

But throughout the Ghazi was aware that after destruction must come the positive programme of construction, and he chose his men early and well for this second phase. It is to his and their credit that through all the vicissitudes of the post-war nationalist movement in Turkey he held to them and they to him. To-day the country is governed by a triumvirate — the Ghazi; Ismet Pasha, the Prime Minister and President of the Popular Party; and Fewzi Pasha, the Minister of War. Their rule is a dictatorship. And it is a fine com-

bination of qualities: the Ghazi's popular appeal; Ismet's disarming adroitness, a mixture of genuine deafness and (as the Allies found at Lausanne) of apparent innocence; Fewzi's sphinxlike devotion to discipline and efficiency. Turkey is luckier than Italy, who has only Mussolini; and the fact that there is a triumvirate and that it is harmonious assures continuity in any event. Events are not uncommon in Turkey. There have been three, if not more, attempts on the Ghazi's life.

'When they shot at him and attempted to blow up his train, he laughed. "Why do they want to kill me? I'll die of my own accord one of these days." He is a wonderful fellow, and must be the hell of a tiger.'

The traveler opened his diary as his boat for Athens was slipping past Seraglio Point out into the Marmora. Past Prinkipo he was still reading. The sun was setting as he closed the book. He looked over the stern to the north, where Stambul had faded into purple haze. The last sentence he had read contained the only conclusion he had reached during his meanderings: —

'Before coming I wrote of disillusion and the fading of romance; that Modern Islam and Modern Turkey were bound to be vulgar and sordid; that I wished I was going to see old Imperial Turkey and all its glory. I was miles wide of the mark. I've seen the new romance of energy, and it has not been unsympathetic. I'm cured, and I'm coming back again.'

THE INVESTMENT TRUST

BY PAUL C. CABOT

I

ALTHOUGH there have been investment trusts in operation in this country for over forty years, they have not until recently enjoyed any prominence, nor have large amounts of capital been invested in them. The idea was really first developed in Great Britain and had already attained considerable proportions as early as 1880. The investment-trust plan as conceived by Mr. Robert Fleming, who is now possibly the most important English investment-trust manager, is more or less typical of the entire movement at that time. Coming from Dundee to New York as a mercantile clerk, Mr. Fleming was greatly impressed with the possibility of investing funds in this country, particularly in our then rapidly growing railroads. It was possible for him at that time to borrow money in England for as low as 3 per cent and then turn around and lend it to the American railroad companies, taking their first-mortgage bonds for as high as 6, 7, and indeed 8 per cent. Obviously the profits for the promoters and common shareholders were very large, and the movement expanded rapidly. By 1888, eighteen of these trusts with a capital of over £23,000,000 were listed on the London Stock Exchange. By 1890 a trust 'mania' was under way. For some years the British debt had been steadily reduced; capital had continued cheap and abundant; the investment trusts had been uniformly successful, paying large dividends, and there had

been rapidly mounting quotations for their securities.

Referring to this 'boom' in the investment-trust plan, the London *Economist* for April 6, 1889, remarks that 'although successful with the public, the companies have not in some cases been able to make a very favorable start in business, for they have followed so fast upon each other's heels that they have experienced great difficulty in purchasing proper investments. The supply of really sound securities is in many directions so very limited that any decided increase in the demand at once causes a considerable advance in prices . . . indeed so rapid has been the advance that it is stated several of the new trusts have been unable to effect purchases and are rather doubtful as to the direction in which their money shall be invested.'

These words have certain interesting applications to the present situation. As a result of the conditions described by the *Economist* a variety of abuses arose. The pyramiding process, or superimposing of one company on top of another, increased rapidly. For example, the Anglo-American Debenture Company was responsible for the creation of thirteen different but interconnected trusts at this time. This in itself might not have been objectionable had it not resulted in the manipulation of accounts, the creation of corners, and a great deal of general manœuvring in order to sustain and increase the market value of the securities of the various trusts. In my

opinion there is to-day in this country a large and well-known investment trust whose shares are selling for far more than their intrinsic or liquidating value, which has continually managed its portfolio so that it can show the greatest possible profits and thereby obtain the greatest market value for its shares, regardless of their real worth. Generally speaking, in this trust during the past year the good securities that have appreciated in value have been sold and the poorer ones retained or increased, simply to show profits.

The *Economist* tells us that this is exactly the game they were playing in England almost forty years ago. In 1890 the Baring crisis marked the beginning of a long period of difficulty for the investment trusts. It is interesting to note some of the expedients resorted to by the managers of the tottering trusts at this time. Mr. J. Edward Meeker, economist of the New York Stock Exchange, in an interesting paper on the subject, cites the following instance. 'The "Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Corporation," with a "strong board" of directors, saw fit to carry the valuations of their holdings at cost instead of at market prices, and on this basis to declare a dividend which absorbed £20,000 of their fictitious revenue balance of £32,409. The long-suffering auditor revolted and refused to shoulder further responsibility for the company's accounts.' By April 1891 the ordinary and deferred shares of ten of the more important trusts had declined in the market on an average of 34 per cent. In February 1893 the *Economist* made the following commentary: 'It may be said with truth that, having sown the wind, they (the trusts) are now reaping the whirlwind. Week after week evidence accumulates proving only too forcibly that those responsible for the management of these trusts have based

no inconsiderable part of their operations upon false principles, with the inevitable result that, after a more or less brief period of apparent prosperity, losses and difficulties have arisen.' Scandal followed close on the heels of financial difficulty. It turned out that the banking house of Murietta and Company 'had agreed to subscribe for 12,000 shares of the "Imperial and Foreign Investment and Agency Corporation" provided the latter would purchase from it certain securities which it had been unable to sell elsewhere. These depreciated £114,358 while in the trust's possession. What stirred the ire of the shareholders was that despite their losses the trust, directors, and managers had made fortunes.'¹

It was not until 1896 that the *Economist* noted 'the upward movement in prices of trust securities generally.'

I have given at some length the history of the difficulties of the investment trusts in England because I strongly believe that unless we avoid these and other errors and false principles we shall inevitably go through a similar period of disaster and disgrace. If such a period should come, the well-run trusts will suffer with the bad as they did in England forty years ago. Of course, the honest and ably managed companies would emerge from the difficulties eventually. Even during the worst period in England 'proof was afforded of the innate soundness of the investment-trust idea when properly administered.' Of the thirty-one leading trusts of the time studied by the *Economist*, seven were able to make headway against the completely adverse current of conditions. In the hope and belief that we shall profit by the example of the older trusts and escape the worst of their difficulties, I shall now try to point out what in my opin-

¹'Some Notes on Investment Trusts,' by J. Edward Meeker

ion are some of the present dangers. Before doing so, however, I should like to emphasize the fact that the honesty and ability of the management are paramount and that good practices can be completely vitiated by dishonest and unsound investments.

II

Of the investment trusts of which I am speaking I propose to recognize two broad classes. First, those whose primary idea is the borrowing of money at a rate lower than that at which they can lend or invest it, and which in their investment programme follow a very wide diversification. Second, those that do not follow such wide diversification and that buy with the idea of appreciation, or that have attempted to buy securities which are cheap and will go up over a period of years. In England these two classes are generally differentiated as 'trust companies' and 'finance companies.' In this country we have tended to group them all under the general category of investment trusts. Both types have advantages and disadvantages that appeal variously to different investors. The broadly diversified trust has relatively small holdings in a great many issues. It attempts to secure a cross section of the various securities of the United States or of the world. Its particular advantages are that it permits small investors to participate in the ownership of a widely diversified group of securities, thereby obtaining such benefits as go with wide diversification. By its very nature, however, it is attempting to secure a representative average; it cannot, therefore, hope to turn in more than an average performance. Now the primary object of buying into an investment trust should be the desire to have expert and constant management which can do better than

the average. As we have seen, however, a very broadly diversified portfolio means average results, and therefore the purchaser of the securities of such a trust cannot expect the full benefits of managerial ability. Of course, in fairness it should be said that poor management cannot do as much harm following wide diversification as otherwise.

There is a restriction in the by-laws of one investment trust which provides that as soon as the trust has \$5,000,000 it shall have at least four hundred different issues. In contrast to this, the trust indenture of the Investment Managers Company of New York provides that it shall not have more than thirty issues. The first company has by its policy of diversification attempted to obtain security. The Investment Managers Company by its opposite policy has, however, obtained greater security. No one can get an issue into the portfolio of the Investment Managers Company without proving to the directors that it is not only good, but better than one of the existing issues for which it is to be substituted.

In the other company almost any security will get by. The pet issue of each director and officer can find its way in. Director A passes director B's security, although he may not be very enthusiastic about it, so that director B will not blackball his issue. Another disadvantage to the highly diversified portfolio is either the inability of the management to follow closely so many issues or the expense of so doing. One of the worst of some of the present abuses is the ignorance and lack of attention of some investment managers. An investment-trust manager should know far more about the companies in which his money is invested than the average investor. This, I am afraid, is not always the case, and obviously it is far more expensive to follow closely and thoroughly a list of securities spread all

over the face of the globe than a list restricted to a limited group of the best investments. I think it fair to say that the average highly diversified trust does not closely follow its list, but relies on its policy of diversification to save it, and, therefore, cannot produce more than an average showing.

In pointing out the difference between these two types of trust, I have already touched on one of the cardinal abuses — inattention. Of course, this evil may apply to the trust with a more limited and selected portfolio. I should also like to point out that it may apply to those trusts run by the big banks and brokerage houses. They may be honest and they may be able, but before their securities are bought one wants to be sure that they will continually apply and reapply that ability to the running of the trust into which one may be buying.

I think the worst cases of lack of attention come where the managerial control rests in rather numerous hands. Concentration of control with extensive powers is a feature of the utmost importance, avoiding the delay and lack of positive action that usually result when many individuals holding diverse opinions attempt to translate their ideas into action.

Some months ago I was asked by an investment house if I would consider running an investment trust that they had sold to the public some time before. During the course of the discussion I asked if I might see the portfolio. In examining this, I noted a very large block of the shares of a company which, as a banking house, they had recently acquired and sold to the public. I asked the gentleman with whom I was talking whether, if I were to advise them on their portfolio, and if I could convince the directors that the shares of another company in the same industry were a preferable investment, they would

make the exchange. He replied, 'No, not necessarily. This trust is part of our general machine, and if the selling of these shares adversely affected — and Company we would not make the sale.' And yet the securities of this trust were sold to the public, whose money was being used not for the best interests of the men and women who had supplied the funds, but for the best interests of — and Company. This case brings up two common abuses to which the investment trust is now being put. First, that of being run for ulterior motives and not primarily for the best interests of the shareholders; second, that of being used as a depository for securities that might otherwise be unmarketable. There are, of course, certain trusts that have been formed with avowedly ulterior purposes. Such procedure is obviously beyond reproach. It is only when a trust says it is formed to accomplish one thing and then attempts to do another that it becomes an abuse.

The practice by which a house of issue sells a part of its own underwriting to its own trust, although not necessarily unethical and unsound, is extremely dangerous. Those trusts run by banks and brokers are particularly subject to this temptation. In my opinion such companies should have a provision or a firmly established policy that they will in no way deal with themselves as principals; that if they wish to acquire part of an issue in which they as a house may be interested they will have to acquire it from some entirely outside source.

III

Some months ago, in testifying before a committee of the New York Stock Exchange, I was asked to state briefly what were, in my opinion, the present abuses in the investment-trust

movement. My reply was: (1) dishonesty; (2) inattention and inability; (3) greed.

It is of the last of these that I now wish to speak. You may be asked to subscribe to a trust that is both honestly and ably run, and yet find it inadvisable to do so simply because there is nothing in it for you. All the profits go to the promoters and managers.

There are an infinite number of ways whereby this unduly large slice of the spoils is kept by the insiders. They may own all or a very large percentage of the equity stock; they may have warrants and options; or, more rarely, they may be able to take out the money in the form of expenses or managerial fees of one sort or another. There certainly is no ethical objection to promoters and managers getting away with all they can in the way of profits. Free competition is bound to keep this down to a reasonable figure. The objection comes when the amount so to be taken out is not clearly set forth. The most common method of accomplishing this result on the part of promoters is an exceedingly complicated capital structure. There are many investment-trust prospectuses in which it takes literally hours to figure out just how profits are to be divided. To those not trained in finance the task becomes impossible, and the promoters have accomplished their purpose. Certainly a clear statement of how the money is supplied and the profits divided, together with a simple, straightforward capital structure, is highly desirable.

Another danger, usually the result of greed, takes the form of a very large funded or floating debt or an excessive issue of preferred stocks. Very often the managers and promoters receive their compensation and profit in the form of common stock for which they have paid little or nothing. There is

nothing to criticize in this procedure if it is clearly and simply stated so that all can easily understand. As is pointed out in such cases, the management receives nothing until it has earned and paid some fixed percentage on the senior securities. In other words, the compensation is dependent upon the success of the enterprise. But the difficulty is that the management or promoters have put up only a very small percentage of the total funds. If the enterprise is a complete failure, they have little or nothing to lose. It is natural, therefore, that they should take the attitude of 'Let's either win big or win nothing.' This they accomplish by a very heavy pyramiding process. I do not believe that there are many people who with only \$100 equity would, as a general practice, proceed to borrow and buy anywhere from \$800 to \$1000 worth of securities, and yet this is exactly what many investment trusts are doing to-day.

There is another difficulty to which pyramiding leads. With very heavy fixed charges and preferred dividends to meet, the management is under the constant necessity of producing a large dollar income the first and every succeeding year of operation with which to meet the relatively large fixed charges. This pressing necessity to produce immediate and constant income forces the investment of a large proportion of the funds in securities of a less desirable type.

A danger that I have already spoken of I should like to touch on again. There are a great many trust indentures, by-laws, and more or less formal policies that provide a variety of restrictions, the basic purpose of which seems to be to prevent, in the case of dishonest or incapable management, a complete dissipation of the funds.

Such a motive is praiseworthy, but all the restrictions in the world will not

mitigate the evils of poor management, and about all they can do is to restrict the efforts of good management. Is it not probable that excess restrictions which we may place on the investment-trust manager during a period of rising prices may be entirely wrong for a changed period of declining prices? I believe that no principles and restrictions should be developed so rigidly that they may not be changed at any time in order to conform with the best judgment of the management.

There are a great many other dangers confronting the investment trusts, but there is only one other I wish to mention here, and that is the excessive market price to which, in my opinion, the shares of certain trusts have been bid. To say what is a fair price for such securities I find extremely difficult — indeed, I do not know. I do think, however, that there are a few principles which may aid us in this determination.

Where the assets of an investment trust are not grossly overvalued, I should say that its various securities are at least worth the net liquidating value, or what would be realized in actual liquidation. The difficulty comes in saying how much more than the liquidating value the securities may be worth. I can think of only two factors that might bring this out. The first is the factor of management, and the second is the ability of the trust to borrow money at low rates of interest. If, for example, the X Trust can borrow \$5,000,000 at 5 per cent for twenty years, that ability undoubtedly has a present market worth. Similarly, the ability of the management to make money in excess of the current rate of return over a period of years also has a present value. When, however, I find the shares of a very large trust selling in the market for nearly three times their liquidating value, particularly when

that liquidating value is figured from a grossly inflated portfolio value; when there is no possible value to be added through funds borrowed at a low rate; and when, on top of it all, the management has in my opinion demonstrated inability and possibly dishonesty, I am inclined to think the shares somewhat high.

IV

What can be done about these abuses? I should say that the remedies are publicity and education. Every industry has its abuses and dangers, and many industries present far more alarming hazards than the investment trust. Before touching on these remedies I should like very briefly to say a word about what purports to be remedial legislation. There has been much discussion of this topic, and many states have already gone far in setting laws on their statute books. Just as in the case of charter restrictions, about all these laws can do is to hamper able management and fail to protect the public against inability and dishonesty. No law can replace the necessity for investors to think intelligently and to investigate a situation before investing their money. We have had many examples of the evils of overregulation in other fields, and it would indeed be unfortunate to hamper by laws that cannot accomplish their purpose so valuable an instrument of finance as the investment trust. All that legislation should do is to require a degree of publicity that will enable any investor to form a sound opinion. It should not require publicity that would interfere with the honest and successful operation of the trusts.

For the publicity that not only should be required, but is good policy for the trust, I should suggest the following provisions. First, a clear statement should be made showing

exactly where the control lies and who constitutes the active management. Second, it should be shown exactly how and in what proportion profits and losses are divided, particularly the existence of options, warrants, calls, and the like. Third, the investment policy of the managers should be made plain by figures giving the percentages invested in the various classes and types of securities.

There has been much discussion of the advisability of requiring that complete portfolio holdings be revealed. Arguments in favor of revealing them include the following points: —

1. The trust cannot be called and ceases to be a blind pool.
2. Dishonest or mistaken investment policies are more quickly revealed.
3. Public confidence is increased; the trust is ashamed of nothing and has nothing to hide.
4. The security holders of the trust can better appraise the trust investment policies and attune the rest of their investment procedure accordingly.

Among the disadvantages of portfolio publication are these: —

1. The results of the costly investment research paid for by the security holders of the trust are revealed to all, and an outsider by following the list can get the same benefits free of charge.
2. Where a trust is either selling or buying a security with a limited market, that market can be seriously interfered with to the detriment of the trust.
3. Investors may be misled. An investment that is good for a trust may not be good for an individual, particularly when the individual does not know and cannot follow the risks and hazards involved.
4. Publication of a list can seriously hamper the managers in their investment research.

Generally speaking, I should say that for trusts pursuing a very wide diversification the publication of their

lists is advisable; whereas for that type which tends more to concentration and the selection of a few outstanding issues it is inadvisable. The best English practices have tended away from the publication of holdings.

Every trust should publish complete balance sheets and income accounts. The balance sheets, of course, should reveal all liabilities, contingent or otherwise; securities should be carried at cost, but their present market value should be clearly revealed. Such a policy permits anyone to determine exactly the liquidating value which is essential in a determination of the value of the various securities. The income account should be detailed and reveal exactly from where the income was derived. It is essential that interest and dividends received should be clearly separated from profits from sales. Similarly, the expense account should be broken down, showing how much is paid in salaries and other overhead expenses. The compensation of management should be segregated.

If the investment trusts of the country pursue this policy of complete information, bad practices, simply by revelation, will be eliminated.

V

In pointing out some of the present abuses of the investment-trust movement, I have indicated by inference rather than directly what can be considered sound and constructive practice. It only remains briefly to suggest what can and has been accomplished in this field when these dangers and abuses are avoided. Without enlarging on the various possible benefits accruing to investors in this movement, I should merely like again to say that far and away the most important contribution that the investment trust can make is to supply honest, constant, expert, and

unbiased management, and that if it pursues too extensive diversification it indicates that it will not or cannot supply that management. For investors to pay a heavy loading charge, in the form of management charges and sales commissions, to the managers and promoters of a 'fixed trust,' who by its very charter are restricted from using any judgment whatsoever, is in my opinion ridiculous and unjustifiable.

I am often asked what will happen to the investment trusts during a period of declining security prices. In my opinion it is during that period that the real value of the investment-trust movement can be demonstrated. The investment-trust manager should be a financial expert similar in his profession to the doctor of medicine. When we most need a medical doctor is when we

are sick. Equally it should be, and I believe is, true that when the investing public most needs expert assistance is during a period of falling security prices. Almost anyone can make money during a period of rising prices, but it will take real skill to curtail losses when things are moving in the opposite direction. I should not go so far as to say that the well-run trusts will not lose money during a period of deflation; but certainly they should, and I believe will, lose less money than the average investor. With conservative capitalization, sound policies, and able management, the investment trusts will make more money than the average investor in good times and lose less in poor times. Such a performance not only justifies but ensures their existence and growth.

A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ROBERT KEABLE

SOME of us who have been interested in the papers by Robert Keable, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, have waited, to pass comment, until we could read his more fully developed study in book form, *The Great Galilean*. Miss Case, who writes on 'The Middle Way,' in the February number, has put her finger on the real weakness of Keable's solution of the problem of Christ.

Suppose we try to translate Keable's thought into homely everyday phraseology. What is his argument? It sounds absurd, as thus translated, but here it is:—

1. We must distinguish between the *historical* Christ and the *traditional* Christ—the Christ whose story is told in the Synoptic Gospels, and the glorified Christ in whom, very early, men found an unveiling of the heart of God, to whom they came to give worship and pay divine honors, and about whose birth miraculous accounts were given.

2. As for the *historical* Christ, Keable says that we cannot discover enough certain information about him to write a biographical note of decent

newspaper length. The material in the Gospels cannot be accepted, he declares, as trustworthy; we know less than nothing of the facts.

3. As for the *traditional* Christ, he declares that much of what the Church has taught is pure myth, without foundation of fact—a lovely lyric, a poetic ideal.

4. Nevertheless, we do know (somehow, but just how we are left to guess) what this Christ taught, about sin, sex, and so forth—all of which is told by Keable most fascinatingly, by taking from the Gospels what may be twisted into support of his views, leaving out the rest, and at best studying the whole most superficially. In passing, let it be said that he displays but the slightest knowledge of the assured results of the most careful critical study of the Gospels, and that he draws his picture by falling back upon the very Gospels which he has discarded as discredited and as not furnishing enough fact to fill the space of a newspaper obituary notice!

5. Nevertheless, again, we need the *traditional* Christ. We must have a God to worship; we must have an ideal to lead us on; we must have certain divine values. Well, there are no 'values' finer, purer, truer, more winsome, more compel-

ling, more worship-inspiring, than those we find in the traditional Christ. We cling to them, therefore, as myths, as thought-forms, even though we cannot root the tradition in historic fact.

There are just two questions one may ask about this curious piece of Christology:—

1. How can we expect plain, everyday folk to follow its logic? Why suppose that they will worship a Christ who does not now exist and never did exist, who is fancy, not fact, even though the fancy be wonderfully beautiful? We do not worship mythological figures; we do not bow low before lovely statuary, or adore beautiful pictures, or do homage to printed pages of poetry. You can't tell your little children, who have believed in Santa Claus, that the story is a fairy tale, and then expect them to continue to send their childish notes to Kriss Kringle through the mail. If they do continue to send him letters, after you have assured them that 'Santa Claus is only father and mother,' you soon have a suspicion that there is something they want, and they understand perfectly well, if they can still play at the delusion, that somehow 'the right party' will send the desired gifts. But what sort of character will issue out of such practice? And what sort of character will be produced by the hocus-pocus Mr. Keable, in all seriousness, proposes in this plea for a mythical Christ?

2. Why does Mr. Keable, after tossing aside as unreliable the only records we have of Christ's life and teaching alleged to be historical, weave out of the story he has rejected a summary of the teaching Jesus gave on sin, sex, and so forth, which does, indeed, emphasize some things which Christ taught, though leaving out much that counterbalances and modifies it? Why but because Mr. Keable's conscience demanded that he draw up some apology for his own life?

If his book is an apologia, and at the last he felt that he needed to make it, perhaps he was, indeed, coming back to God at the end and regaining Christian faith. There are indications that this may be the fact in the very last of his writings—the chapter, 'From the Known to the Unknown,' not contained in his book, but printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* of April 1928, describing the challenge he had just received to tell

what he still believed, after all his years of doubt and wanderings. Here is his confession of faith:—

'I give my allegiance to the beauty and honesty and simplicity of that figure who is symbolized among us as Jesus Christ, Son of the Virgin Mary, crucified under Pontius Pilate, who rose again the third day from the dead.' Maybe then, in the extreme end of life, wearied by much thinking, but buoyed up by the creed and stimulated by the beauty of that almost mythical figure, men might be found who would breathe with perhaps their last whisper, 'I believe in God.'

If there is any living man who can say, in the face of the living world around him, that he does not believe in the irresistible, enabling, marvelous certainty of Life, he can be left to his own devices. It does not in the least matter that Life is inexplicable and incomprehensible. The fact is that, the more a man is alive, the more he knows that he's alive. The more he thinks and reads, the more he is struck by the achievements of Life on earth. . . . Life *everlasting* seems more difficult, but the adjective is one upon which science, however reluctantly, is being more and more desperately driven. . . .

Christ himself was not annihilated, whatever happened on the third day after the crucifixion. His life has not merely been continuous—it has been ever-increasing. His thoughts, his message, his spirit, are enormously more alive to-day than ever they were when he lived on earth. When he died, a few thousands only had ever even heard of him; to-day as many millions think of him as a living personality. That he is a living personality I do not doubt. One need not be a spiritualist for that. It is literally true that that insignificant change which we call death has had no dominion over him. It will have no dominion over any of us, and less still has it had dominion over the finest of the sons of men. . . .

Such is the known. And the unknown? It is wonderful how the perfect simplicity and matchless rhythm of the old words chime in one's head. Despite the temptation to paraphrase them just that little which would make them more intelligible to modern minds, I shall not do so. 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.'

What if Life is God?

A man who could write words like these may have walked stumblingly even to the last, but he was not far from the Kingdom of God.

CHARLES FISKE

WHITEOAKS OF JALNA¹

A Novel

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

IV

ONE afternoon, a month later, Finch was standing among a group of amateur actors in the narrow passage between the stage and the row of dressing rooms in the Little Theatre. They were dispersing after a rehearsal of St. John Ervine's *John Ferguson*, and Mr. Brett, the English director, had just come up. Hands in pockets, he lounged over to Finch, and, with an eager smile lighting his clever, humorous, actorish face, observed, 'I want to tell you, Whiteoak, how awfully pleased I am with your performance to-day. If you keep on as you're going now, you are going to make a really splendid Cloutie John.'

'Thanks — Mr. Brett,' stammered Finch. 'I'm glad you think I'm all right.' He was crimson from embarrassment and deep joy. Praise! Warm praise, before all of them!

Arthur Leigh broke in: 'Yes, that's just what I've been telling Finch, Mr. Brett. He's simply splendid. I'm certain of this, that I'm doing my own part better since he's been playing Cloutie John. He brings a feeling of absolute reality into it.'

Finch stared straight ahead of him, his fixed expression a burning mask for the confused elation of his spirit.

'Well, I'm very, very pleased,' reiterated Mr. Brett, pushing toward the door — he was yearning for his tea. 'To-morrow at the same hour, then, and everybody on time.'

The door at the end of the passage was

opened and a gust of crisp December air rushed in. The players drifted in a small body on to the stone steps. The walls of the university rose about them, showing here and there a lighted window. The arch of the Memorial Tower glistened in a bright armor of ice. Leigh turned to Finch as they reached the last step.

'I wish you lived in town, Finch,' he said. 'I'd like to see something of you. But there's always that beastly train to be caught.'

'I'm afraid I've missed it to-night. I'll have to take the late one. Ten-thirty.'

Leigh looked rather pleased. 'That's good news. You'll come home with me to dinner, and we can have a talk. Besides, I'd like my mother and sister to meet you. I've been talking about you to them.' He turned his clear, rather feminine gaze eagerly on Finch.

'Sorry. . . . Sorry,' muttered the boy.

'What utter nonsense! Of course you can come. Why not?' He slipped his arm persuasively through Finch's.

'Oh, I don't know. At least — well, my clothes are n't right. And besides . . . you know I'm no good with women — ladies. Your mother and sister'd think me an awful dud. I'd have nothing to say, and — and — look like — Cloutie John.'

Leigh broke into delighted laughter.

'If only you would! If only you would both look and act like him! They'd throw themselves on your neck and embrace you. Come along — don't be an idiot!' He drew Finch on through the delicate drift of snowflakes, the air on their faces icy, yet somehow crisply caressing. Other young figures were moving quickly through the park, silhouetted against the whiteness.

¹ The thread of action will be readily apparent, but for those who wish to remind themselves of the earlier adventures of the turbulent Whiteoaks, living on their declining estate of Jalna, a brief synopsis appears in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

Finch had, from the first moment of acquaintance, liked and admired Arthur Leigh, been flattered by the attraction he so evidently had for the other, but now he experienced a sudden outrush of warmth toward him which filled him with wonder. He felt that he loved Leigh, wanted to be his near, his closest friend. The pressure of Leigh's slender, small-boned body against his made him feel stronger than he had ever felt before. 'Very well,' he said, 'I'll go.'

They boarded a street car and stood together, swaying, hanging by the straps, smiling into each other's eyes, oblivious of the other passengers. They recalled amusing moments of the rehearsal, muttered lines of their parts, were almost suffocated by laughter. They were so happy they scarcely knew what to do.

But as Leigh put his latchkey into the lock, and Finch stood behind him before the imposing doorway, young Whiteoak felt again an overwhelming shyness.

'Look here,' he began, 'look here! I—I—'

But the door was open and he was inside the hall, where bright firelight was dancing over the surfaces of polished wood and brass, where there was such a look of immaculacy and order as Finch had never before beheld.

In the drawing-room they found Leigh's mother and sister. Two sisters, Finch thought at first, the mother looked so young.

'My friend Finch Whiteoak,' Leigh introduced him, a protective hand on his arm. 'This is my mother, Finch, and this ill-looking young person my sister Ada.'

In turn their soft hands lay in Finch's bony one. In turn he saw the soft pale oval of each face, the drooping locks of bronze hair, the heavy-lidded gray eyes. But the mother's hair had a tinge of gold, her eyes a tint of blue, and the amused and tolerant expression of her mouth made him afraid of her.

'Brothers will say such cruel things about their sisters,' she said, with an adoring smile at her son. 'I suppose you do it occasionally yourself.'

Finch, breathing heavily, stammered, 'Well—I suppose so—at least, I really don't know.'

'Honestly now,' said Leigh, 'don't you find Ada distressingly ill-favored?'

She returned their gaze serenely, and Finch stammered again, 'Oh, look here, Leigh . . .'

Mrs. Leigh observed, 'Arthur has talked of you a great deal. He thinks your acting of the idiot boy quite wonderful.'

'Ah, that's easy for me,' grinned Finch. 'The idiot part.'

'Mother,' broke in Leigh, 'how can you? Cloutie John is n't an idiot. He's mad. Absolutely, gloriously mad.'

Ada Leigh said, in a low, deep voice, with a look into Finch's eyes which set them definitely apart from the others, 'Is that easy, too, for you? The madness, I mean.'

Her brother answered for Finch, fearing that he would give another stammering, grinning reply. 'The easiest thing in the world, my child. All he has to do is to be himself. He's absolutely, gloriously mad also. Just wait until you see the play. When Cloutie John comes on the stage, madness, like an electric current, is going to thrill the soul of that simple-minded audience. We're all thrilled by him, even at rehearsals.'

Ada continued to gaze into Finch's eyes as though Leigh had not spoken.

'I expect I am a little mad,' he answered, feeling now not shy, but oddly troubled.

'I wish you would teach me how to be mad. I am far too sane to be happy.'

'I could n't teach anyone anything except how to play the fool.'

Mother and son were leading the way to the dining room.

Finch saw that the table, delicately bright, was laid for four. Evidently Mrs. Leigh was a widow, though she did not look at all like Finch's idea of one. Perhaps her husband was merely out of town.

Nothing could draw him into conversation. With set face he ate his way slowly and solemnly through the intricacies of the meal. Leigh, depressed by the sense that his friend was making no impression but one of stupidity on his mother and sister, talked little. Ada seemed to make no effort to please anyone but herself, and her pleasure apparently lay in making Finch aware of the insistent gaze of her long, heavy-lidded

eyes. Mrs. Leigh alone kept the talk from dying into silence. Her voice, lighter and higher than her daughter's, flowed brightly on, though Finch had the feeling that her thoughts were far away. Across her brightness a shadow fell once when she referred to the 'time of my husband's death, five years ago.'

When dinner was over she left them, returning only for a moment to the drawing-room in an ermine evening cloak to say good-bye before she was whirled away in a dove-gray limousine. They had followed her to the stone porte-cochère to see her off. Leigh had tucked her in and kissed both her hands.

'Is n't she the most adorable mother to own?' he demanded, as they returned to the fireside.

'Rather,' agreed Finch, his eyes on Ada. She had settled herself among the cushions of a deep couch, her narrow sloping shoulders, her slender arms, from which open filmy lace sleeves fell away, seeming almost transparent in their whiteness. Between her rather pale lips she held a Chinese-red cigarette holder.

Leigh suddenly found his tongue. He talked eagerly of the play to Finch, criticized Mr. Brett's directing of it, rehearsed one of his own important speeches, appealing to Finch for criticism.

'Come, Finch,' he said at last, determined to show off his friend before his sister, 'let's do our scene together where you come to the house at night, after I've killed Witherow. Have you got your whistle here?'

'Oh, no. I can't possibly. I'd feel a frightful fool.'

'If it's because of Ada, I'll send her away.'

'I wish you would do it to please me,' said Ada. 'I should love to see it.'

'She's likely to fly into a passion if she does n't get what she wants. Are n't you, Ada?' asked her brother.

'You can't make me believe that,' said Finch.

'Just the same, she's a very determined young person, so you may as well give in. Wait! I know what we need to loosen things up. A whiskey and soda. That wine at dinner was native and there's simply

nothing to it but gas on the stomach. Come along to the dining room. You won't want anything, will you, Ada?'

'No, thanks. I'll just wait here.'

In the dining room Leigh said, 'I don't think we need whiskey, Finch. Nothing so common. A nice little *crème de menthe* or Benedictine, eh? I said whiskey before Ada merely to put her off the scent; she does n't like it. But she does like liqueurs, and I don't think they're good for a young girl, do you? I really have to look after Ada, you know, my father being dead. What will you have?'

'Oh, I don't care.' Finch stared at the glittering array of glasses in the cabinet Leigh opened.

'Benedictine, then. We'll both have Benedictine. Is n't the color glorious? I want you to come and stay the week of the play with me, Finch. You can't possibly go home at night after the performance.' At that moment he definitely made up his mind to take young Whiteoak into his intimate circle, to make him his most intimate friend. He perceived his sister's intense interest in him. She recognized something peculiar, different, beautiful in Finch.

'I'm afraid I can't.'

Leigh was astonished. He had expected Finch to be most gratefully eager to accept any offering of friendship from him.

'But why not?'

'Oh, I don't know. But I think I'd better not. Thanks just the same.'

Leigh had been accustomed all his life to doing exactly what he wanted to, to having whatever he desired. His face showed the calm brightness of youth whose will has never been crossed.

'What nonsense! Of course you'll come. You're only shy. We need see very little of my mother and Ada, if it's that you mind.'

'No. The truth is,' Finch burst out, 'I should never have gone into this thing.'

Leigh said nothing, only looked at him with bright questioning eyes.

'I believe I'll have another glass of that — er — Benedictine.'

'I don't think I would if I were you. It's rather potent. . . . You were saying —'

Finch carefully set down his empty glass, fragile as a bubble. 'You know I failed in my matric, Leigh.'

'Certainly. Consequently you'll not need to swat at all this year. Take it easy.'

'But my family —'

'Tell me about your family, Finch. You've never spoken of your parents to me.'

'They're dead. My eldest brother runs things.'

'Your guardian, eh? What sort of chap is he? Hard to get on with?'

'Oh, I don't think so. He's sharp-tempered if you don't toe the mark. But he's awfully kind sometimes.'

'What makes you think he won't be kind this time?'

'He's got no opinion of theatricals and things of that sort. He's all for horses.'

'Ah, I remember. I saw him ride gloriously at the horse show. I'd like to meet him. I might be able to persuade him that play-acting is good for you.'

'You're quite wrong there, Leigh. He stopped my music lessons because of the matric business.'

'Good heavens!' Leigh restrained himself from saying, 'What a beast!' He asked, 'And you were keen about music?'

'Awfully.'

'And you've never mentioned it to me!' His tone expressed hurt.

'We were always talking about sport or the theatre.'

Leigh, with a gesture almost of petulance, turned to the sideboard. He refilled his own glass and that of Finch. 'You are amazingly reticent,' he said coldly. 'I thought we were friends.'

Finch sipped his Benedictine. He did not question why it was so suddenly given, after having been withheld. He saw Leigh in a glittering aura, a beautiful and desired being who would go through life choosing his paths, his friendships, with princely ease. He exclaimed eagerly, 'But we are! We are! At least, I am yours — I mean, you are mine. . . . Only, you can't understand. I did n't think you'd be a bit interested in my family or what I cared about. Like music, you know. . . . I'll be awfully glad to spend that week with you, Leigh, if you want me. I'll manage it somehow.'

His long, hollow-cheeked boy's face was flushed with emotion, his eyes glistened with sudden tears.

Impulsively Leigh put his arm about his

shoulders. 'We are friends, then — for always. I can't tell you what you mean to me, Finch. I've been attracted by you from the first moment I saw you. You're unlike any other fellow I know. I'm positive you've genius, either dramatic or musical. We'll see. Tell me all about it, anyhow.'

'There's nothing much to tell — Leigh.'

'Call me Arthur.'

Finch's eyes lighted. 'Oh, may I? Thanks awfully. I'll like that. . . . There's nothing much to tell, Arthur. I can't play decently yet, but I'd rather be doing it than anything. I think it's chiefly because I can lose myself doing these things. Forget that I'm Finch Whiteoak.' He stared in silence at the floor for a moment, his hands thrust in his pockets; then he raised his eyes to his friend's face and asked ingenuously, 'It's wonderful when you're able to forget yourself completely, is n't it?'

'It must be. . . . But I could n't do it, Finch. I'm so damned self-conscious. I'm always posing. I don't want to forget myself. My great joy in life is watching my own stunts. But,' he added, seriously, 'my feeling about you is not self-conscious. It's real. As real as you are, and you're as real as one of those spirited horses your red-headed brother rides so well.'

Finch uttered one of his sudden guffaws. 'I'm real enough, but I'm no more spirited than a — than a — why, I guess Renny'd take a fit if he heard anyone call me spirited.'

'Well, I suppose I should have said sensitive, highly strung. . . . And this — Renny — stopped your music lessons, eh? Because you failed to pass your matric. Had he given you a good teacher?'

'Splendid. When Renny does anything, he does it thoroughly — even if it's swearing. I've never heard anyone who could curse like Renny.'

'He seems a thoroughgoing beast, but I like him in spite of myself. Is he married?'

Finch shook his head, and he thought of Alayne.

'Does n't care about women?'

'They fall for him.'

'Are any of your brothers married?'

'Yes. Eden's married; that is — well, he's separated from his wife. She's in New York. Her name is Alayne. Piers is

married, too. He and his wife live at Jalna.'

'Jalna?'

'Yes, that's the name of our place. Indian military station. My grandfather was stationed there.'

Leigh exclaimed, 'Look here, Finch, you must ask me out. I'm eaten up with curiosity to meet this family of yours. You're like a picture without its frame. I want to be able to see you in that frame. Just give me a chance to use my charms on your Renny and there'll be no trouble about the week in town. We'll even have him in to see the show.'

Ada's voice came from the drawing-room. 'If you are not coming back, I wish you'd tell me. I'd find a book to read or go to bed.'

'What a shame to desert her so!' exclaimed Leigh. He returned with his quick, graceful movements to the couch where she lay, and bent over her. 'Sorry, little one. Finch has been telling me about his family. He's invited me to go out to meet them. Are n't you jealous?'

'Frightfully.'

'Now we're going to rehearse our scene for you. . . . Come, Cloutie John, rumple your locks, and show Sis how truly mad you are.'

But the rehearsal was a failure. It was impossible for Finch to abandon himself to his part in that room, with Ada Leigh's critical eyes fixed on him. Leigh, after a little, saw how impossible it was and gave up the attempt.

He asked Finch to play. Time after time Finch's eyes had been drawn to the shining ivory of the keyboard, flushed by the rose-shaded light. He longed for the feel of it under his hands. He longed to feel the sense of power, of freedom, that always came with that contact. And this was a noble-looking grand piano. He had never touched one in his life. . . . His awkwardness fell from him as he slid on to the polished seat and laid his hands on the keys. Leigh noticed then what shapely hands he had despite their boniness. He noticed the shape of his head. Finch was going to be a distinguished-looking man some day. He was going to help Finch to attain his full spiritual growth, foster with his friendship the genius

that he felt sure was in him. 'Play,' he said, smiling, and leaned across the piano toward him.

The piano was a steed. Finch's hands were on the bridle. A moment more and he would leap into the saddle and be borne away over wild fields of melody under starry skies. The steed knew him; it thrilled beneath his touch. His foot felt for the pedal. . . . What should he play?

He raised his eyes to Leigh's face, smiling encouragement. He saw Ada's eyes on him, too, mysterious behind a faint veil of smoke. He wished she were not there. Her presence dimmed the brightness of his contact with the keyboard, as the smoke dimmed the brightness of her eyes. He felt confused. He did not seem able to remember one piece from another.

'What shall I play?' he appealed to Leigh.

'Dear old fellow, I don't know what things you've done. Can you play Chopin? You look as though you could.'

'Yes. I'll try one of his waltzes.'

But, though his fingers ached to gather the notes, his brain refused to guide them.

'Oh, hell!' he muttered to Leigh. 'I'm up against one of my fool fits!'

Late that night he wrote in his diary, at the end of the account of his day's doings, not the usual item concerning Joan, but in black, desperate-looking characters, the words 'Met Ada.'

V

In the days that followed, the friendship between Finch and Arthur Leigh strengthened into one of those sudden, passionate attachments of youth. They wished always to be together, but, as Finch was still at school and Leigh was a second-year student at Varsity, this was impossible. Leigh, however, had a car of his own, and he made it his habit to call for Finch every noon hour and take him out with him for luncheon. After the rehearsals it became the custom for Finch to return to the Leighs' house for dinner and to take the late train home. Finch explained this to Renny by saying that he had made a friend of a clever Varsity fellow who was willing to help him with the mathematics which were his weakness.

'This was partially true, for Leigh would now and again work with him for an hour. At the end of these periods Leigh, who had a bent toward mathematics, found himself nervously exhausted. It was impossible to make Finch really understand even simple problems. The most that Leigh could do was to teach him certain tricks, and to show him how to make use of his excellent memory.

Finch never forgot the lines of his part. The director of the Little Theatre told him that if the stage were not in such a bad way he would advise him to make acting his profession. Finch could not feel any great elation over Mr. Brett's praise because he was at the moment greatly harassed by the necessity of spending the last fortnight before the play in town. More and more rehearsals were demanded. At last he agreed that his friend should come with him to Jalna to see what his influence could do toward softening the heart of the eldest Whiteoak on the subject of play-acting. He had put off the visit several times when Leigh had suggested it, but at last, in desperation, he threw himself on Leigh's protection and resource.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the New Year. The January thaw had come and gone. The weather had become cold again, but there was no snow. It was an iron day. An iron sky and iron earth, a wind the metallic iciness of which might well take the heart out of even a strong man.

Leigh gasped out, the words whistling between his teeth, 'I say, Finch, do you do this walk every day — in all kinds of weather? Deep snow — and sleet — and all that?'

'Of course I do. Are you cold, Arthur?'

'I've been warmer. Don't they ever send a car for you?'

'Good Lord, no. Sometimes I get a lift. We'll soon be there now.'

They strode on.

A little later Leigh exclaimed petulantly, 'I was never made for such a climate. As soon as I get through college, I'll cut these winters out.'

'Atlantic City, eh?'

'Oh, my dear, no! The south of France. The Lido. You and I'll go together, Finch.'

Finch grinned at him lovingly. He did

not see where he would ever get money for traveling, but the thought of being in Europe with Arthur was beautiful.

Leigh was looking so chilled that Finch was glad when he was able to steer him at last up the driveway behind the shelter of the spruces and hemlocks. 'Here we are!' he announced. 'We'll sprint to the stables. It's warm enough there.'

Running together, they passed a young fellow in leggings with a fine color in his cheeks. He picked up a frozen winter pear from the ground and sent it after Finch's legs.

'That is my brother Piers,' said Finch, as they entered the stables.

They found Renny in a loose box, arranging the forelock of a coy-looking mare with great exactness. Finch made the introduction without enthusiasm. He hoped little from this meeting.

'How do you do?' said the eldest Whiteoak, with a sharp glance at the visitor.

He was indeed formidable, thought young Leigh. He did not blame Finch for being afraid of him. His face, under its peaked tweed cap, looked as though wind and weather, strong passions, and a high temper had hammered into it a kind of fierce immobility. . . .

The youths discussed the mare together, her master — rather ostentatiously, Leigh fancied — turning his back on them, and continuing his caressing arrangement of her mane and forelock. No admiring comment or carefully provocative question from Leigh drew more than a monosyllable from him. Still they persisted. He could not spend the entire afternoon over the mare's toilette. . . .

No, apparently he was satisfied. He looked her over; then, taking her head quickly between his hands, he pressed a kiss on her nose. 'My pretty one,' Leigh heard him say. The mare's eyes were two beaming orbs of contentment, her forehead the very throne of love. She uttered a deep sigh.

A stableman was carrying buckets of water along the passage to the various stalls. He placed one before the occupant of the stall nearest them, and a long gray head was thrust forward, yearning lips were plunged into the cold drink. Renny

pushed past the boys and went around into the stall.

'How is the leg, Wright?'

'Fine, sir. Could n't be mendin' better.'

They bent over a bandaged hind leg.

'It was wonderful, sir, you getting him the way you did. He's going to make his mark, I'm sure of it. And, for my part, I don't believe he's spoiled for flat racing, say what they will.'

Renny and the stableman stared with concentration at the bandage. The water in the bucket was lowered three parts of the way down. Coaxing whinnies, the indolent jangle of buckles, the petulant stamp of a hoof, were the only sounds.

'How did he get hurt?' asked Leigh, in an attempt to draw nearer to the master of Jalna through the horses which were so plainly his absorbing interest.

'Kicked himself.' He was pressing a practised thumb along the dappled gray flank.

'Really! How did he happen to do that?'

'Shied.' He straightened himself and turned to Wright. 'How is Darkie's indigestion?'

'Better, sir, but he'll have those attacks just as long as he bolts his oats the way he does. He's more like a ravening wolf than a horse with his feed.'

A shadow fell across Renny's face. 'Has he had his oats?'

'Yes, sir. I divided them into two lots, like you said to. After he'd had the first lot, I made him wait ten minutes. I've just give him the last half now.'

Renny strode with irritable swiftness to a stall farther down the passage, where a tall black horse was feeding with ferocious eagerness. He ceased champing his oats for a second to look back at his master entering the stall, then, with his mouth full, the oats dribbling from his lips, he plunged his face once more into his feed box.

Renny caught his head and jerked it up. 'Cut out that guzzling!' he ordered. 'Are you trying to kill yourself?'

The horse tried to shake him off, straining desperately toward his oats, his great eyes rolling in anger at the interruption. He snorted his outraged greed. Renny became suddenly hilarious and broke into noisy laughter.

'I should think that such irritation would be worse for the beast's digestion than bolting,' observed Leigh.

'Should you?' grinned Finch, highly pleased with his brother.

The horse now was showing his big teeth, as though he too felt a kind of grim amusement.

Finch whispered to Leigh, 'Now would be a good time to speak to him about the play. At least,' he added, rather pessimistically, 'as good as any.'

Leigh looked toward the red-haired master of Jalna with some apprehension. 'I suppose so,' he said. Then he had an idea — impulsive, extravagant, but one to break the ice between himself and Finch's brother.

He said, 'I wonder, Mr. Whiteoak, if you could tell me where I might buy a good saddle horse. I have been wanting one for some time,' — he was in truth afraid of horses, — 'but I have n't found — have n't been quite able' — his sentence broke down weakly.

There was no need for him to finish it. The arrogant face before him softened into an expression of almost tender solicitude. Renny said, 'It's a good thing young Finch brought you out. It's a serious matter, buying a horse, if you are inexperienced. Especially a saddle horse. I was talking the other day to a young fellow who had paid a fancy price for one and it had turned out not only nasty-tempered but a wind-sucker. A handsome beast, too. But he'd got badly stung. I have —' He hesitated, examining a bleeding knuckle which Darkie had jammed against the manger.

'Yes, yes,' said Arthur, eagerly, though he felt a certain resentment at the ease with which the barrier between had been swept away when the possibility of a deal in horseflesh had appeared.

Renny took the knuckle from his lips. 'I have a lovely three-year-old here — by Sirocco, out of Twilight Star — the image of his sire. You've seen Sirocco, of course?'

Arthur shook his head.

Renny regarded him pityingly. 'You haven't? Well, I'll take you around to see him. Every stallion, you must know, — that is, every really great stallion, —

reproduces himself absolutely only once. And Sirocco has only done it once. But perhaps' — he had been about to lead the way down the passage, but he wheeled, as if seized by an arresting thought — 'perhaps you don't care much about breeding points, and just want a —'

'Not at all,' interrupted Arthur. 'It must be a real beauty, everything you say —'

'Horse like that can't be bought cheaply, you know.'

'Oh, that does n't matter.' Then he reddened a little, thinking he might appear pretentious, too affluent, and added, 'The fact is, I've been saving up for a saddle horse for a very long time.'

The eldest Whiteoak had already heard, though without great interest at the time, that Leigh had inherited a large fortune, and that he would shortly be of age. He said, cheerfully, 'Well, in that case' — and led the way to the stallion's loose box.

Finch followed, wondering what all this would lead to, worrying over the thought of Arthur in Renny's grip for the sake of him.

From the loose box to the stall where the three-year-old was they proceeded, and Leigh learned more about saddle horses in half an hour than in all his preceding life. He thanked God that the day was wild, for otherwise he knew he would have been forced into a trial ride on the scornful-looking beast that cast suspicious glances at him down its nose.

The sound of small feet running came to them, and Wakefield dashed along the passage, a coat thrown over his head beneath which his face looked out, bright-eyed and scarlet-cheeked.

'I simply *flew* over,' he panted, 'to tell you to come to tea. It's five o'clock and there was a perfectly 'normous cake and it's nearly gone and there's a fresh pot of tea made for *you*, Renny. And for Mr. Leigh, o' course.'

The snow had come at last. He was feathered all over with it.

'You should not have come out in this gale,' said Renny. 'Was there no one else to send?'

'I wanted to come! Which nag is that? Is he a good jumper? I must run around

and see my pony. Should n't you like to see my birthday pony, Mr. Leigh?'

Renny caught him by the arm. 'No. Don't go around there. Wallflower is in the next stall and she's feeling very nervous to-day. Go to the house, Finch, and tell Aunt that Mr. Leigh will follow you in a little while. Tell her to keep the tea hot for him. Send Rags over with a pot for me, and some bread and butter. I'll take it here.' He picked up Wakefield as though he had been a parcel, and deposited him on Finch's back. 'Give this youngster a ride. He's got nothing but slippers on. You deserve a good cuffing, Wake. And see that you keep that coat over your head.' He raised his voice and shouted, 'Open the door for this thoroughbred, Wright!'

Alone with Leigh in the stable, Renny remarked, a shadow on his face, 'A delicate boy, that.'

'Yes, so I gathered,' returned Leigh. 'Perhaps he'll outgrow it. They often do, don't they? I was n't a very strong kid myself.'

Renny looked him over. 'Hmph,' he observed, without any note of encouragement; then added, more cheerfully, 'I'd like to take you to my office and show you the horse's pedigree.' He led the way to a small room partitioned off from a corner of the stable. He switched on a dangling electric bulb, and, after placing a kitchen chair for Leigh, seated himself before a yellow oak desk and began to look over a file of papers.

As he sat engrossed, beneath the hard white light, Leigh studied him with an access of interest. He tried to put himself in Finch's place, to imagine how it would feel to be obliged to ask this stern-looking fellow for permission to do this and that, to face him after failure in an exam. . . . He wished very much that he were not going to buy the horse. It would be necessary to board it out; it would be necessary to ride it, and he did not care for riding. Renny Whiteoak's performance at the horse show had left him quite unmoved. He had been driven to buying the horse in order to create a meeting place where he and Finch's brother could talk about Finch.

But how was he to begin? He shivered, for the room seemed to him very cold with

a damp chill that he supposed penetrated from the stable.

'Ah, here we are! Now, just draw your chair up to the desk.'

Leigh obediently drew toward the desk, and the two bent over the pedigrees.

They were still absorbed when a tap came at the door and Wragge entered with Renny's tea. Leigh began to feel desperate. His chances for pleading Finch's cause to the head of the clan seemed to be lessening. With a sudden nervous decision he closed the bargain. The payment was arranged.

Renny observed, while he washed his hands in a basin on a small washing stand in a corner, 'It's too bad to have kept you from your tea so long. I wish I had had Rags fetch enough over here for two.'

Leigh shivered. He was nervous, he was cold, and the thought of eating in a stable disgusted him.

'Thank you,' he said. 'It does n't matter at all.' He shivered again, as he noticed how Renny rubbed yellow soap on his hands regardless of the raw knuckle.

Rags set the tray on the desk. As the door closed behind him, words came more easily to Leigh. 'I think, sir, that Finch' — he had the good sense to use moderation in his statement — 'is really a very clever boy. I think he will be a great credit to you — to Jalna.' His subtle mind had discovered that, more than his horses, the eldest Whiteoak loved his house. He went on: 'I am sure he will, if he is allowed a little margin — a chance, you know, to develop in his own way. There are some fellows who can't stand the grind of study unless they have some kind of outlet —'

'Oh, he's been telling you about the music lessons, eh? Well, I thought it best to stop them for a while. He was always strumming, and he failed —'

'It was not necessarily the music that caused him to fail. Any number of fellows fail the first time who don't know one note from another. If he'd had more music in his life, he might not have failed. It's quite possible.'

Renny, pouring himself more tea, burst into laughter.

Leigh hurried on: 'But music has nothing to do with this. This is about acting.'

'Acting!'

'Yes. Finch has great talent for acting. I'm not sure that it is not greater than his talent for music.'

Renny threw himself back in his chair. Good God, was there no limit to the extraordinary talents of this hobbledehoy? 'Where's he been acting? Why have n't I been told about it?'

'I'm afraid I've been to blame about that. I felt that the expression of — of some art is so necessary to Finch that I persuaded him — made him promise not to let anyone put a stop to it.'

The fiery brown eyes were on him. 'His promises to me are worth nothing, then!'

'But they are! I give you my word that he has not been neglecting his work.'

A knock sounded on the door.

'Come in,' said Renny, and Wright entered.

'The vet's here, sir.'

'Good,' exclaimed Renny, rising. With a movement of suppressed irritation he turned to Leigh: 'What do you want me to do?'

He was faintly suspicious of Leigh. He felt that Leigh had cornered him. He supposed that Finch had got Leigh working on his behalf. Finch had a way of enlisting the sympathies of susceptible people — intellectual people. There had been Alayne. How she had pleaded for music lessons for him! The thought of her softened him. He added, 'I don't expect Finch to plug away and never have any fun. I don't object to anything so long as it's not going to interfere with his studies.'

A feeling of weakness stole over Leigh. His efforts seemed suddenly futile. The life of this place was too strong for him, the personalities of the Whiteoaks too vigorous. He said, with an effort, 'If you would only let Finch feel that. If he could know that you don't despise him for needing something — some form of expression other than the routine of the school curriculum — of school games —'

Wright's round blue eyes were riveted on his face. The eyes of all the horses in the glossy prints and lithographs that covered the wall were riveted on him, their nostrils distended in contempt.

Outside in the stable a man's voice was

raised, shouting orders. There was a clatter of hoofs.

Leigh said, hurriedly, 'Mr. Whiteoak, will you promise me something? Let Finch spend the next fortnight with me. I'll help him all I can with his work, and I honestly think I can help a good deal. Then I want you to come, if you will, to our place for dinner one night of the play and see for yourself how splendid Finch is. My mother and sister would like to meet you. You know you're a hero to Finch, and consequently to us, too. He's told us about what you did in the War — the D.S.O., you know.'

Renny showed embarrassment, as well as impatience. 'Very well,' he said, curtly. 'Let him go ahead with the play. But no slacking, mind.'

'And you'll come one night?'

'Yes. And I hope you will like the horse.'

'I know I shall.'

They shook hands and parted.

VI

The opening night of the play Finch was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that he wondered if he would ever feel natural again.

Leigh was nervous, too. He had the part of the hero, mixture of courage and cowardice, to play, and his soul yearned over Finch, who had not only to make his first appearance at the Little Theatre, but to make it before Renny. Leigh had intended that the elder brother should see the performance late in the week, but Mrs. Leigh, unadvised by him, had sent the invitation to dinner, naming Monday. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, induce a complacent state of mind in the difficult guest by good wine and charming feminine companionship. For the latter, Leigh put all trust in his mother and sister. In his haste and perturbation, he took time to speculate as to which of them would interest Renny the more, upon which his quick glance might linger. For himself, the two so claimed his life, his love, that he wondered whether he should ever care for any other woman. He hoped not. His mother, his sister, Finch — these were enough.

Finch, coming into the drawing-room, where he now felt happily at ease, found Ada Leigh already there. She said, with her peculiar, slanting look at him, across a lighted candelabrum, 'I suppose you're awfully nervous.'

He was in one of his moments of elation. 'Oh, I don't think so. I don't believe I'm as nervous as Arthur is.'

'I think you are. You're trembling.'

'That's nothing. It does n't take anything to make me shake. Why, I can't pass a teacup without slopping the tea over.'

'Ah, but this is different. You're afraid.' She was smiling teasingly. He felt that she wanted him to be frightened. He drew nearer to her and saw the reflection of a pointed flame in her eyes.

'Afraid of what?'

'Afraid of me.'

'Afraid of *you*? He tried to look astonished, but he began to feel afraid, and yet oddly elated.

'Yes . . . and I of you.'

He laughed now and he ceased trembling. Quick pulses began to beat all over his body. He took her hand and began to caress her fingers. He examined her pink nails as though they were little shells he had found on some strange shore. . . .

Then she was in his arms. He who had never kissed a girl! He felt suffocated. . . . It seemed to him an unreal dream that he was kissing her. She was snuggling under his chin. . . . Over her head he looked out into the darkness beyond the window, and saw the cluster of candle flames reflected like a cluster of golden blooms. He saw the reflection of his own head, the pale green of her dress like a shimmering pool in the darkness, over which his head was bent. How unreal it all seemed! He embraced her, excited by the beautiful reflection, by a new sense of power, of daring, but he felt that he was acting a part. They kissed in a tremulous dream.

Mrs. Leigh and Arthur were coming down the stairs together. There was plenty of time for the two in the drawing-room to draw apart, he to pick up a book and she to rearrange some flowers in a black bowl. No longer the darkness beyond the window reflected the entwined figures of the impassioned pursuers of experience.

Arthur went to Finch and threw an arm across his shoulders. 'Darling Finch,' he said, in his low, musical voice, 'I'm so glad you're not nervous any more. You've a beam of absolute assurance in your eyes. I'm the one who is nervous.'

How comforting Arthur's caressing arm was! Finch rejoiced in the yoke of friendship thus laid across his shoulders. He saw Ada's eyes fixed on them, dark with jealousy.

If only Renny were not coming to dinner, he should be happy, he thought. He could not conceive of Renny's fitting into the delicately adjusted contacts of that group. Yet, when Renny came, looking distant and elegant to Finch in his dinner jacket, he fitted in marvelously well. More strangely still, he did not adjust his conversation to the light current which usually flowed easily about the table, but brought with him something of the more vigorous, harsh atmosphere of Jalna. His red head, his shoulders that had the droop of much riding in the saddle, his sudden, sharp laughter, dominated the room.

Finch was so exhilarated by his experience of love-making, so proud of Renny, that his face was full of brightness. He looked charming. An observer would have found it interesting to compare him with the slouching, deprecating, often sullen youth who appeared at home.

Renny ate and talked with zest. Arthur, delighted with the success of his plans, found his dislike of the elder brother turning to appreciation of his generous and fiery temper. He felt that it would be good for him to have a man of this sort coming to the house, good for Ada, too, who was beginning to expect admiration from all males.

Arthur and Finch were leaving for the theatre before the others. Mrs. Leigh and Ada were upstairs preparing to put on their evening wraps. While Arthur was ordering a car, the two brothers were left alone in the drawing-room for a moment.

In a burst of nervous excitement, Finch whispered, hoarsely, 'What do you think, Renny? I kissed Ada Leigh in this room to-night!'

'The deuce you did! Did she like it?'

'I think so. We were reflected in the

strangest way in the window. Ourselves, only more beautiful.'

'H'm.' Renny regarded him with genial amusement. 'Are you sure she did n't ask for it?'

'Of course I am.' He reddened, but he still leaned over Renny's chair in a confidential attitude.

'Well, it's an experience for you. She's a pretty girl.'

Leigh's voice called from outside.

'Coming, Arthur!' Finch hastened out to his friend. . . .

Renny sat puffing at his cigarette, the glow of amusement still brightening his eyes. Young Finch making love! And it seemed like yesterday when he had turned Finch across his knee and warmed his seat. And now he was getting to be a man, poor devil!

He looked about him. An unreal room. Not a bit like the drawing-room at Jalna. Nothing homelike about it, with all these little pictures speckled over the walls, all the delicate furnishings, the fragile ornaments. But it suited the two pretty women. Odd, mysterious women — attractive, yet uncomfortable.

Later, in the theatre, seated between mother and daughter, Renny experienced a feeling of exasperation, of being trapped. The two pretty women seemed like jailers, and this place a prison. He hated the 'arty' atmosphere, the cold, chaste walls, the curtain. The lack of an orchestra depressed him. For him a theatre should blaze in gilt and scarlet, the curtain should present some florid Italian scene, and his spirit should be borne on the crash of music as on an element. He began to be unaccountably nervous for Finch. He had not wanted him to go in for anything of this sort, but now that he was . . . His throat tightened. He had trouble in taking a deep breath.

The play began. It increased his low spirits. The religion of the old man, his quoting of the Scriptures, made Renny want to howl. And Finch, when at last he appeared! His wild hair, his dirty face, his rags, his bare feet! Something deeply conservative in Renny disliked very much the sight of bare feet on the stage. The legs of a chorus girl, that was quite different,

but a man's — his brother's — bare feet were distinctly ugly. And the way Finch blew on his whistle, the mad way he danced about, and sat on the floor and jumped up again, and begged for scraps of food, and slept in the chimney corner, and was always appearing suddenly and disappearing! And his Irish brogue!

The applause thundered. Finch was the bright star of the evening. His face was white and wild with exultation as he was applauded again and again.

After the play there was a little gathering in the director's room. Friends crowded about the actors. Finch, not quite rid of his make-up, showed a dingy smear on his cheek. He trembled when he came to speak to Mrs. Leigh and Renny.

'Oh, my dear,' cried Mrs. Leigh, her hand squeezing his arm, 'you could not have been better! We are all thrilled by you.'

Renny said nothing, regarding him with the same grin of disapproval. To Finch it seemed to say, 'Wait until I get you alone, young man.' His feeling of triumph was gone. He felt that he had been making a fool of himself for the amusement of the audience. Not again during the week did he recover his buoyancy and complete abandon in the part.

Returning home in the train next day, Renny thought about Finch, and not only Finch, but all those younger members of the family who were his half brothers. What was wrong with them? Certainly there was some weakness, bred in the bone, that made them different from the other Whiteoaks.

The face of their mother flashed into his mind. She had been governess to him and Meg before his father had married her. They had given her rather a rough time both as governess and as stepmother. He remembered her sobbing with exasperation over his misbehavior. But when she had become their stepmother she had held herself somewhat aloof from them, encircled by the love of her husband, absorbed by her too frequent motherhood.

Renny recalled vividly now the fact that when he had come upon her she had nearly always been reading. Poetry, too. What a mother for men! He had come upon her

reading poetry to his father, who stared at her, listening, his eyes enfolding her. She had loved him, and had not long survived him. Poor young Wake had been a posthumous child.

Poetry in them — music in them — that was the trouble. Eden was full of poetry, and he had inherited his mother's beauty, too. . . . Where was he now? They had heard nothing of him in the year and a half he had been away. How ghastly to think that Alayne was tied to him. . . . At the thought of Alayne an ache struck him in the breast, an ache of longing for something that he could not possess. His soul groped, searching for a way to turn aside from the longing. He wondered at himself. He, for whom it had been so easy to forget. . . .

He shifted his body on the seat, as an animal, puzzled by pain, changes its position, bending his lean red face to stare out of the window on the far side of the car. He saw a frozen stream there and the rounded black forms of a clump of cedars.

Of what had he been thinking? Ah, yes, the boys! Eden. A damned fool, Eden. But Piers was no fool. Sound as a nut. A Whiteoak, through and through. Then Finch, the young whelp, deceiving him! Posturing, play-acting before a parcel of highbrows. And mad about music, too. Well, he'd got to work in earnest now if he were going to amount to anything. . . . There was Wake, fanciful little rascal. No knowing what he'd be up to in a few years. . . .

Like an eagle whose nestlings were turning out to be skylarks, Renny regarded his brood, his love, his pride in them, clouded by doubt.

At the station Wright was waiting for him with a dappled gray gelding harnessed to a red sleigh. The drifts were too high for motoring. Wright had brought Renny's great coon coat, in which he enveloped himself on the platform.

When they arrived at the stables Piers was there. He asked, as Renny alighted, 'Well, how did the *matinée* idol get on?'

'He took the part of an idiot. Too damned well.'

'He would,' said Piers.

VII

Besides Arthur Leigh, Finch had one other friend. This was George Fennel, the rector's second son. But his friendship with George lacked the sense of adventure, the exhilaration of his friendship with Arthur. Arthur and he had sought out each other. They had bridged barriers to clasp hands. But George and he had been thrown together since infancy. Each thought he knew all there was to know about the other. Each was fond of the other and a little despised him. Their bonds were hatred of mathematics and love of music. But where Finch toiled and sweated over his mathematics, and ached with desire for music, George made no effort to learn what was hard for him, concentrating with dogged purpose on the subjects he liked, early determining that, square peg as he was, he would be fitted into no round hole. He played whatever musical instrument was handy without partiality. He liked the mouth organ as well as the piano, the banjo as well as the mandolin. He made them all sing for him of the sweetness of life.

He was a short, thickset youth, yet somehow graceful. His clothes were always untidy and his hair rumpled. Arthur Leigh thought him boorish, commonplace, a country clod. He did what he could to draw Finch away from him, and Finch, during that winter, till the time of the play, had never seen so little of George. But after the play he had yearned toward George. For some reason which he could not have explained, he was no longer quite so happy at the Leighs'. Not that his passage with Ada had made any palpable difference. He did not follow his advance by another step or by a repetition. She seemed to have forgotten it. Arthur had become oversensitive, exacting, critical of him. Finch was now often finding out that he had, by some gruff or careless remark, hurt Arthur; that he had, by some coarseness or stupidity, offended him; that, when he loudly aired his opinions, Arthur winced. Yet they had hours of such happiness together that Finch went home through the snow joyous in all his being. The trouble was, he decided, that Arthur loved him so well that he wanted him to be perfect, as he was

perfect, not knowing how impossible that was.

How different with George! George expected nothing of him and was not disappointed. They could spend an evening together in his tiny bedroom in the rectory, working at an uninspired level of intelligence, chaffing, telling each other idiotic jokes, littering the floor with nutshells, and finally descending to the parlor for an hour of music before Finch must hasten home.

George, like Finch, was always hard up. Sometimes they had not between them two coins to rub together. When Finch was with Arthur he was continually accepting favors, continually being given pleasures which he could only repay by gratitude. At times he felt that the fount of his gratitude must dry up from the unceasing flow.

How different with George! There was nothing about which he need be grateful to George. They were both about as poor in this world's possessions as they well could be. Each owned a few shabby clothes, his schoolbooks, his watch, and a cherished object or two, such as George's banjo and an old silver snuffbox which Lady Buckley had given Finch. When he was going to the rectory, Finch would fill his pockets with apples; Mr. Fennel would carry a plate of crullers to the boys; they would both rifle Mrs. Fennel's pantry. It was a pleasant and inexpensive give and take.

One evening George said to him, 'I know a fellow who would rig up a radio for us for next to nothing.'

'H'm,' grunted Finch, tearing a bite from a russet apple. 'If we only had that next to nothing!'

'They're any amount of fun,' sighed George. 'You can get wonderful concerts from New York, Chicago — all over, in fact.'

'Good music, eh? Piano playing?'

George leaned forward, his square, roguish face twinkling. 'I know how we can earn some money, Finch.'

Finch flung the core of the russet into the waste-paper basket. 'How, then?' His tone was skeptical.

'By getting up an orchestra.'

'An orchestra! You've gone dotty, have n't you?'

'Not by a long shot. Listen here. The

other day my father was making a sick call in Stead, and I drove him there. These people have a greenhouse, and while I waited outside I strolled about looking through the windows at the plants. A fellow came out and we got to talking. He was a grandson and he'd just come out from town because of the sickness. I soon found out that he plays the mandolin. He's got a friend who plays it, too, and another who plays the flute. They've been thinking for some time they'd like to get up an orchestra if they could find some fellows to play the banjo and piano. He was awfully excited when I told him we might go in for it.'

Finch was staggered. 'But your father — what will he say?'

'He won't know. You see, I did n't tell this fellow I was Dad's son. He thinks I'm just employed by him. I thought it was better, because one's people are so darned silly about who you go with.' And he added softly, 'One of the chaps is a tailor's assistant — he's the flutist — and the other works in the abattoir.'

'Gee!' exclaimed Finch. 'Do you mean to say he *kills* things?'

'I did n't ask him,' returned George testily. 'The point is that he can play the mandolin.'

'So you've met them!'

'Yes. At the noon hour. They're awfully decent chaps, and they're quite old, too. The one I first met is twenty-three, and the other looks about twenty-six or so. They're awfully anxious to meet you.'

Finch began to shake with excitement. 'There's no earthly use in talking about an orchestra to me. I should n't be let go to town for practising or playing at places. There'd be a hell of a row if I proposed such a thing.'

'No need for you to mention it. I've got it all arranged. You don't object to making five dollars every now and again, do you?'

Finch sat up and stared. 'Should I get that much?'

'Certainly. Lilly, that's the leader's name, says we can easily get twenty-five dollars a night for playing at dances in restaurants. That's five each. It'll be the simplest thing in the world for us to work it. By bolting a bit of lunch, we can

get in an hour's practice at noon. Sometimes we can do it after five o'clock by staying in town for the seven-thirty train. That's easy. Now, for the dances. You remember my aunt, Mrs. St. John, has been widowed lately.'

Finch nodded.

'Very well. My aunt was saying only yesterday that she would like me to spend a night with her once a week for company. She would be pleased if I were to bring you along, and, seeing that she's a favorite of your darned old family, I don't suppose they'd object to your spending a night in her house, when she's widowed and all that, and I guess Renny thinks you're more likely to study when you're with me than with that Leigh chap.' George, in his quiet way, thoroughly disliked Leigh.

'But your aunt, won't she be suspicious?'

George smiled gently. 'It all fits in beautifully. Auntie is ordered to bed by her doctor at eight every night. She'll see us get our books out — the library's downstairs — and then toddle off to her bedroom and go bye-bye. The dances begin at nine. We'll see life in those restaurants, too, mind you. And five bucks apiece.'

They whispered, planning together, till it was time for Finch to go home. There he sat, wrapped in a quilt, studying, to make up for lost time. But between him and the page returned again and again the vision of Ada's face with mouth tremulously smiling, quivering from the kisses he had given her. With an effort he would put these pictures away and drag his mind back to its task. . . .

Difficult, unlikely as it had seemed, the orchestra came into being. It flourished. Lunches were bolted and the noonday period was spent in practice in the parlor above the tailor shop, into which penetrated the pungent smell of hot iron pressing damp cloth. The tailor's assistant was cousin to the tailor, and he and his girl-wife and puny infant lived also above the shop. He was the oldest member of the orchestra, being twenty-six. His name was Meech. Finch soon became well acquainted with all the family, and, as they were kind to him and admired his playing, his affection rushed out to them. Often, when the practice was over, he would stay awhile, making himself late

for school, to play Chopin or Schubert before the friendly circle. Then the thin girl-wife of the young tailor would crouch at the end of the piano watching his hands as he played. She was so close to him that she was in his way, but he would not ask her to move. Sitting so, with her eyes on him, music springing up beneath his hands, he felt firm and strong, free as air.

Finch now saw a new kind of life, the life of shopgirls and their beaux seeking pleasure at night in cheap restaurants. On the mornings of the days when the orchestra had engagements to play, he awoke with a start, excited in all his being. He found it was the easiest thing in the world to lead a double life. Aunt Augusta would send a box of little cakes or a pot of marmalade to Mrs. St. John. His aunt, though she looked at him coldly, her head drawn back with her air of offense, had a tender spot in her heart for the boy. To his amazement, he had won the prize canary in the raffle, and had smuggled the cage to her room, swathed in paper, a present for her on her seventy-fifth birthday. She had told him that his winning the lottery was a good omen for his future. The two were drawn together. He often visited her room to see the canary, and they gloated over the prize together. She soon grew to love it extravagantly. Finch would have liked to buy presents for the family from the wealth that poured in so fast, but where would they think he had got the money? But he could not resist a necktie for Renny's birthday, which fell in March. He spent a long time in the haberdasher's choosing it — two shades of blue in a gorgeous stripe. Renny's eyebrows flew up in surprise when it was presented. He was touched. But when he appeared at Sunday tea wearing it, the vivid blue blazing against the highly colored flesh of his face, his red hair, a storm of protest arose from the family. Renny's beauty — which, they declared, required dark colors to set it off — was ruined by the tie. Now it would have become Piers, with his blue eyes and fair skin. And the next time Finch saw the tie Piers was wearing it.

He had better luck with the box of water colors he bought for Wakefield. To avoid suspicion, for it was a very good box of colors, he said that it was a present from

Leigh. Wake, who was condemned to his bed that week, was delighted. He painted pictures day in and day out. Renny, finding his bed littered with them, thought, with a moment's heaviness, 'By God, this poor youngster's going to be a genius, too!'

Engagements for the orchestra came thick and fast. The young musicians played with such untiring gayety; they were so obliging. Finch conscientiously slaved at his books, and, between practising and studying and loss of sleep, grew so thin that even Piers was moved to concern.

Just after Easter, George announced an engagement in a restaurant in which they had played several times. The members of some athletic club were having a dance. The two boys had spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. St. John, and the orchestra had worked very hard learning new dance music. They had played at four dances, so Finch had twenty dollars to add to the hoard hidden on the top shelf of his clothes cupboard in an old fishing basket. Since the opening of school he had studied late into every night, apprehensive of again failing in his examinations.

On the night of the dance he was very tired. There had been trouble over spending the night in town, and only a passionate appeal to Aunt Augusta to intervene for him had made it possible. The rector, too, was beginning to think that his sister should be able to get on without George, and even Mrs. St. John herself had become a little less yearning toward her two young visitors. Finch felt that he could stand the strain no longer, that for a while the orchestra should take no new engagements or that someone else must be found to play the piano. Yet he loved it. It was life — making music, watching the dancing, the love-making, being in the streets late at night, the freshly earned money in his pocket.

The dance hall was hot. The room was full of young men and girls — the men, hockey players, lithe and strong; the girls, bare-shouldered, silken-legged, with laughing red-lipped faces. Some of them knew Finch by sight as a member of the orchestra, and waved to him as he sat sounding one note while the musicians tuned up. There was something about him that they liked. 'I say, Doris, there's the boy with the blond

hair! I think he's a lamb. Should n't mind dancing with him.'

The flute, the two mandolins, the banjo, the piano, gave voice. They sang of the joy of the dance, of strong limbs, of supple backs, of touching electric finger tips. All the brightly colored crowd galloped like huntsmen, led by the five hounds, in pursuit of that adroit fox, Joy.

When the time came for supper, the members of the orchestra rose and stretched their legs. They had been playing for three hours. A waiter brought them refreshments. Finch, trying not to seem ravenous, was irritated when a tall black-haired girl came up to him. 'My, you boys can play,' she said. 'I'd sooner dance to your music than any of the big orchestras.'

'Oh, go on!'

'Honestly, I would.'

He took another sandwich. His gaze did not rise above her shimmering shins.

'You're a funny boy. Gosh, your eyelashes are almost a mile long!'

He blushed, and raised his eyes as high as the marble whiteness of her chest.

A stout fellow came up and took her arm. 'Here, Betty,' he said, 'none of that.' He led her off, but her bold greenish eyes laughed over her white shoulder at Finch.

He boasted to Meech, the flutist, of the advances she had made, while they hurriedly consumed cake and coffee. 'That's a good sort to steer clear of,' Meech counseled. 'There's a lot of bold-looking hussies here, and no mistake.'

The dance went on, the dancers displaying even more freedom of movement and brightness of eyes than before supper. They had been drinking a little, but they

were not noisy. At two o'clock Burns, the mandolin player, who worked in an abattoir, passed a flask among the players. They were very tired. A little later they emptied it.

'One dance more!' the dancers begged at three o'clock. 'One dance more!' They clapped their hands vigorously. Finch felt ready to drop from the stool. A tendon in his right hand ached horribly. The dancers seemed to him like vampires, sucking his blood, never tiring of the taste of it.

A waiter appeared with a glass jug and glasses. 'Have some ginger ale?' he asked, smiling.

Finch took a glass. Something stronger than ginger ale, he discovered. A pleasant glow passed into him with the first half of the glass. After the second half he felt stronger, firmer. He looked over his shoulder at the others. George Fennel's eyes were shining under his tumbled hair. Meech, the flutist, showed a pink flush on his high, pale forehead, Lilly and Burns were laughing together. Burns said, in a heavy bass voice, 'Lilly, here, can't see the strings. He's pipped, are n't you, Lilly?'

But now they discovered that they could go on. A little gush of energy swept them into 'My Heart Stood Still.' The dancers moved in silence, holding each other tightly, the sliding of their feet sounding like the dry rush of autumn leaves. The cruel white lights showed them as people growing old. A blight seemed to have fallen on them.

At last the dancing feet stood still. It was past four o'clock when the members of the orchestra descended the narrow stairs and went out into the darkness of the morning.

(To be continued)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HUMAN COCKTAIL

'THE Noble Experiment' has created many new and picturesque occupations. The bootlegger and hi-jacker are now national institutions. But the most novel, and in many ways the most interesting, is the Human Cocktail. I beheld it in action once, and it was an unqualified success.

I had occasion to attend one of those functions known as Banquets, which was graced by the presence of several hundred American Business Men. It was just as stodgy and funereal, in its early stages, as all such functions are.

As the American Business Man was addressing himself to a minute portion of broiled chicken, I reflected that the zero hour would soon come and floods of oratory would be turned loose. I was one of several who sat cowering at the Speakers' Table. From this vantage point I saw a young woman suddenly appear at the far end of the room. She had evidently emerged from behind a screen placed conveniently near a door. She was dressed in scarlet, and from the remote distance looked attractive. She walked slowly down one of the long aisles between the tables. I thought she assessed the gathering with an appraising eye. As she passed along, surprised and somewhat terrified glances were directed toward her by the banqueters. When halfway down the room she began to sing softly and liltingly. Presently her figure began to sway and she broke into a cakewalk, with arms outstretched and palms turned down. The broiled chicken was forgotten; the American Business Man was thinking of something else. She made the entire

circuit of the room. She nodded and smiled to the more responsive faces, and waved her hand to distant beholders.

Her circuit brought her to a small raised platform upon which was a piano. She sat down at it and her fingers moved silently on the keys. I was preparing myself for the inevitable outburst of jazz, when she struck a chord and sprang to her feet. All her languor had disappeared; she was incarnate fire and flame. 'Sing — everybody sing!' she cried. She sang the first few lines of a familiar sentimental ditty. She sang alone — not a masculine voice joined her. She left the platform and swept up and down the room. Presently a few of the bolder found voice and there was a feeble chorus. Suddenly she pointed a long finger at a shamefaced diner.

'There is a voice. Who is he?'

A dozen willing friends announced that it was Bill.

'Come here, Bill — you can sing,' she commanded.

Bill was hoisted from his chair by his admirers, and he sheepishly followed the lady. She took him by the arm and dragged him along. Bill, anxious to have others share his fate, identified more voices, and they were dragged from their seats. Presently she had a roughly extemporized double quartette, and they all returned to the piano. In two minutes she had set them in their places, told them what to do, and made them her willing slaves.

With the aid of her octette, she ran through a programme of familiar songs. Little by little the others began to respond, and the choruses became more substantial and less tuneful.

'You all know this one,' she shouted, and, stepping to a table, she took a glass and a knife. Then she began to sing 'Jingle Bells,' tapping the glass with the knife. The American Business Man was on sure ground now, and over and over again this song, in praise of a now almost unknown vehicle, was repeated. I looked down upon an inspiring sight — four hundred men of mature years, smiling like cherubs, beating time on empty water glasses, and singing their hearts out, with swaying bodies and wagging heads.

From then on it was plain sailing. She called for request numbers. She could sing and play anything they could suggest. How or where she had learned the words of songs long buried in oblivion I do not venture to explain. I waited to see how soon the choice would turn to more modern and less innocent numbers. I had forgotten for the moment — what the lady knew — that the American Business Man likes a little naughtiness, but adores sentiment with all the fervor of a starved boy. How they sang, bellowed, and roared! One rubicund gentleman near me melted into tears. They were having a perfectly lovely time.

The viands were forgotten, but we got through the dinner somehow, and the lady disappeared. The speeches were as bad as usual, and quite as long. The diners paid scant attention. They watched the end of the room furtively, with knives poised in mid-air. The ordeal was over, and again the lady in scarlet swept in, more animated, more eager than ever. The spectacle was repeated. More howls and roars, more tears, more laughter. She had forty men around the piano now, perspiring, ardent, vocal.

It seemed likely to go on forever. There was limitless vitality in that slender little body, and how she did give it out! The evening wore on.

There was nothing stodgy or funereal about it now. The diners were like schoolboys vying with each other for a word of approval, an admiring glance or smile of appreciation from teacher.

It was long past midnight, but no one thought of going home — I least of all. There came a pause in the tempest of song. The lady sat, smiling, at the piano. Her mood changed; pensiveness replaced 'pep,' and her fingers strayed over the keys. Then softly, very softly, there reached my ears the refrain of the one song dearer to the Business Man's heart than any other. It was 'Seeing Nellie Home.' The lady had the remnant of a voice, and she used it with consummate skill. In the tense silence the whispered words reached the remotest limits of the room. That trivial little air became a haunting, beguiling, bewitching thing. The diners all rose to their feet. The lady sang louder; she sprang to a chair, and waved her arms in time with the melody. With a roar, they followed her.

Like an inspired conductor she led them along, through every variation of tone and volume, from tearful, sepulchral whispers to howls of delirium. It was an emotional orgy, and the American Business Man was having the time of his life. They sang, and then sang again:—

On my ar-r-um a soft hand rest-ted —
Rest-ted light as ocean foam.
And 't was from Aunt Dinah's qui-il-ting party
I was see-e-ing Nellie home.

And then, all together, pianissimo:—

I was see-e-ing Nellie ho-o-ome,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Ad infinitum

At last it was all over. The lady made a dramatic exit with much hand-waving and smiling, and the American

Business Man mopped his beaded brow and hunted for his overshoes.

I went to bed in the small hours, but I could still hear belated diners going down the street, announcing to all the world that they were 'seeing Nellie ho-o-ome,' even as they sought the drab environs of their emotionally sterile abodes. It was a great night.

I rose and breakfasted early the next morning. As I came out of the dining room I saw a tiny feminine figure in a great leather chair in the hotel office. It was a pallid reflection of the Lady in Red.

An indescribably thin little chin was buried in the palm of a thinner hand. Lacklustre eyes stared unseeing at the floor. Every line in her body shouted fatigue, utter and absolute.

'Well,' I said, 'you gave us a great party.'

'I am glad you enjoyed it,' she answered.

'It must be very hard work,' I added, in genuine sympathy. 'Do you do it often?'

She rose and gathered her coat about her.

'As often as I can secure engagements,' she said; 'and I have a good many. It is hard work, but I enjoy it. The poor dears do have such a good time, and they must have something to make their dreadful banquets go.'

As she passed me to go to a waiting taxi a wan little smile appeared upon her weary lips, and a faint shadow of the Lady in Red appeared as she said: —

'To-night I am with the Plumbing Fixtures. It's a great life, if you don't weaken.'

I thought it certainly was.

DEFIANCE

FAT legs, thin legs,
Bowing-out-and-in legs —
All along the Avenue,
Silk, silk, silk.

Pale legs, dark legs,
Out-for-any-lark legs,
Weaving down the Avenue
A restless braid of silk.

Here come my own legs,
Walking-all-alone legs —
Straight along the Avenue.
Not at all of silk.

Cotton legs, black legs,
Don't-give-a-crack legs —
Rebels of the Avenue,
Scoffers at the silk!

COUNTRY COUSIN

I AM from the country.
My shoes are dusty, dusty.
My squirrel fur ran wild once.
My mind is rough and rusty.

I can break a fresh colt.
I can kill a snake.
I can chop a white pine through.
I can swim a lake.

I cannot tip a waiter
Without a silly start.
I put no trust in Broadway
Without a thumping heart.

City lips are coral . . .
City glances level . . .
I am from the country;
And prouder than the Devil!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Earnest Elmo Calkins has varied his distinguished career in the business of advertising by motor trips abroad, and has become a connoisseur of highways. As a footnote to his latest paper, we may quote from a letter regarding it: 'The emptiness of our maps compared with the full detail of the French ones is striking. I've groused about it for years and finally decided to say something.' He suggested to a national automobile association that better maps be issued, but 'they made the absurd rejoinder that people would not pay for them. As if there could be anything the people would not pay for!' △ Up-state New York has provided **Walter D. Edmonds** with an inexhaustible store of characters one would like to know. 'Finis Wilson (God rest him) was an actual man,' he writes, 'and no greater than I have attempted to paint him.' Mr. Edmonds's new story appears alongside his first novel, *Rome Haul*, a tale which in our deliberate opinion will make a name for itself. **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**, is director of the University Art Museum at Princeton. He has had a long career as editor, author, critic, scholar, and university professor. △ Member of a firm of Boston lawyers, **Harvey H. Bundy** describes a province in which neither law nor ethics has charted a recognized course.

The unpublished poems by **Emily Dickinson** which the *Atlantic* has been privileged to print have been drawn from *Further Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by her niece, Madame Bianchi, soon to be issued by Little, Brown and Company. The whole collection is remarkable for the number of new poems which have come to light, but even more remarkable, it seems to us, in maintaining the standard which has placed Emily Dickinson's name among the immortals. **George Alexander Johnston**, who writes us from Geneva, is a contributor to English reviews. Those who think that

the modern biography, along with modern psychology, sprang full-grown from the heads of the modern Joves will be interested in Mr. Johnston's suggestion that the three musketeers of the new biography have studied early French models to advantage. **Ramsay Traquair**, a professor of architecture in McGill University, speaks from honest masculine conviction. 'The paper gave me considerable amusement to write,' he tells us. 'I really think that the conclusions are true and that man to-day in America is not having a fair chance to live and enjoy life. But I am going to be accused of being a reactionary woman-hater!'

H. D. Hill is intellectually versatile. Her studies began with physics and history, but she later devoted herself to economics at Oxford and at the University of Chicago. She became interested in the workers' education movement, and taught at the Bryn Mawr summer school for women in industry. She now lives in Geneva. **Harold Jefferson Coolidge**, a Boston lawyer, is a direct descendant of Thomas Jefferson. We can think of few girls as spirited or as keen in observation as Jefferson's favorite granddaughter. **Major A. W. Smith** has had wide opportunity to observe the peculiarities and codes of his fellow creatures. He served six years as an officer in the British army, in France, Belgium, and in Russia, and is now associated with a trading corporation in Rangoon. **William L. Sullivan**, protesting against the ease with which new religions are summoned from the vasty deep by the academicians, reminds us of Hotspur's rejoinder to Glendower. **Howard Douglas Dozier** has served as head of the School of Commerce at the University of Georgia and as professor of economics at Dartmouth. The brevity of his retort to his critics is not a measure of the significance of his new concept of insurance.

From his post at Cairo as representative of the United States on the Mixed Tribunals, which have jurisdiction in cases involving foreigners living in Egypt, **Pierre Crabitès** is well situated to observe the development of cotton growing in the Sudan. Δ Cairo has been the headquarters of **Captain Owen Tweedy** both in military and in diplomatic capacities, but his experiences have carried him far afield. December of last year found him at the first stage of a journey which, as he writes, was 'planned to take me through the Sudan, Uganda, and Kenya to Zanzibar; thence back to Equatorial Sudan. There a friend of mine — a great game hunter — is waiting for me with a lorry and we hope to be off westward about March the first through the Belgian and French Congos to Lake Chad, Northern Nigeria, and Timbuctoo, and thence northward, a six days' run across the Sahara to Algeria. All being well, I hope to write a book on my return home in June. . . . The fun is that it is a practically unknown route.' **Paul C. Cabot** is treasurer of the State Street Investment Corporation in Boston. Through the Management Corporation of this fund, he has been employed by the Shawmut Bank Investment Trust to advise them with regard to common stock purchases. He is a director of the Sterling Securities Corporation and the National Investors of New York, and of the Chain Stores Investment Corporation of Boston. Mr. Cabot describes the purposes and achievements of the State Street Investment Corporation, of which he was one of the founders, as follows: —

It is a straight common stock investment corporation, having no capitalization except common stock, which can be bought by everyone and anyone alike at its current liquidating value with no premium or commission added for sales. There are no warrants, options, calls, or anything of that kind, and the managers and directors have bought stock in the Corporation exactly like any other shareholder. The fund was started in the summer of 1924 with \$100,000 entirely subscribed by the officers. As of December 31, 1928, this fund had grown to over \$12,000,000, and the shares that were originally bought at \$25 had a current market valuation of \$194, which represented an appreciation of 676 per cent as against a similar increase of 200 per cent in the *Dow Jones Index of Industrial Stocks*.

During this period, dividends amounting to \$21 per share have been paid to stockholders representing an average annual yield on the initial price of 19 per cent.

The outstanding success of this fund has, in my opinion, been due to the intensive and careful research work carried on by the management, on top of sound policies and a conservative capitalization. Small amounts of money have been borrowed from time to time when opportunities appeared favorable, but at all times this borrowing has been extremely conservative.

The Right Reverend Charles Fiske, outspoken but devoted churchman, criticizes Robert Keable's exegesis, but extends the hand of fellowship to a brave and seeking spirit.

The trail of evidence behind the Lincoln letters has led us to Los Angeles, to Emporia, Kansas, to Springfield, Illinois, and other widely separated localities. The results of long and careful investigation will, we hope, be included in the April issue, or certainly in May.

Miss Mazo de la Roche, creator of the inimitable Whiteoaks, has just sailed from New York for a vacation in Europe. For the convenience of our readers, we print below a table of the four generations of the Whiteoak family, together with a résumé of the action of the story up to the present installment.

In 1848, Captain Philip Whiteoak was married in India to Adeline Court, and shortly afterward, having inherited some land in Canada, he emigrated to Ontario with his wife and infant daughter. Here they established the estate and house of Jalna, practised a lavish hospitality, and brought up their children: Augusta, Nicholas, Ernest, and Philip.

The action of the story takes place at the present time. Old Mrs. Whiteoak is still living, a dominating and violent centenarian; her husband and her youngest son have long since died. Her three remaining children, all over seventy, are once more at Jalna after lives spent mostly in England: Augusta, the widow of the ineffectual baronet; Nicholas, a lively figure in London society until his wife left him; and Ernest, a delicate and scholarly bachelor. The third son, Philip, had remained in Canada, married twice, and died leaving six children, who occupy the foreground of the story. Of these the eldest son Renny, aged forty, is the present owner of Jalna,

and the head of the clan, proving himself strictly responsible for his younger half brothers. These are Eden, twenty-five, a brilliant and irresponsible poet; Piers, twenty-two, as vitally interested as Renny in the upkeep and management of the estate; Finch, a sensitive and musical schoolboy of eighteen; and Wakefield, eleven, a frail and precocious child.

Before the story opens, Eden had married Alayne Archer, a fastidiously brought up girl five years older than himself; but after a few months at Jalna she returned to New York, and Eden himself disappeared completely, as the result of his brief affair with Pheasant, the young wife of his brother Piers. Pheasant is the illegitimate daughter of a neighboring farmer, Maurice Vaughan, who has lately married the only daughter of the Whiteoak family, Renny's elder sister Meg.

The story so far is concerned with the struggles of young Finch to pass his examinations for college, having recently failed once, and at the same time to follow his strong musical and artistic leanings, which are deeply distrusted by his more vigorous relatives.

Many letters in commendation of Mr. Anderson's paper on the coal industry have reached us. We are glad to print one characteristic of all.

MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION, INC.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*The Editor,
Atlantic Monthly*

DEAR SIR:—

At a meeting of the coal merchants of Washington yesterday, attention was called to an article entitled 'How Much Coal Is Enough?' which appeared in the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Coal Division went on record as being heartily in favor of this article, and instructed me to convey to you the sincere appreciation of all coal merchants of the nation's capital for the same.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD D. SHAW, *Secretary*

The first of the Socratic dialogues by Mr. Irvin H. Myers which the *Atlantic* published—the dialogue regarding time—has led several readers to break the immemorial tradition which accords Socrates a position of absolute authority and leads

his interlocutors to abase themselves humbly before his wisdom. Perhaps the figment which protected Socrates cannot be stretched to protect Mr. Myers; at any rate, our correspondents do not spare him.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'Socrates Up to Date' Socrates gets somewhat mixed in his reasoning and gives poor Crito an erroneous conclusion, which poor Crito, already overwhelmed with words, can but receive with 'True enough as far as you go —' and perhaps inwardly hope that Socrates is wrong — which he is.

What, then, is this truth which Socrates, had he not gone astray, might have reached from his stated premise? Simply this: The earth traveler passing from west to east across the International Date Line, that imaginary and, to some, mysterious line where the day (date) begins, and ends, would find himself with an extra day on his hands. He would *gain* a day, which would compensate him for the short-length days through which he had lived, as he set his watch ahead an hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude traversed.

So the traveler flying from the Fiji Islands to Samoa on a Sunday afternoon would not find himself plunged suddenly into the next day, but on reaching Samoa he would set his watch ahead some forty minutes to allow for the change in longitude, and then he could say it was 3.40 P.M. on Saturday (not Monday), or he might call it 3.40 P.M. Sunday, in which case he would call the next day Sunday also.

I had a unique experience with this condition a number of years ago while traveling from Yokohama to Vancouver, for we crossed the International Date Line on April 15, and April 15 happens to be the anniversary of my birth. So I had two birthdays right together, both of which were duly celebrated. What matter if the ship, flying the British flag, called the extra day 'Antipodes Day,' and logged the dates thus: 'April 15, Antipodes Day, April 16'?

Another time episode which might prove of interest to Socrates occurred some years ago when Commander R. E. Byrd flew his good ship, the Josephine Ford, from Kings Bay, Spitzbergen, to the North Pole and back, all of a bright spring day. May 9, 1926, was but a few minutes old when he got under way, and it was close to 9 A.M., May 9, when he reached the pole. Going a little beyond it, he made a wide sweep and completely encircled the pole, and for a little while on this circuit he was flying on May 8. But it was again May 9 as he straightened out on his homeward course, and still May 9 when

he brought his victorious plane to rest on the snowy fields of Spitzbergen. While circling the pole, in a few brief minutes, he had flown from *to-day*, across a corner of *yesterday*, and back again into *to-day*.

What say you to that, Socrates?

HUGH C. MITCHELL

One reader at least sees the ancient verities still enthroned, and will not subscribe to the fashionable concept of time as relative.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the *Atlantic* for January, Mr. Irvin H. Myers presents your readers with an interesting Dialogue Regarding Time with our honorable old friends Socrates and Crito as the principal speakers. I wonder if this is intended to be a serious answer to the difficult question, What is Time? It seems to me that Crito should have pointed out considerable confusion in the arguments advanced by Socrates, evidently resulting from our fantastic time schedules on the earth.

No time can possibly be gained or lost by circumnavigating the globe, going either east or west. Take the extreme case of a traveler who leaves Greenwich at twelve noon and circumnavigates the globe with exactly the apparent speed of the sun, and finally returns to Greenwich from either east or west; he will be exactly twenty-four hours older than when he started, in spite of the fact that if he goes west with the sun it will be noon to him throughout the entire journey, and apparently he will not be a second older. The supposed gain or loss of a day in the Pacific is a quibble employed to accommodate our traffic to our quite arbitrary arrangements of time.

The argument presented amounts in a nutshell to this: There are many possible different measurements of time; a year on Neptune is 165 of our years, a year on Mercury only 0.25 of our year; therefore really there is no time.

Now, O Socrates, I see no reason to doubt the fundamental entities of Nature: Space, Matter, Energy, and Time. If all the phenomena in the infinite universe occur at one moment, instantly, as they must if time be not an external objective entity of Nature, then nothing would have been left to occur since an eternity past.

CRITO

Church and State.

SEAMAN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Horwill, in his article in the January *Atlantic* on the English Prayer Book situation,

speaks of the incompatible Catholic and Protestant elements having been held together in the Church of England these three hundred years solely by the artificial tie of the State establishment. 'Break that, and these discordant elements will fly apart.'

The writer no doubt knows a good deal about the Church of England, but I would like to ask if he has not overlooked the fact that the same Church, commonly called the Episcopal, has existed ever since 1789 and held together precisely the same elements without any state connection whatever.

Very sincerely yours,

F. K. HOWARD, Chaplain

Can it possibly mean that there are quarters in America where the knife is still used for the purpose of the fork — and treasured accordingly?

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

At Christmas time (1923) the Community Fund of my city distributed 1006 pieces of silverware found at the city's garbage-disposal plant during recent months.

An itemized count of these mementos of culinary carelessness revealed 519 teaspoons, 192 dessert spoons, 96 tablespoons, 12 iced-tea spoons, 9 baby spoons, 8 bouillon spoons, 164 forks, and only 6 knives. Six knives out of 1006 pieces! A puzzling proportion!

My wife and I have asked many friends to guess at the solution, but none has given what we consider to be a satisfactory answer. Perhaps other *Atlantic* readers can offer the correct solution.

Sincerely,

M. H.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care . . .

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

I have long admired your articles published in your book, the *Atlantic Monthly*. Wanting to know if you would publish my poems, and through all circumstances it would be appreciated.

I will send you regualy evry month the poems through which I make. My age is 11. Please let me know how did the question determinate.

Your Sincerely

J — R —